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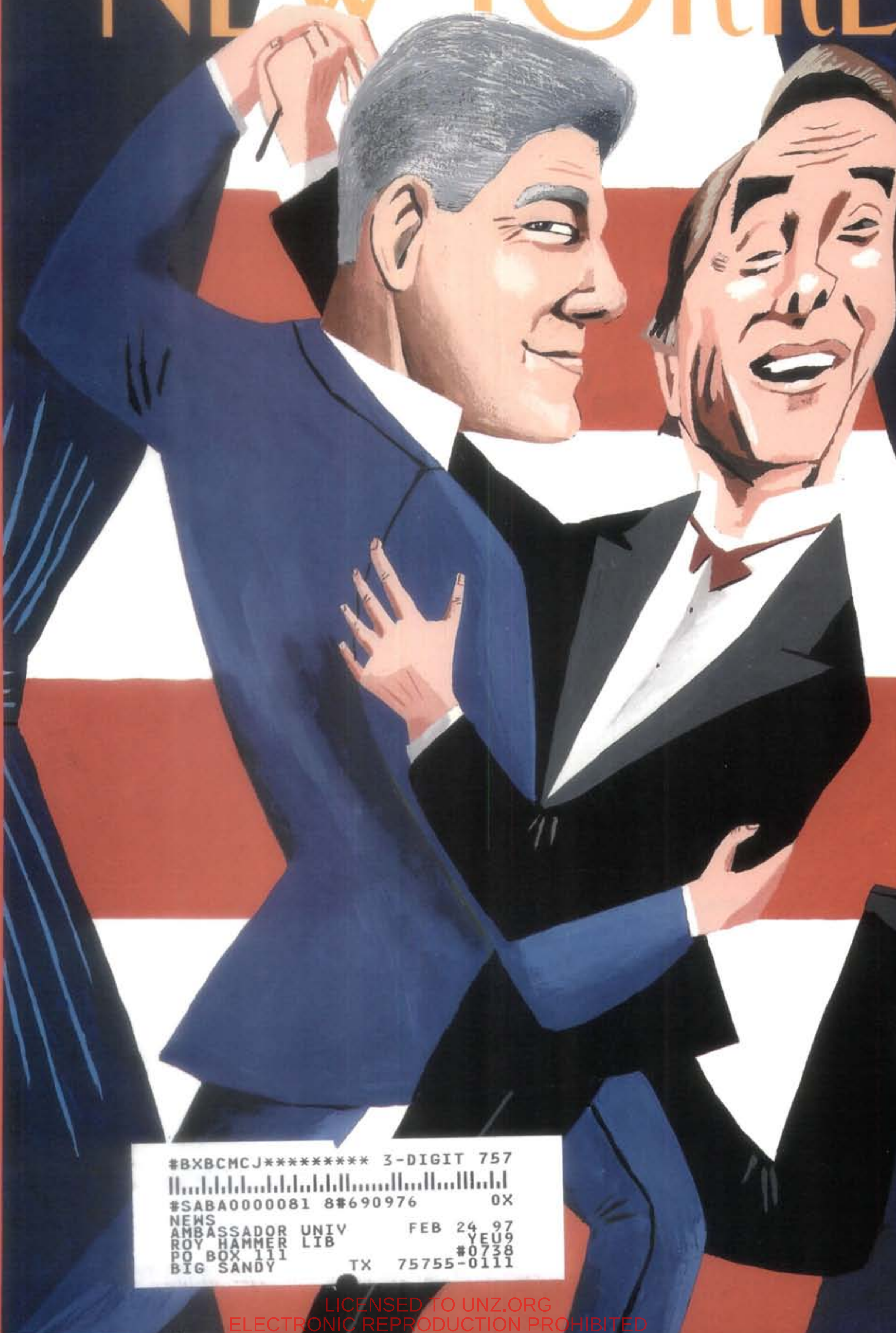

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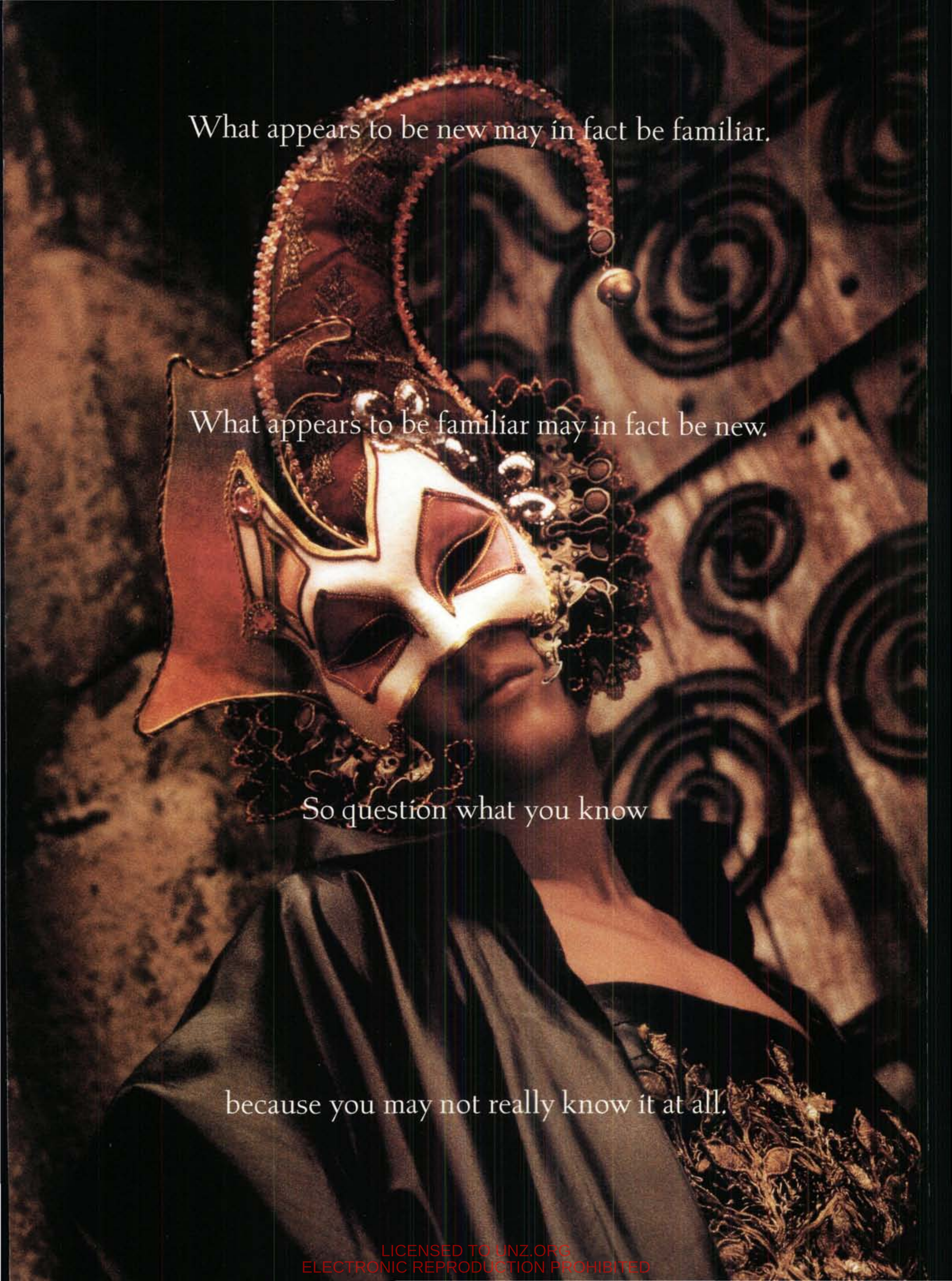
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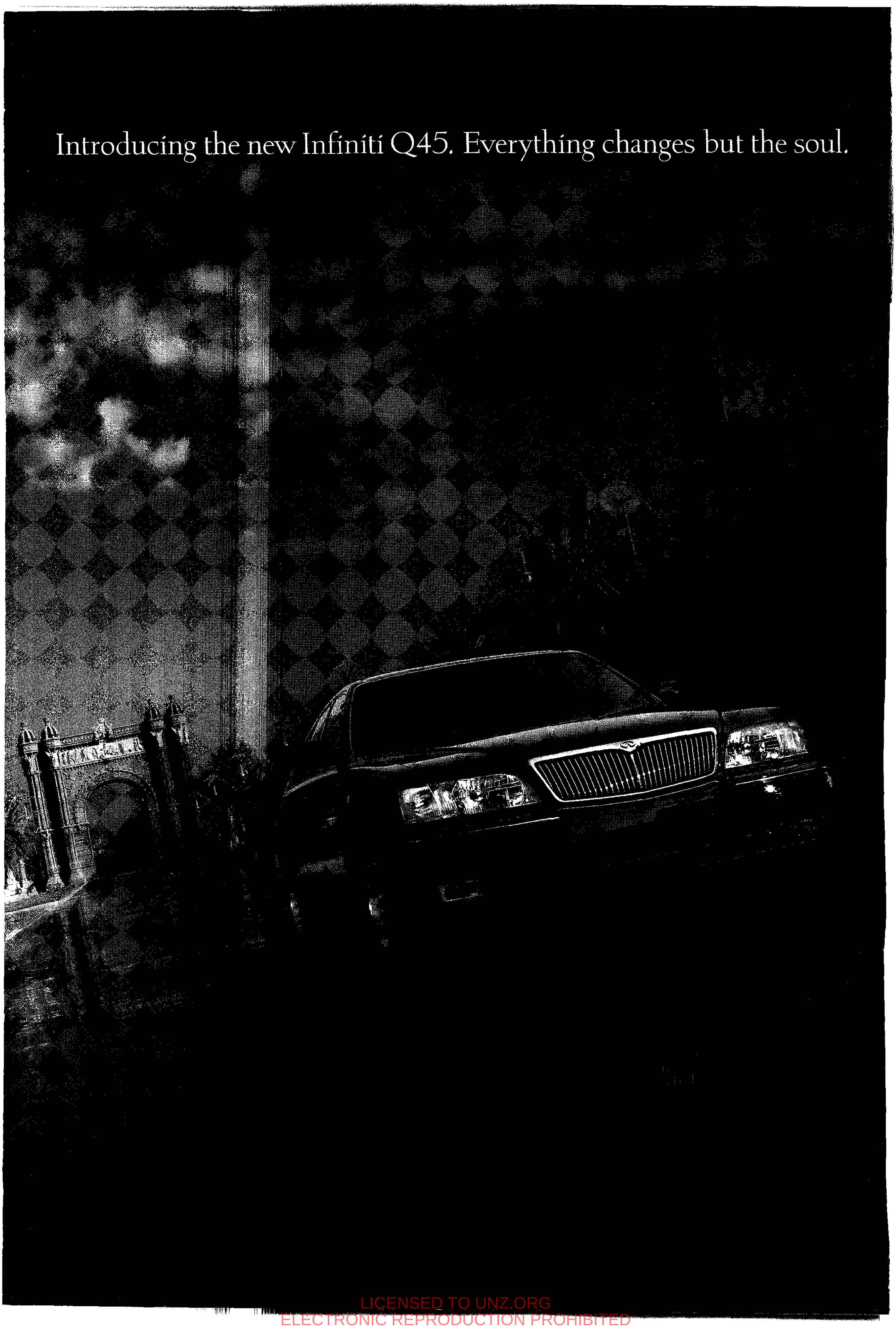
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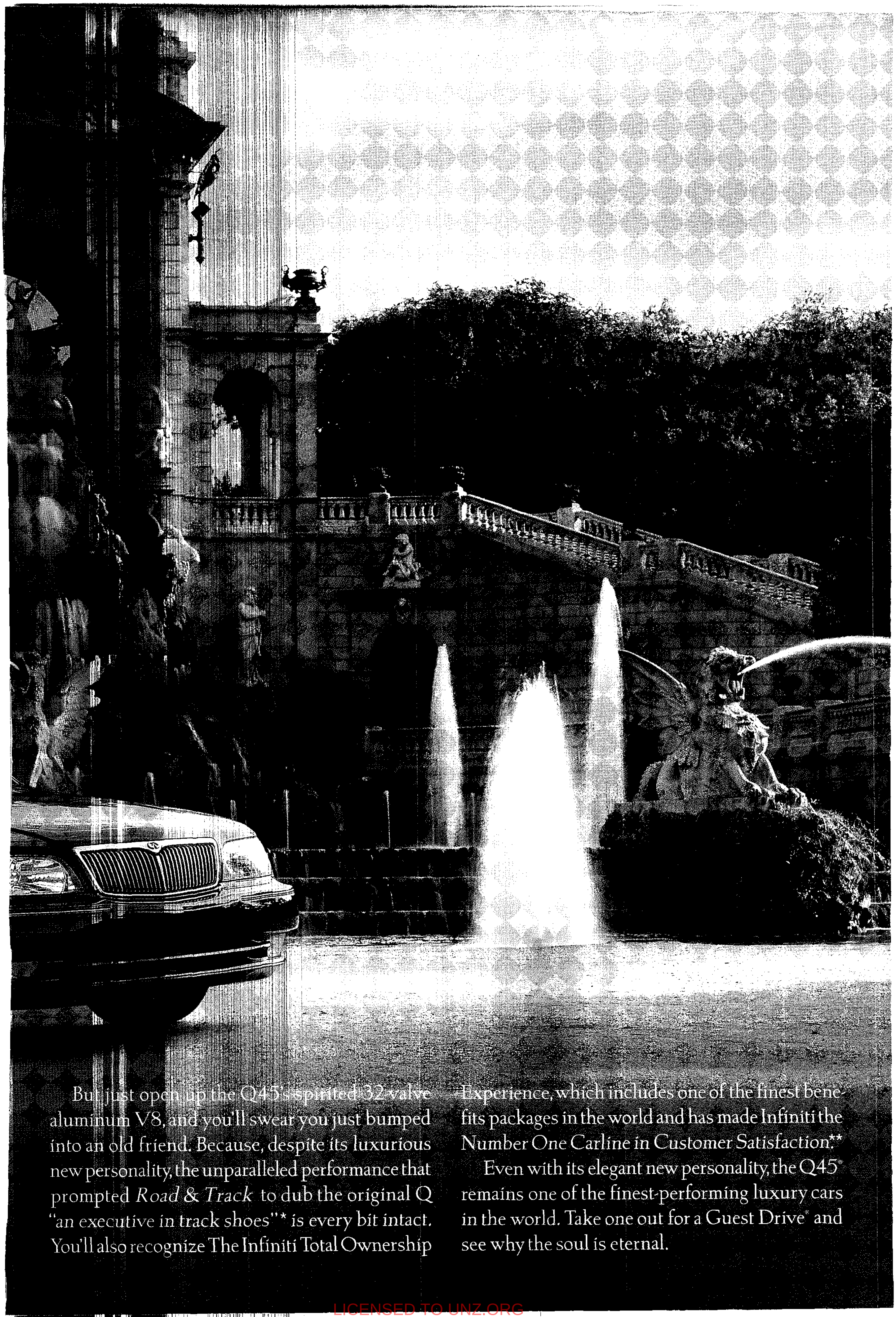

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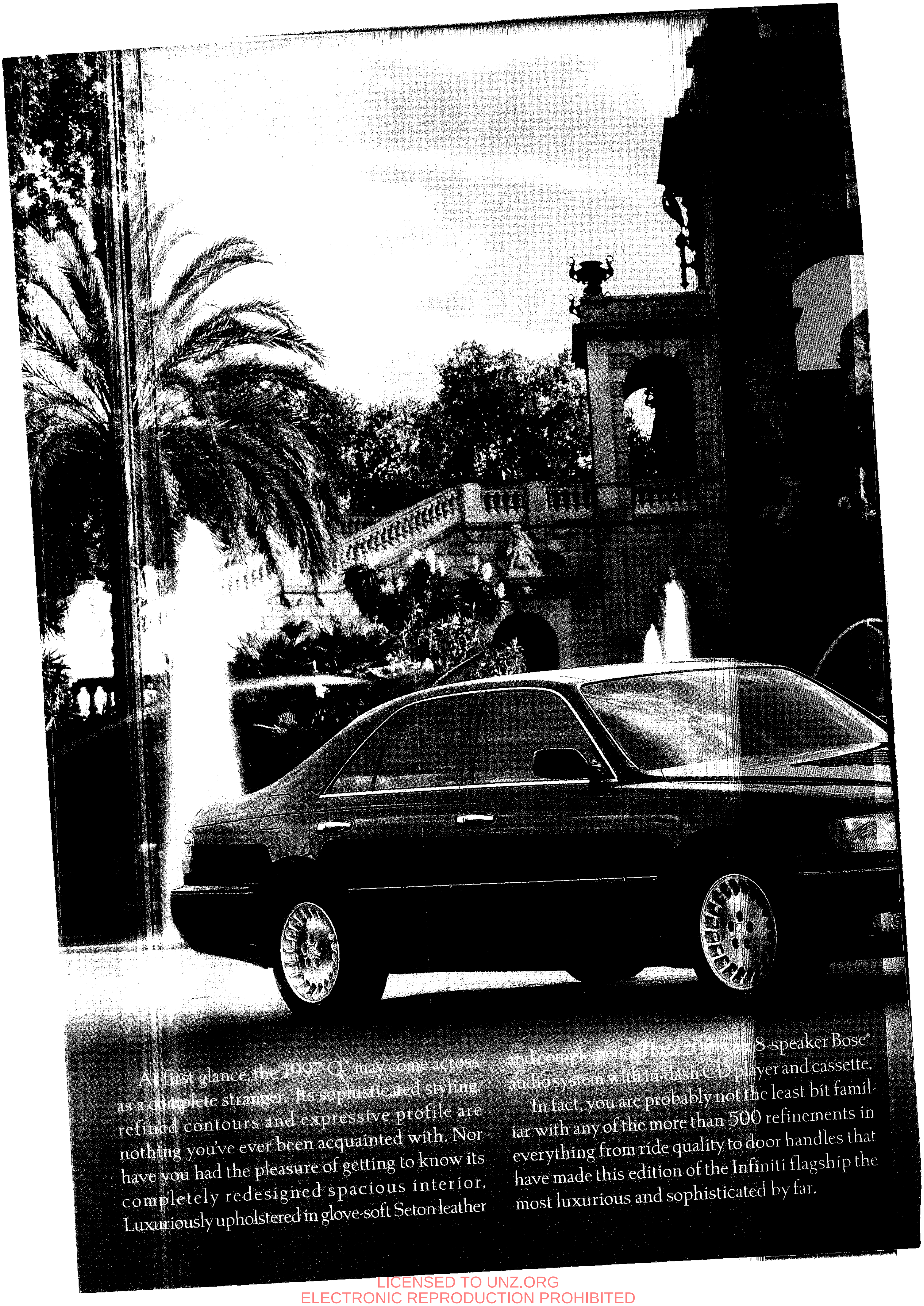

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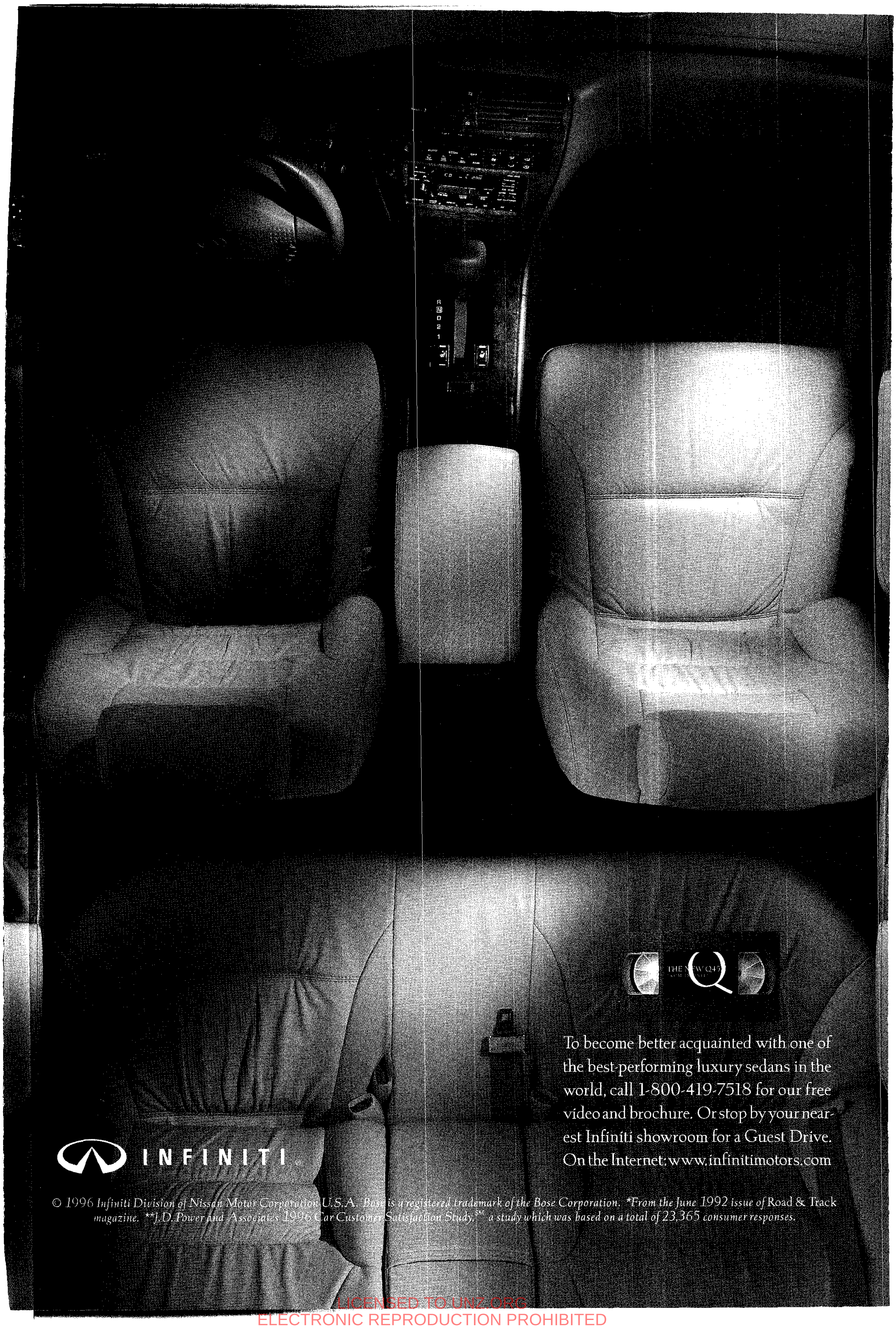

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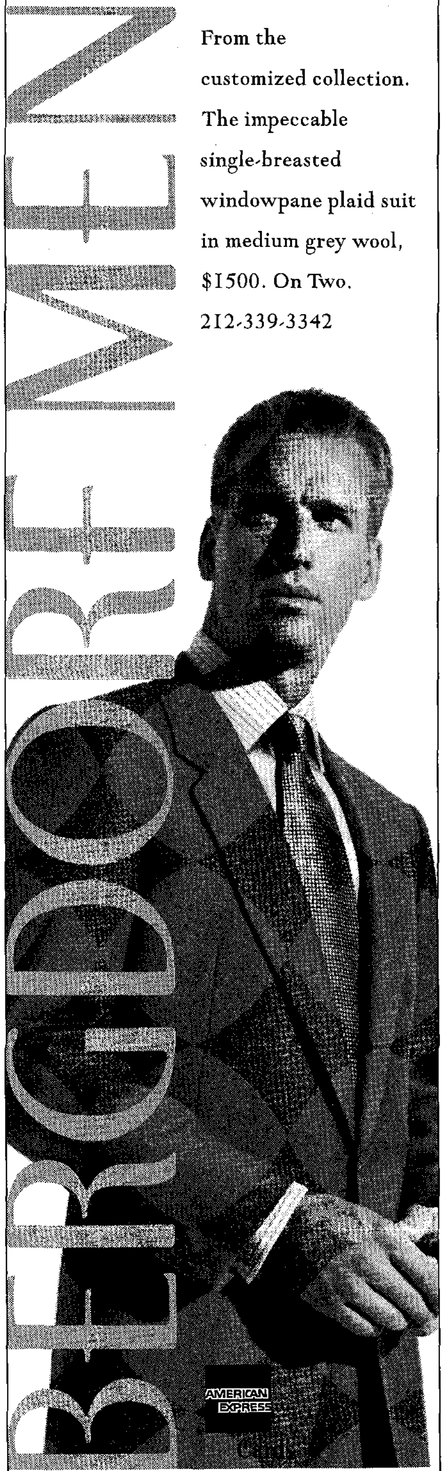

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THE NEW YORKER
SPECIAL POLITICS ISSUE

OCTOBER 21 & 28, 1996

COMMENT Civil Tongues . . . . *Hendrik Hertzberg* 15
Campaign niceness may have peaked early.

IN THE MAIL 24

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 30

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 75
Workers and intellectuals, together again; the making of Jimmy Carter; etc.

THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL Running Ohio . . . . *Michael Kelly* 82
The state road show still matters, even in the age of electronic politics.

ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY The Road to Sarajevo . . . . *Richard Holbrooke* 88
The author remembers the three men who
died en route to the peace negotiations.

ANNALS OF ACTIVISM The Outsider . . . . *Jane Mayer* 107
Why would a rising state legislator turn against the system?

THE POLITICAL SCENE My Secret Right-Wing Conspiracy . . . *William F. Buckley, Jr.* 120
Were nine men who met once a year in Wichita
responsible for Ronald Reagan?

ANNALS OF VIETNAM A Friendship That Ended the War . . . . . . *James Carroll* 130
The senators who did what no one else could do.

LIFE AND LETTERS Why I Wrote "The Crucible" . . . . *Arthur Miller* 158
McCarthyism was a political problem asking for a cultural response.

A REPORTER AT LARGE Curious George . . . . *David Remnick* 166
After doing what it takes for five years, has
George Stephanopoulos had enough?

SHOWCASE The powers of the Washington *Post* . . . . *David Burnett* 174

PROFILE The Family Way . . . . *Jacob Weisberg* 180
How Irving Kristol, Gertrude Himmelfarb, and Bill Kristol
made tormenting liberals a home industry.

EASEL "Oval Office" . . . . *Roy Lichtenstein* 184

SHOWCASE The two Harold Ickeses 190

FASHION STATEMENTS First Ladies Get Dressed . . . . *Wendy Wasserstein* 192

A CRITIC AT LARGE A Man Without a Plan . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 194
The political thinker Michael Oakeshott despised political thought.

PROFILE An American Political Fable . . . . *Marshall Frady* 200
The Gatsby-like journey of San Francisco's Mayor Willie Brown.

SOCIAL HISTORY The Ruins of Georgetown . . . . *Sidney Blumenthal* 221
Why did President Kennedy stroll over to Joe Alsop's place
at two in the morning after the inaugural festivities?

POEMS
"Some Like Poetry" . . . . *Wislawa Szymborska* 156
"Is About" . . . . *Allen Ginsberg* 197

SHOUTS & MURMURS Campaign '96: The Books . . . . *Christopher Buckley* 238

COVER *The Last Dance, by Mark Ulriksen*

DRAWINGS *Sam Gross, Bernard Schoenbaum, Roz Chast, George Booth, Jack Ziegler, Peter Steiner, Charles Barsotti, Frank Cotham, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz, Ian Falconer, Edward Koren, Mort Gerberg, Barry Blitt, Al Ross, Michael Crawford, Richard Cline, Arnie Levin*

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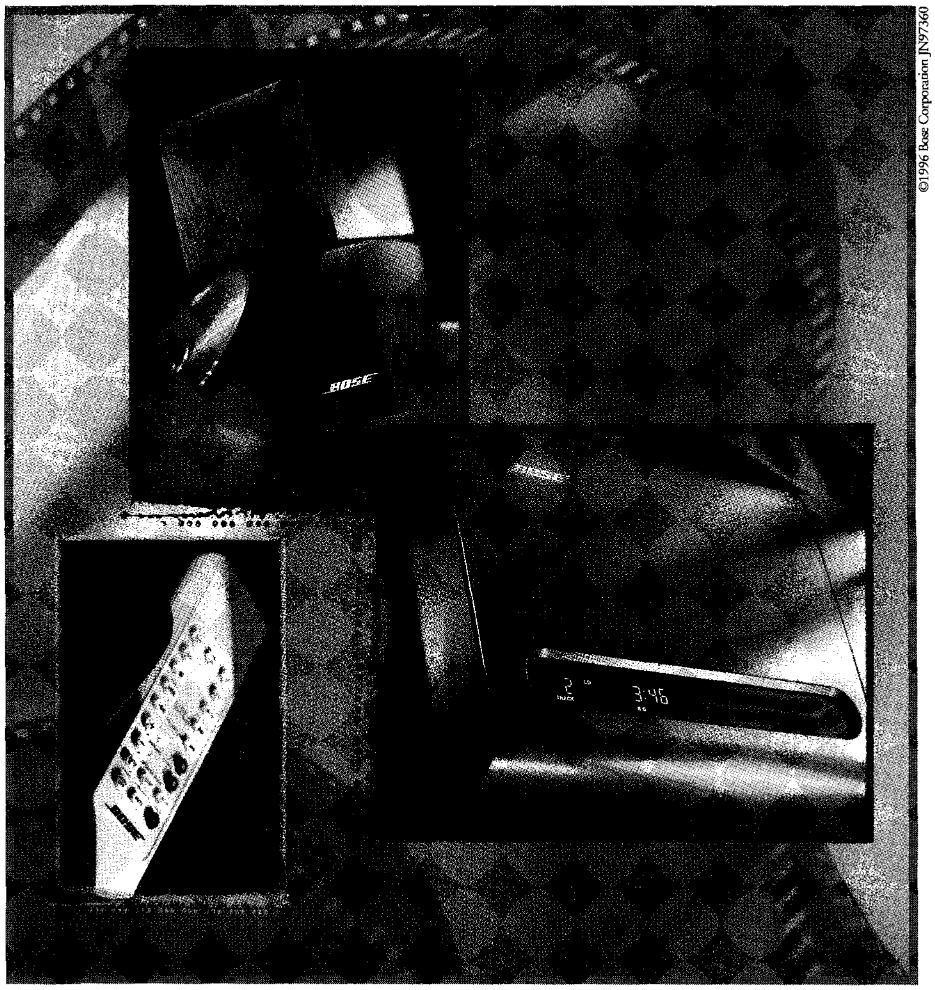

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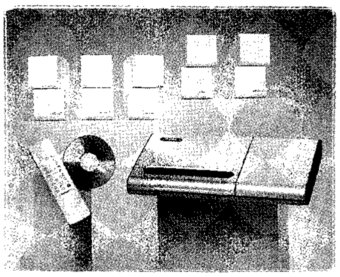

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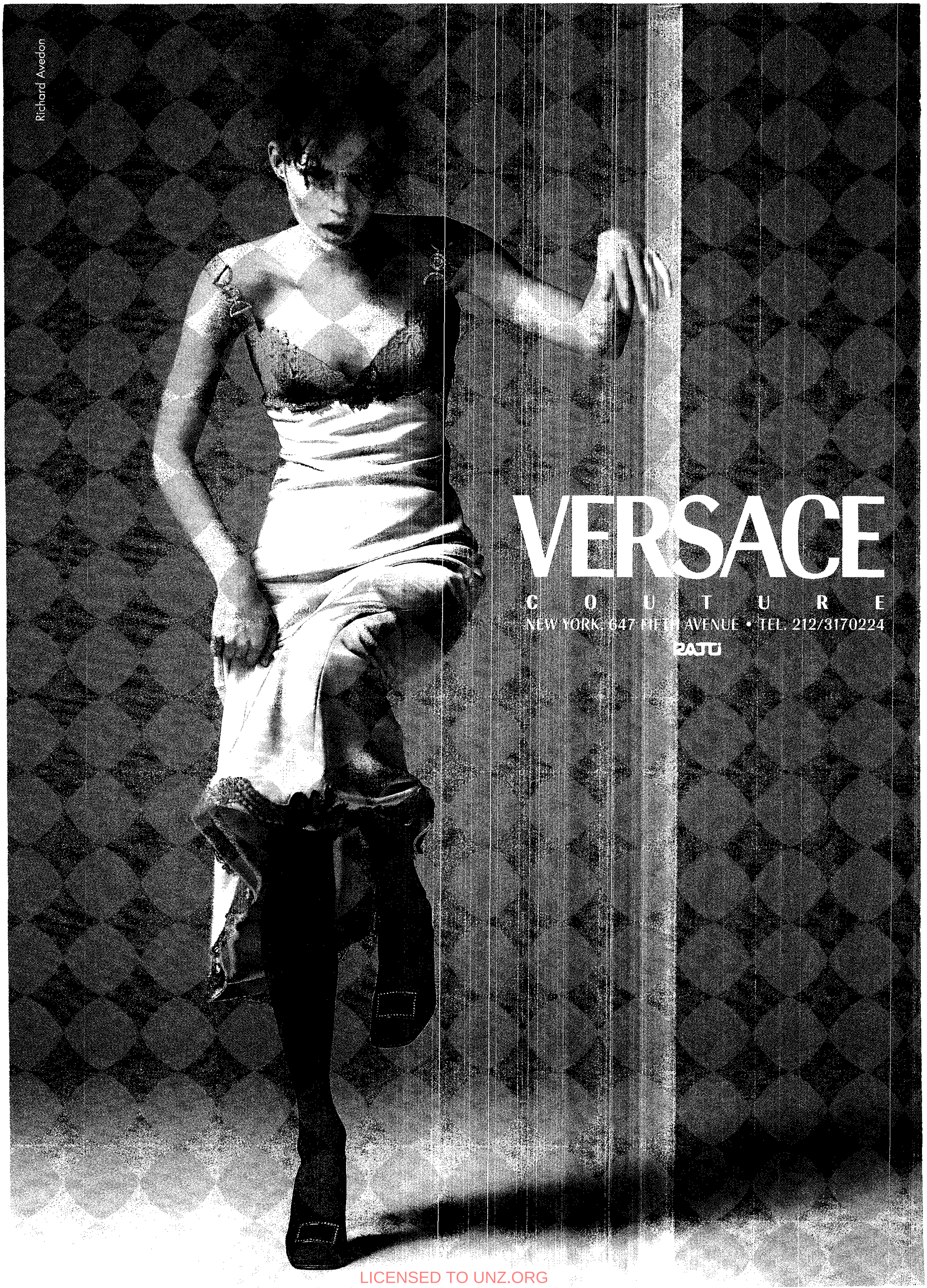
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COMMENT

CIVIL TONGUES

But are they forked?

For a while there, it looked as if the Presidential campaign might make up in civility for what it has so manifestly lacked in other desiderata—passion, inspiration, largeness of vision, greatness of spirit, and, above all, ideas. The candidates' brain waves have been as flat as a Kansas plain or a Whitewater bank account. Bill Clinton, chastened in 1994 by a pair of monumental defeats—the crash of his all-or-nothing plan for universal health care and the rejection of his party at the polls—this time promises only a few modest kindnesses: an extra day in the hospital for new mothers, a tax credit for college tuition, some help with keeping kids off cigarettes. Bob Dole promises, along with balancing the budget and protecting middle-class entitlements, a fifteen-per-cent across-the-board supply-side tax cut—a generous gift for those with generous incomes, a paltry one for those with paltry incomes, but in no wise a novel idea (though it is a novelty to hear Mr. Dole, who until this summer was contemptuous of budgetary magical thinking, advocate it). Deep thoughts these are not. But at least the candidates (if not the producers of their television commercials) were being polite about it. Their speeches were marked by gentlemanly gestures of mutual respect, reminders that political opponents must not be cast as enemies, and earnest assurances that they would focus on the issues rather than denigrate the democratic process by making personal attacks. The campaign was, according to the admittedly debased standards of contemporary politics, almost cordial.

In this campaign so notable for what it lacks, some of what is missing from it may stay missing—and will not be missed. Neither candidate has impugned the patriotism of the other, and neither is likely to; there has been no equivalent of George Bush's grotesque use of the Pledge of Allegiance "issue" against Michael Dukakis, in 1988, or of President Bush's fantastic suggestion, four years later, that the young Bill Clinton's student visit to Moscow was somehow treasonous. There has been no active trading in sex scandals. And there have been no appeals, overt or covert, to racial prejudice.

The reasons for these welcome absences have not always been especially noble. Mostly, they have been peculiar to the tactical dynamics of this particular campaign. Mr. Clinton calculates

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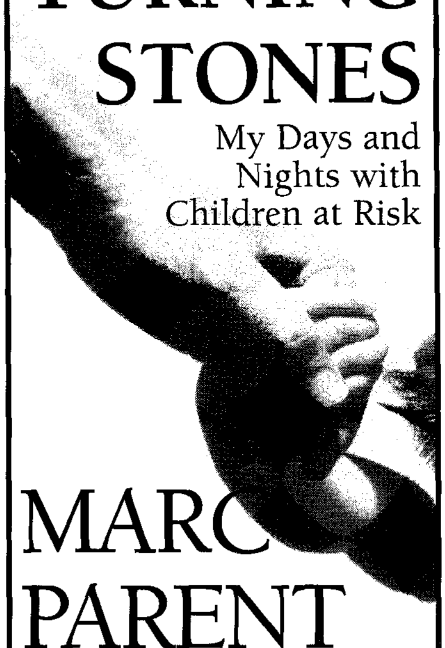

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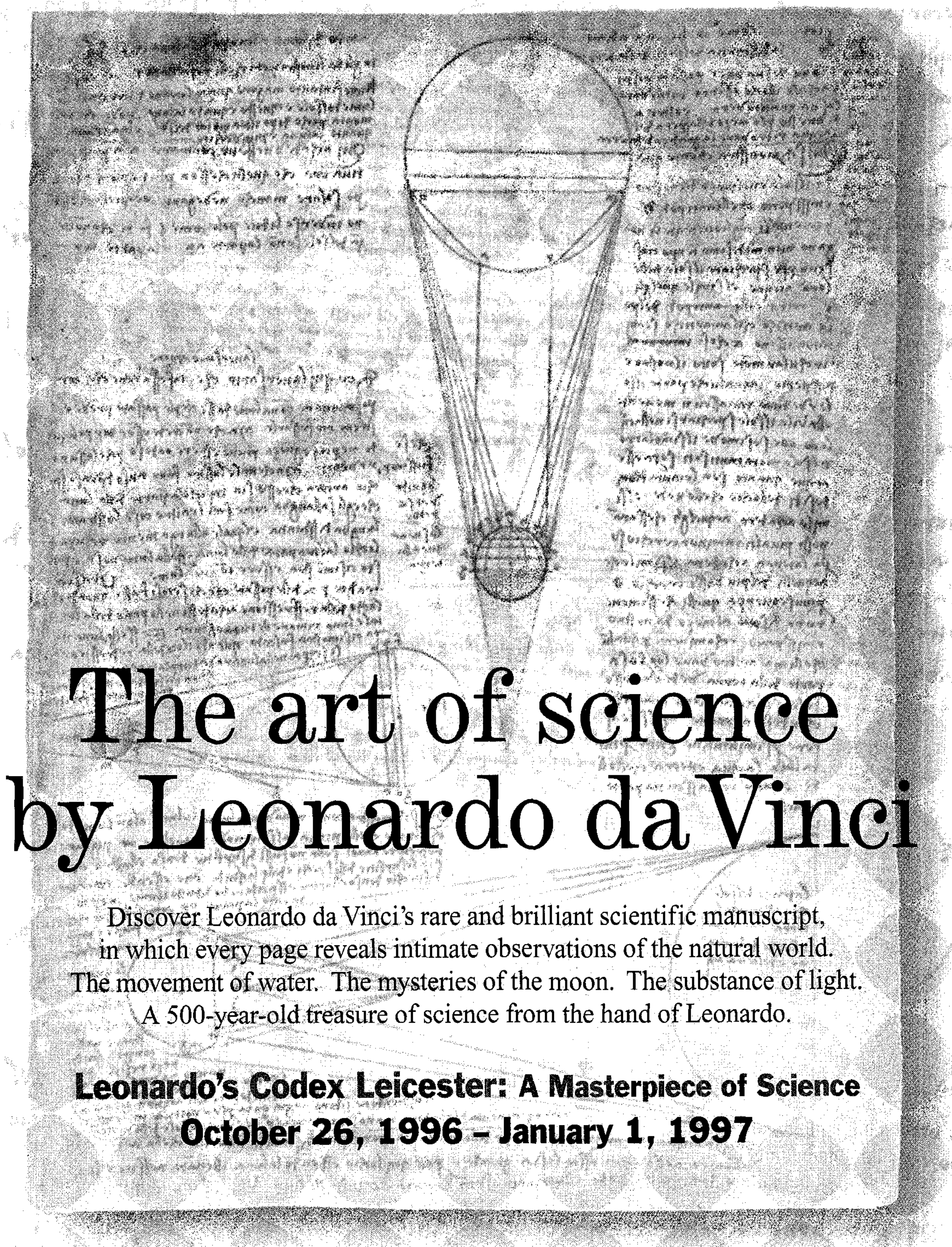

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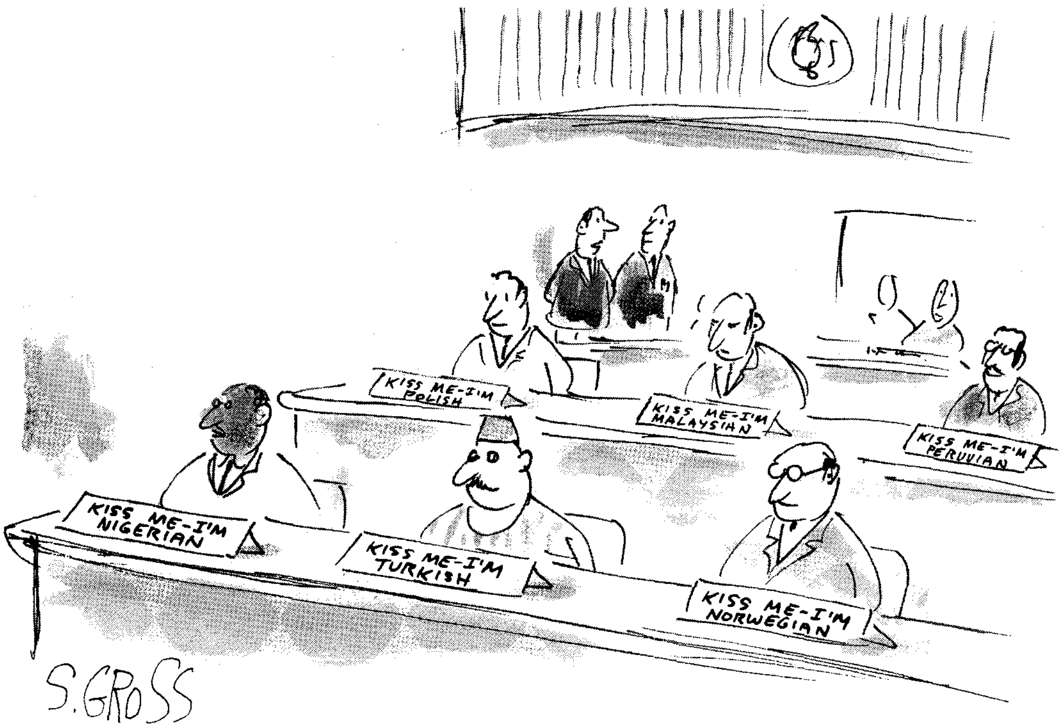

"You can't say the U.N. isn't trying."

• •

that he can best protect a comfortable lead in the polls by appearing loftily and benevolently Presidential. Mr. Dole, until the chill of probable defeat began to settle over him, was intent on dispelling a reputation, earned in previous campaigns, as the dean of mean. "Character"—in the special, modern sense of that word as a euphemism for marital behavior—has not, this time, proved to be destiny: Mr. Clinton's presumed dalliances outside the marriage bond are trumped by Mr. Dole's abrupt cashiering of Wife No. 1. (One benefit of this election, perhaps, is that Europeans may become less smug about America's supposed provincial puritanism; for, willy-nilly, the voters are coming to recognize that there is a distinction to be made between public and private virtue, and that in electing a President they choose not just an individual but a mighty branch of the national government.) The sword of implicit racial resentment, which the Republican Party had spent thirty years sharpening, has stayed in its scabbard. Mr. Dole has never been inclined to use it, and, with Jack Kemp on his ticket and Colin Powell at the head of his Cabinet-in-waiting, he is not likely to do so now, no matter how desperate his situation becomes. Crime, welfare, and economic anxiety—racism's faithful outriders—have less than their usual salience this year: the crime rate is in decline, the economy is in the ascendant, and welfare vanished as a bone of contention in August, when the President signed a modified version of the Republicans' harsh welfare-reform bill. Willie Horton is sitting this one out. There are costs to all this racial comity, but few Democrats of whatever stripe, black or white, see any alternative to voting for a President who has acquiesced in the abolition of federally guaranteed aid for poor children and who gloats like a Dickens villain about the "sixty death penalties" specified in his crime bill.

In the Clinton-Dole debate a week ago, and again in the debate last Wednesday between Vice-President Gore and Mr. Kemp, the candidates treated each other—and, by extension, the electorate—with a show of decent respect. In Hartford, Mr. Dole came up with an ingenious solution to the problem of how to accuse your opponent of being a habitual liar without being nasty about it: he said the President reminded him of "my brother, Kenny," who liked to say things that were "not quite accurate," and whom the family called, presumably with fond affection, "the great exaggerator." (If the post-Hartford slide into negativism lasts through the second debate, perhaps we will hear about a second brother—Lance, let's call him—whom the other Doles kiddingly dubbed "the great skirt-chaser.") But the closest Mr. Dole came to engaging in outright abuse was when he accused the President of being (parental advisory: the following phrase contains frank language of a possibly offensive nature) "very liberal."

On closer examination, however, the debate showed that the primal urge to go for the jugular was held in check only tenuously. Both candidates made extensive use of *praeteritio*, the unctuous rhetorical trick of calling attention to a subject by taking credit for not calling attention to it. Far be it from Mr. Dole to mention Whitewater ("I'm not discussing Whitewater now"). And far be it from Mr. Clinton to connect Mr. Dole's opposition to stricter tobacco regulations with his ample supply of tobacco-industry cash. But after the post-debate polls showed no sign of a gain for Mr. Dole he began to show unmistakable signs of concluding that he might as well drop the civility. His aides were right to protest that his pledge to rid the White House of "Bozo"—that is, Mr. Clinton—was merely a humorous aside, picking up on a wisecrack uttered by a boisterous supporter of his who was reaching for a handshake. But Mr. Dole's outburst against the President at a rally in New Jersey—"Who is this guy? What does he know about it? . . . His word's no good"—was no joke. Danger is always in the air when somebody decides that he has nothing left to lose, and Mr. Dole is deeply frustrated by his inability to get a purchase on an opponent who is holding on to the center with a grip of iron. But in this case the danger is less to the President's chances for reëlection than to Mr. Dole's own latter-day, and merited, reputation for decency, and to the fragile prospect that 1996 might have been the year when the American public's disenchantment with politics began to wane. —HENDRIK HERTZBERG

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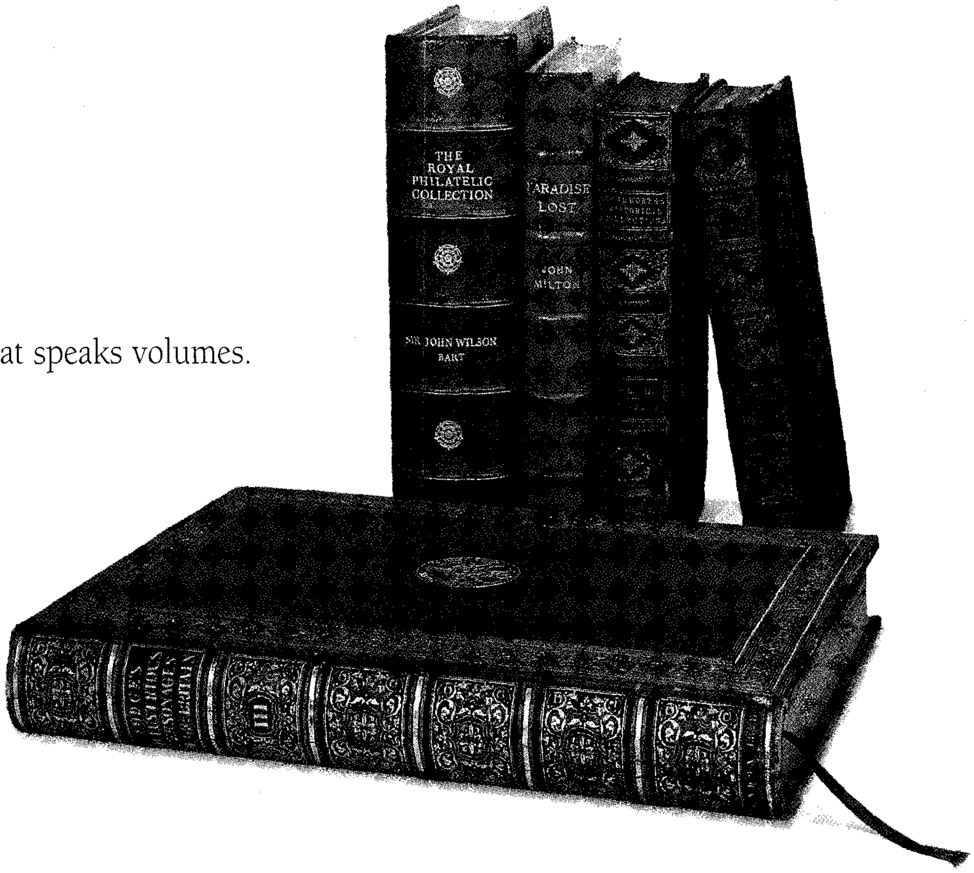
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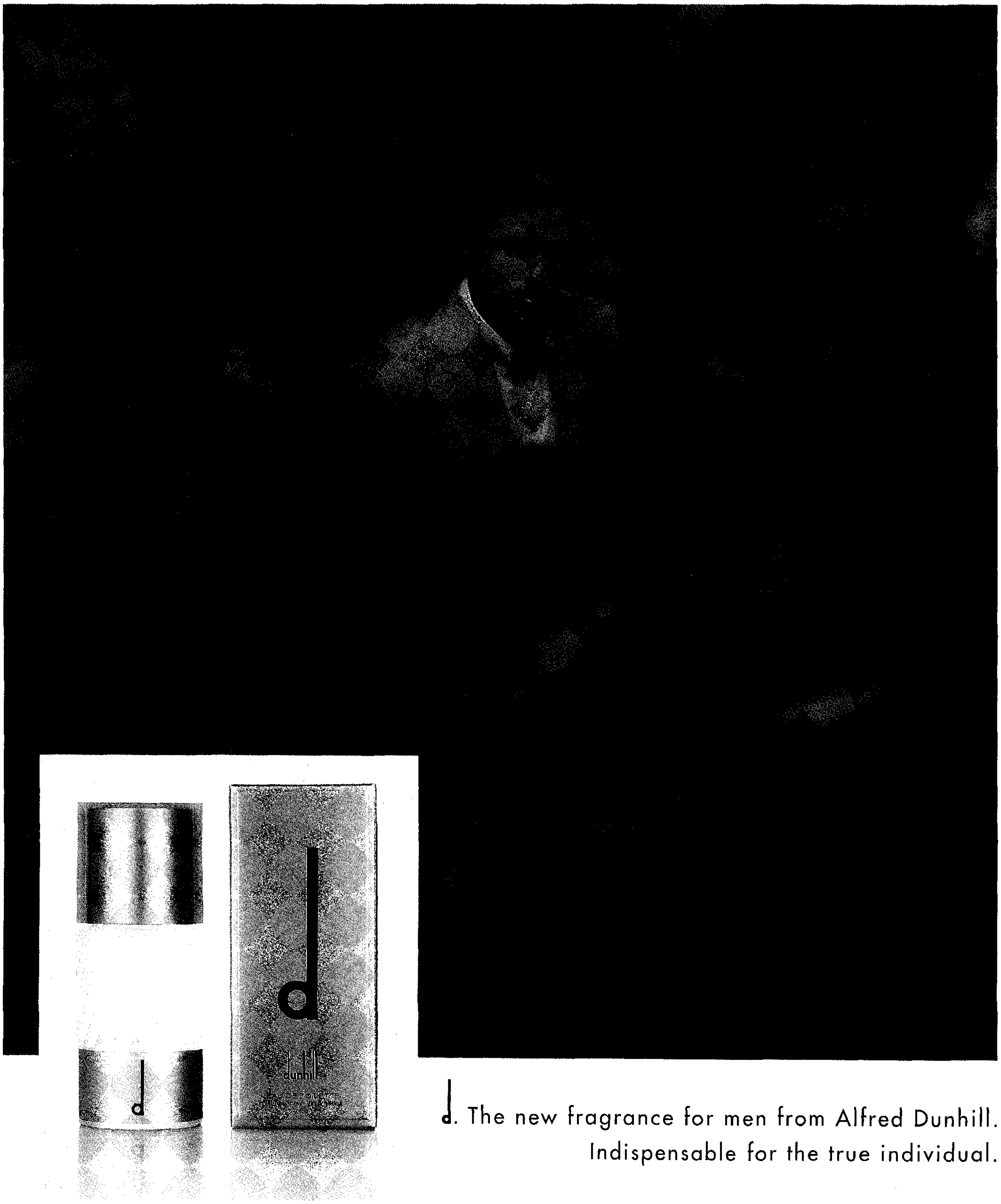

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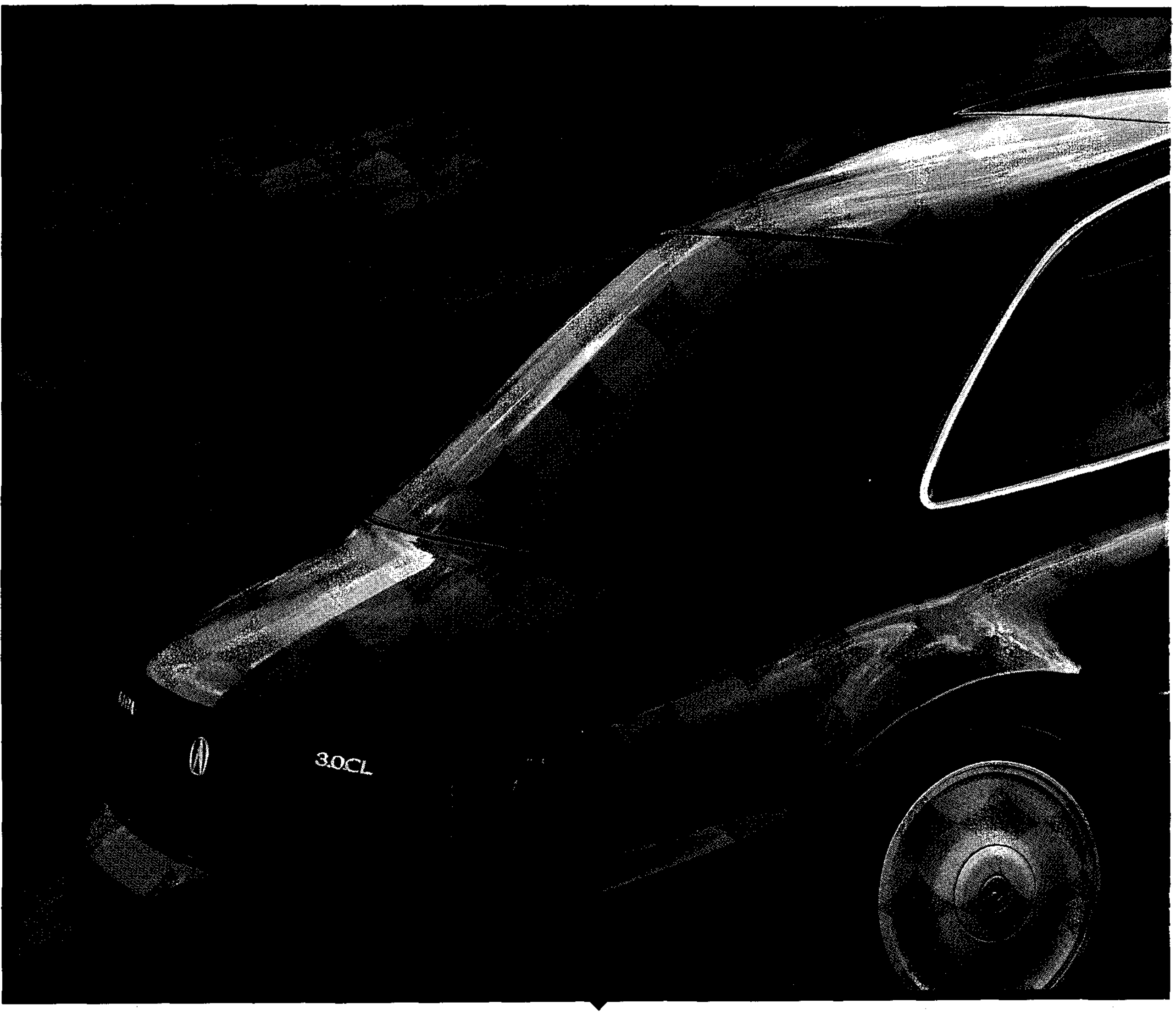

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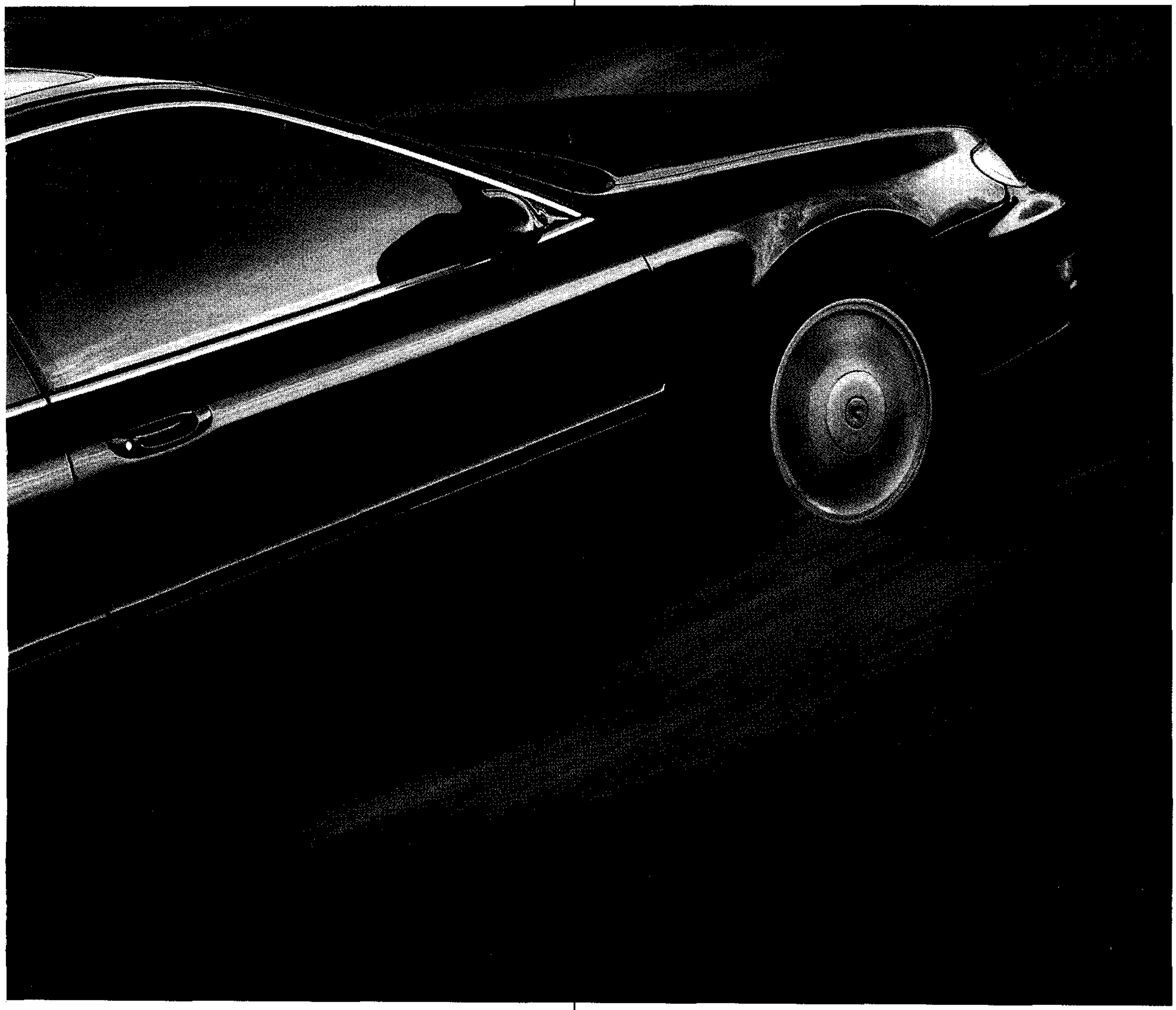

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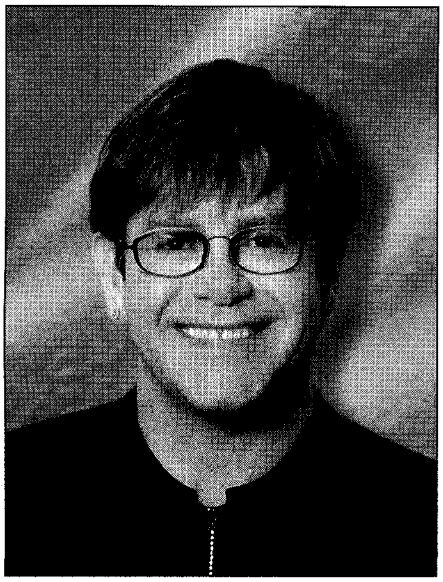

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WHAT IS MILITARY HONOR?

"Admiral Boorda's War" (by Peter J. Boyer, September 16th) focusses on Mike Boorda's failure to follow the great naval tradition of loyalty to fellow-officers. But even if he had completely fulfilled the Navy code of honor, would the Navy establishment have ever accepted Little Mikey Boorda, the interloper who violated so many of its other hallowed (but unspoken) traditions?

Boyer scants Boorda's uniqueness: that he did not attend Annapolis; that he was a Jew; that he rose from the lowest ranks to the highest. And Boyer fails to remark on how doggedly the Navy's traditions try to preserve past prejudices of every sort. The Navy's honor has been besmirched for decades. In addition to Tailhook, consider the painfully recurring events at the Naval Academy: midshipmen cheating on examinations and otherwise violating the honor code; faculty disciplined for criticizing the Academy's "culture of hypocrisy"; midshipmen being dismissed or resigning for alleged criminal activity ranging from theft to murder. All this is certainly part of the tradition that inspired Boorda's critics. And it is also, sadly, part of the tradition that Boorda himself apparently became a victim of by blindly honoring it.

MORRIS FREEDMAN
Hyattsville, Md.

The disparate explanations for Mike Boorda's suicide, though instructive, only add to the oddities of this political mystery. Being a retired naval captain, I agree with the criticisms of Boorda voiced by the Old Guard. I'm reminded that, sadly, you don't restore your own lost honor by bringing dishonor to an institution that gave meaning to the life you chose to take. The traditions and the honor of the United States Navy were forged by men of fortitude, who were willing to stand and fight—not by those who quit the scene of action.

J. D. BRACKIN
Dothan, Ala.

Peter Boyer writes that the suicide of Mike Boorda was an "honorable death." But was it honorable for Mrs. Boorda's husband to leave her a widow? And was it honorable for Admiral Boorda to leave four children without a father?

GERRY GROSS
Ossining, N.Y.

The public may rightly disapprove of a military that has sponsored traditions as indecorous as the events at the Tailhook convention which caused Admiral Boorda such difficulty, but the cure should be to change the policy at future conventions, not to blight the careers of the young officers who have followed tradition. And the public should be a great deal more concerned with the ensuing witchhunt's destruction of morale, principle, standards, and leadership in the nation's sea power.

DAVID LINDSAY
Silver Spring, Md.

DEPT. OF AMPLIFICATION

In an article on Yayoi Kusama (The Art World, October 7th), I neglected to mention the show of her early work that appeared last spring at the Paula Cooper Gallery. This was the show that opened many eyes, mine included, to the visionary qualities of Kusama's painting.

CALVIN TOMKINS
New York City

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

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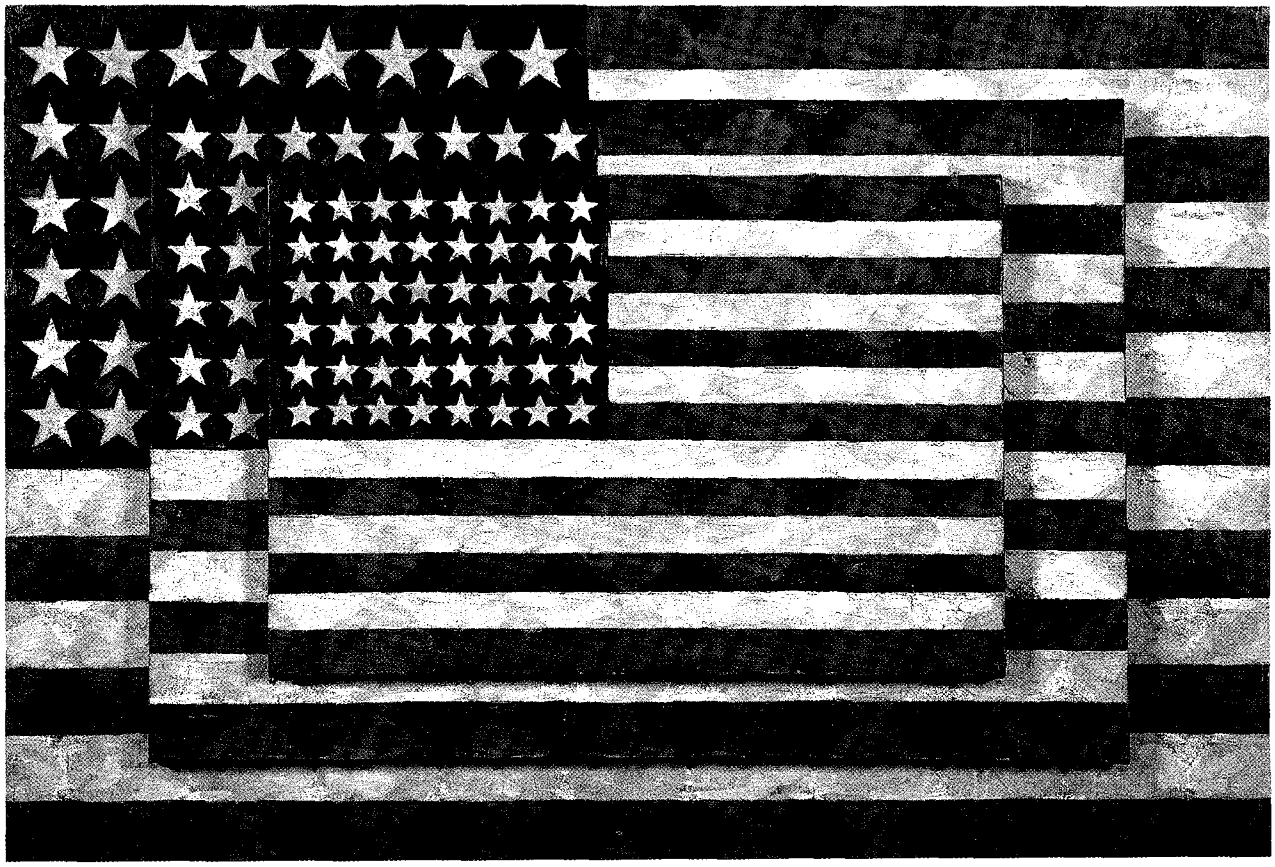

Three Flags, *1958. Encaustic on canvas. Collection Whitney Museum of American Art. © 1996 Jasper Johns/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY.*

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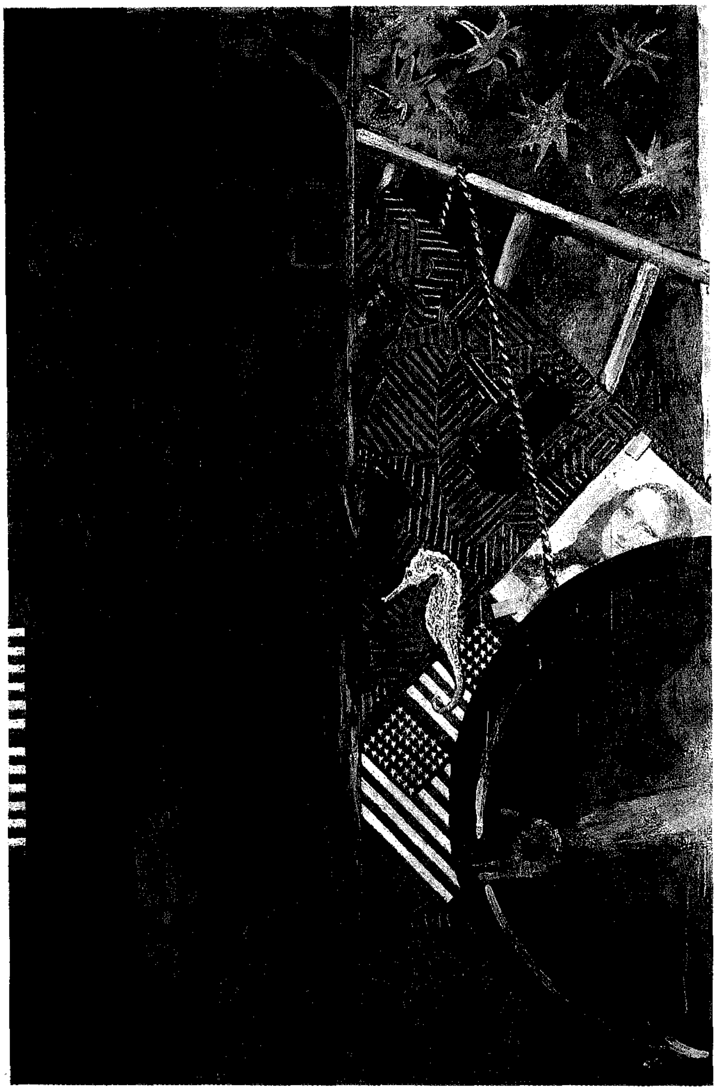

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The Blues Are Running—Michael Cristofer's new play, in which mistaken identity results in murder, revolves around the intertwined circumstances of three unacquainted couples. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Cakewalk—Linda Lavin has the lead opposite Michael Knight in Peter Feibleman's autobiographical drama about his relationship with Lillian Hellman. Previews begin Oct. 18. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Chicago—John Kander and Fred Ebb's 1975 musical version of Maureen Dallas Watkins's 1926 play, starring Bebe Neuwirth, Ann Reinking, Joel Grey, and James Naughton. Directed by Walter Bobbie. Previews begin Oct. 23. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Cymbeline—The Pearl Theatre Company's staging of Shakespeare's late play begins previews Oct. 18. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802.)

Fit to Be Tied—A new comedy by Nicky Silver, starring T. Scott Cunningham, Jean Smart, Matt Keeslar, and Dick Latessa. In previews through Oct. 19. Opens Oct. 20 at 7. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini cuts a satirical swath through the Great White Way in a new edition of his musical parody. Opens Oct. 16 at 8. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

431 of My Closest Friends—A woman's plans for her son's briss get waylaid in this comedy by Miriam Kouzel Billington, Peter Goldman, and David Presby, starring Ms. Billington as the woman and Mr. Presby as everyone else. A Jewish Repertory Theatre production. In previews through Oct. 19. Opens Oct. 20 at 7. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

The Gravity of Means—A new comedy by John Kolvenbach, on the subject of friendship. Previews begin Oct. 25. (MCC Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Melissa Errico, Nancy Marchand, and Eric Stoltz lead the cast in the Irish Repertory Theatre's production of Oscar Wilde's 1895 comedy. In previews through Oct. 23. Opens Oct. 24 at 7. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

The Innocence of Ghosts—Spirits lead a woman to a Chinese acupuncture clinic, in a play by Rosanna Staffa. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. Previews Oct. 15-17. Opens Oct. 18 at 8 and runs through Nov. 9. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660.)

Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's 1986 drama, about the descendants of former slaves, gets a New Federal Theatre staging. Previews Oct. 16-19. Opens Oct. 20 at 3 and continues through Nov. 17. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 353-1176.)

Missing/Kissing—A double bill of new comedies written and directed by John Patrick Shanley: "Missing Marisa," about two men who've been jilted by the same woman, and "Kissing Christine," about a first date. Preview on Oct. 16. Opens Oct. 17 at 8. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

The New Bozena—"Winter Is the Coldest Season," the latest clownings around of the red-nosed trio composed of David Costabile, Michael Dahlen, and Kevin Isola. Previews begin Oct. 22. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29				

Nine Armenians—Leslie Ayvazian's new work, a multigenerational family drama, was inspired by memories of her immigrant-scholar grandfather. With Kathleen Chalfant, Michael Countryman, and Sophie Hayden. Directed by Lynne Meadow. Previews begin Oct. 22. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Present Laughter—Frank Langella portrays the matinée idol Garry Essendine, in Noël Coward's 1946 comedy, directed by Scott Elliot. Previews begin Oct. 25. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Recreation—In Penn Jillette's new play, set in a Memphis strip club, a Mitty-like man lets his mind wander, and noirish comedy ensues. Opens Oct. 17 at 8 and continues through Nov. 17. (Cur rican, 154 W. 29th St. 736-2533.)

The Red Devil Battery Sign—Elizabeth Ashley and James Victor star in Tennessee Williams's 1975 drama, set in Dallas after the assassination of President Kennedy. Previews begin Oct. 26. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Signature Theatre Company—The troupe's Sam Shepard season begins with a pair of one-acts: "When the World Was Green (A Chef's Fable)," co-written with Joseph Chaikin, and "Chicago." Mr. Chaikin is the director. Previews begin Oct. 22. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

Taking Sides—Ronald Harwood's drama stars Ed Harris as an American military investigator and Daniel Massey as the German conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler, who was accused of collaborating with the Nazis. Two previews on Oct. 16. Opens Oct. 17 at 8. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

This Is Our Youth—A new play from the New Group, in which a nineteen-year-old Upper West Sider steals fifteen thousand dollars from his father, then holes up for the night with a friend. Written by Kenneth Lonergan. Previews begin Oct. 26. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler performs her new one-woman show about, well . . . Opens Oct. 16 at 8. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

The Waiting Room—Lisa Loomer's surrealistic comedy is set in a doctor's office and examines the ravages of beauty trends through the ages, from bound feet to breast implants. Previews begin Oct. 16. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

Whoopi Goldberg—In a benefit performance of her 1984 one-woman Broadway show. Oct. 23 at 8. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets and information, call 800-996-5433.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Americana—A revue surveying the evolution of the nation's music since the eighteen-nineties. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Born to Sing!—This sequel to the long-running gospel musical "Mama, I Want to Sing!" has a negligible plot and some second-rate acting, but the point is the music, and the music is glorious. You couldn't find a better introduction to gospel without going to church. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-0700.)

The Boys in the Band—Mart Crowley's 1968 study of gay self-hatred no longer seems particularly shocking (except in its viciousness) or politically suspect, but it holds up soundly in this terrific revival, which was supervised by the playwright and directed with buckets of bile by Kenneth Elliott. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. Closes Oct. 20.)

Chimère—The French company Zingaro—seventeen riders, acrobats, and dancers, a twelve-member band, and twenty-seven horses—overwhelms its audience with passionate, sensual images. This is art for art's sake, without any particular plot, but the equestrianism is astonishing (a horse at full gallop, for instance, with a rider balanced upside down near one shoulder), and in combination with the richly colored, Indian-inspired music, dance, and costumes, it's exquisite. (The big top at Battery Park City. For more information, call 718-636-4100.)

The Cocoanuts—The American Jewish Theatre's revival of the Irving Berlin–George S. Kaufman musical that starred the Marx Brothers in 1925. The songs are pleasant enough, but it's the laugh-out-loud comedy that really scores. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

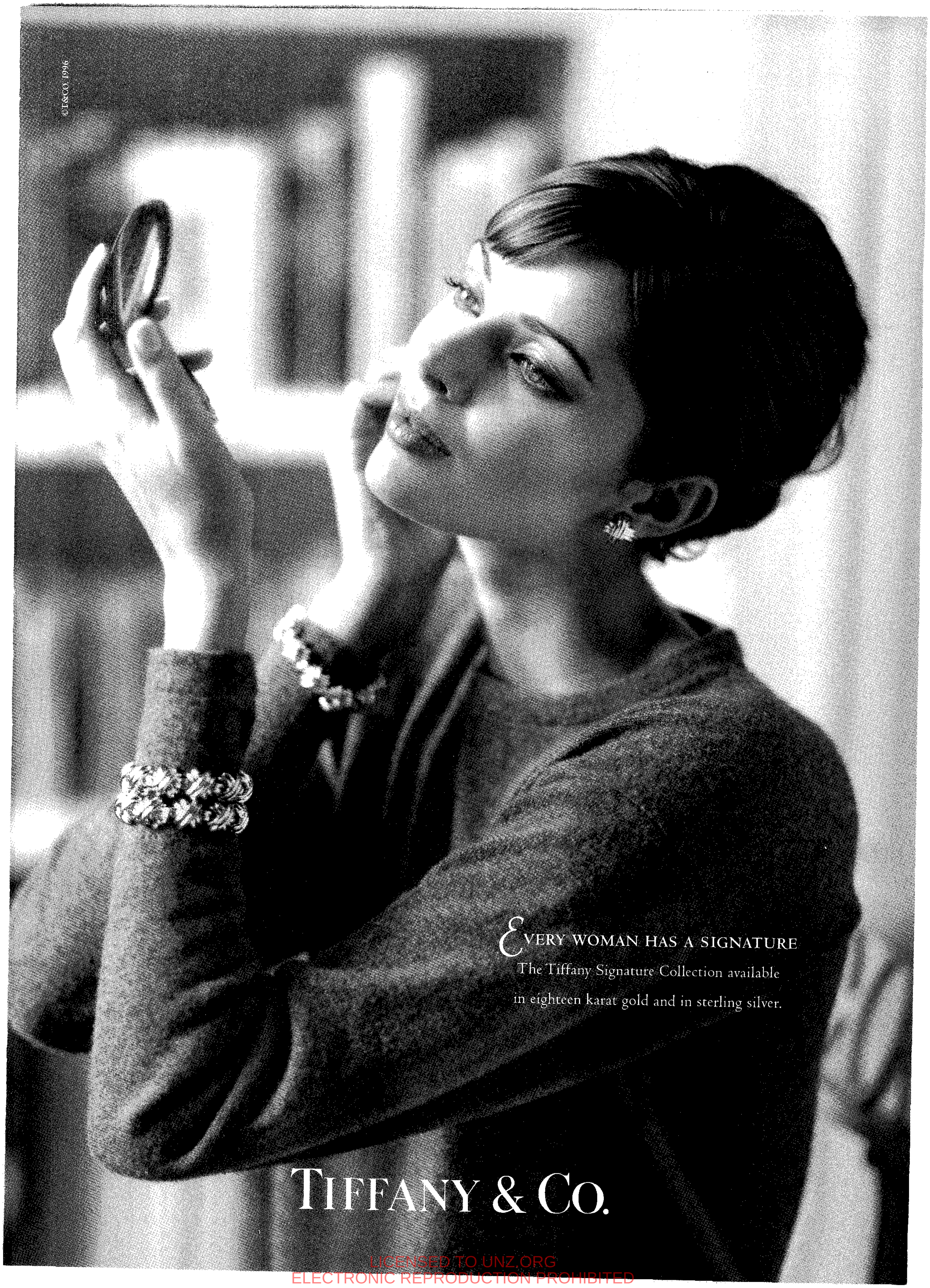
Eddie Izzard—The English actor and comic, who looks like a blond Tony Curtis (the red lipstick completes the look), is making his American début with a one-man show that is sweetly surreal and refreshingly unautobiographical. The subjects run, in winningly ragged fashion ("I don't do links," Izzard says), to the funnier aspects of hairnets, oranges, and language tapes. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes Oct. 20.)

Edmond—Enervated by family life, Edmond leaves home to discover overnight that the world outside is a sleazy pit of violence. The barebones plot of David Mamet's 1982 play receives a punchy, almost filmlike treatment in director Clark Gregg's production: the short, snappy scenes fly by rapidly, leaving the impression that the action has been edited down to its primitive roots. There's a comic knowingness to Mamet, and while this play doesn't hit with the raw power of his later works, it does show off his razor-sharp gift for finding the terrible joke in tense situations. As the self-defeating Edmond, so desperate to learn how the world works that he becomes a target for every streetwise con man, David Rasche is just about perfect. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200. Closes Oct. 27.)

Einstein: A Stage Portrait—John Crowther portrays the fluffy-haired physicist, in a new play by Willard Simms. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-6322.)

Evolution—A rock performance piece, set in a carnival, by Steven Guyer. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510.)

Full Gallop—The legendary, vividly eccentric fashion editor Diana Vreeland is the subject of Mary Louise Wilson and Mark Hampton's one-woman play, in which Wilson stars. Set in 1971, shortly after Vreeland was fired from *Vogue*, it's rich and resonant, with much to say about life that's worth hearing. A thoroughly satisfying evening in the theatre—very funny and very moving. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)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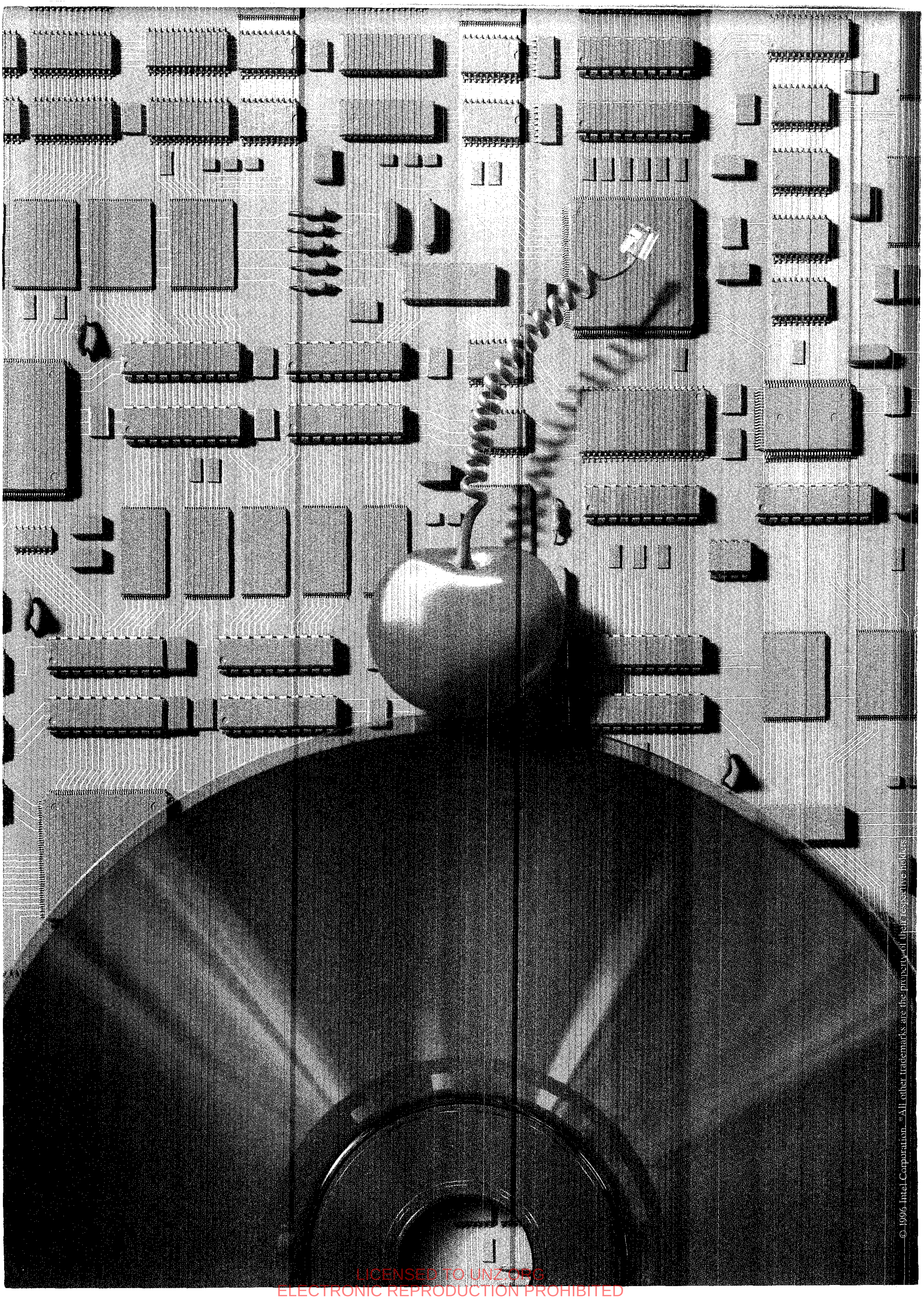

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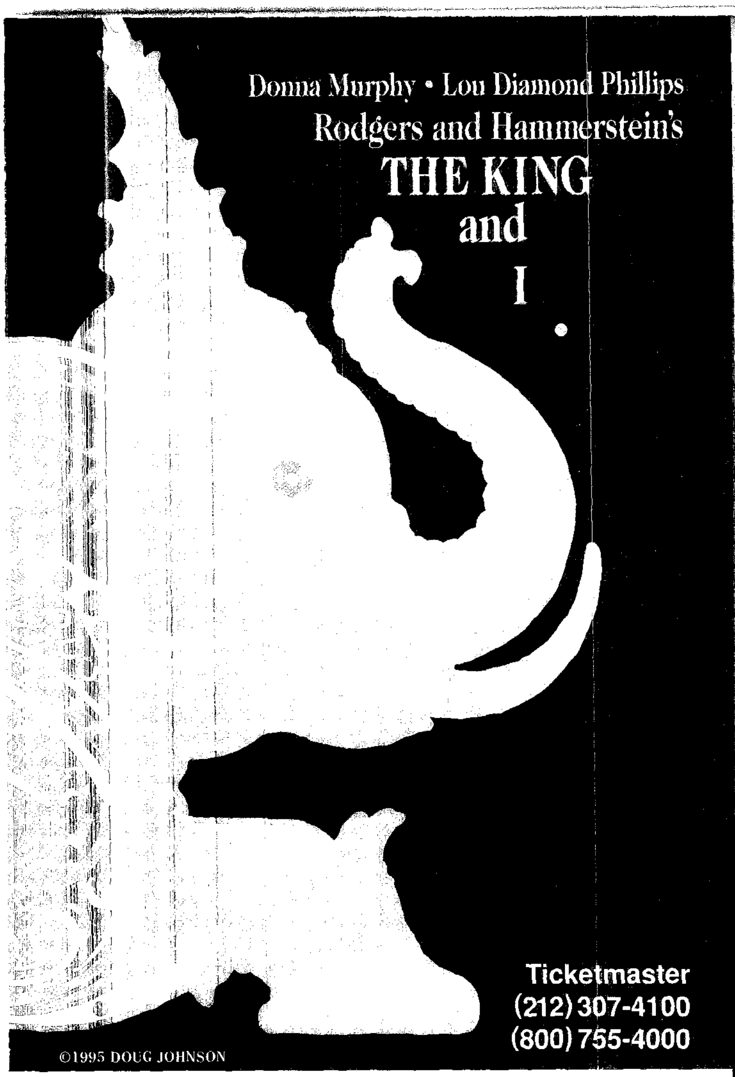

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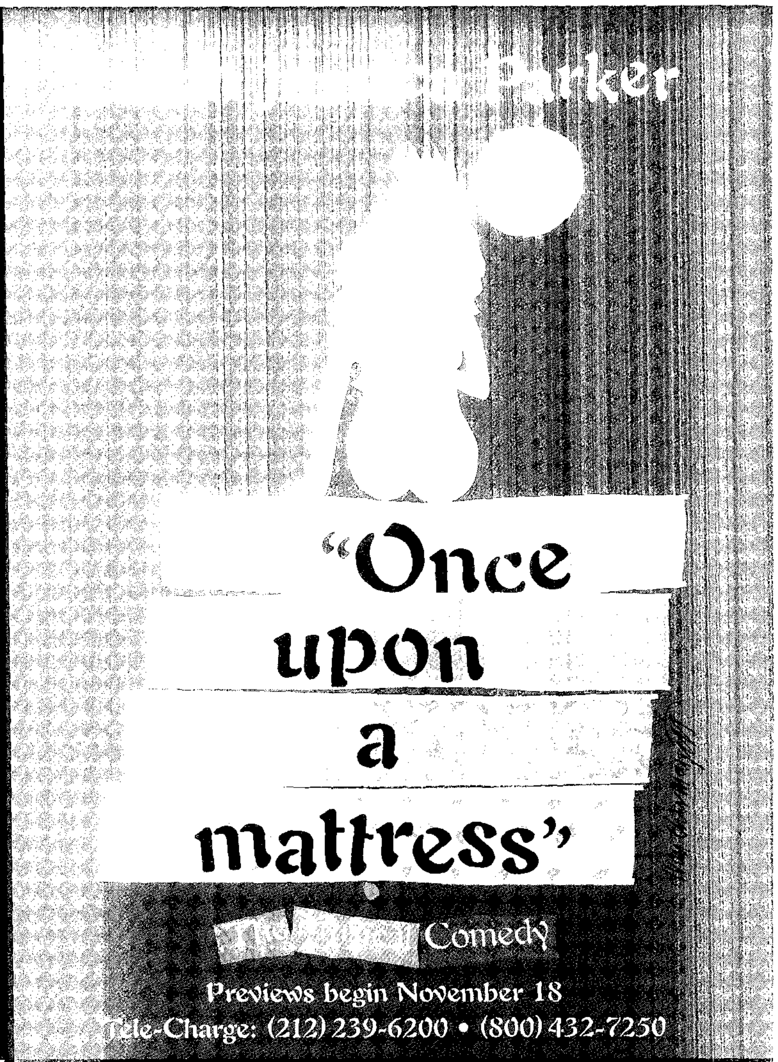

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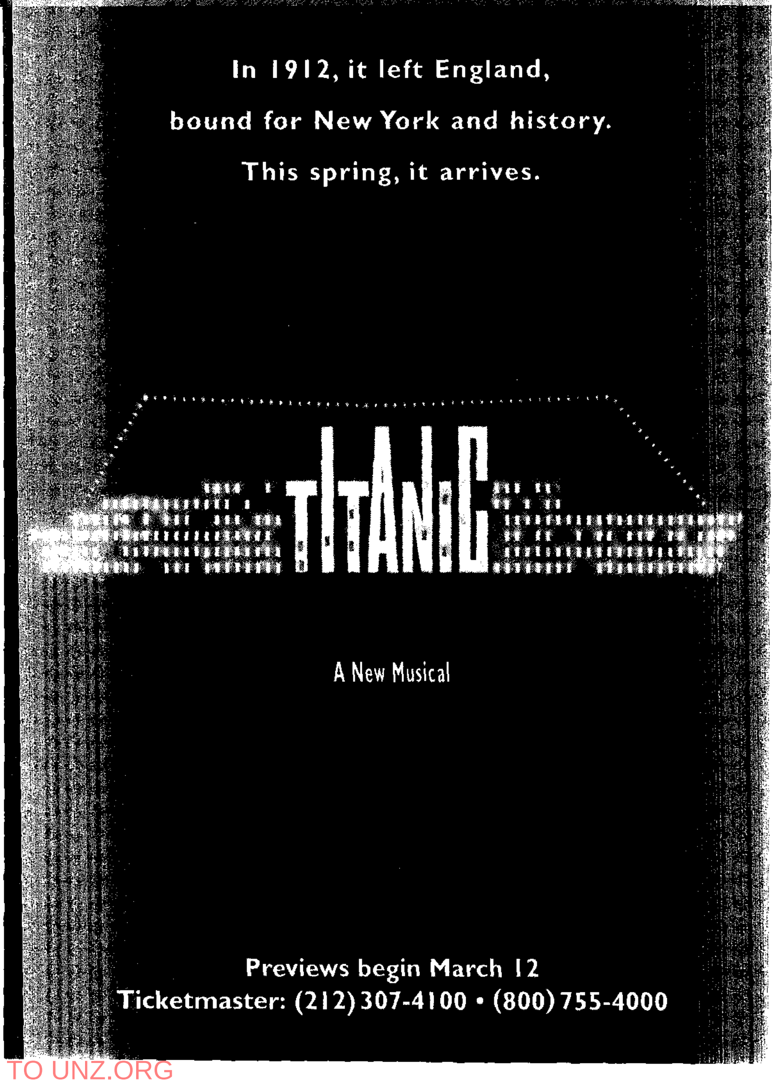

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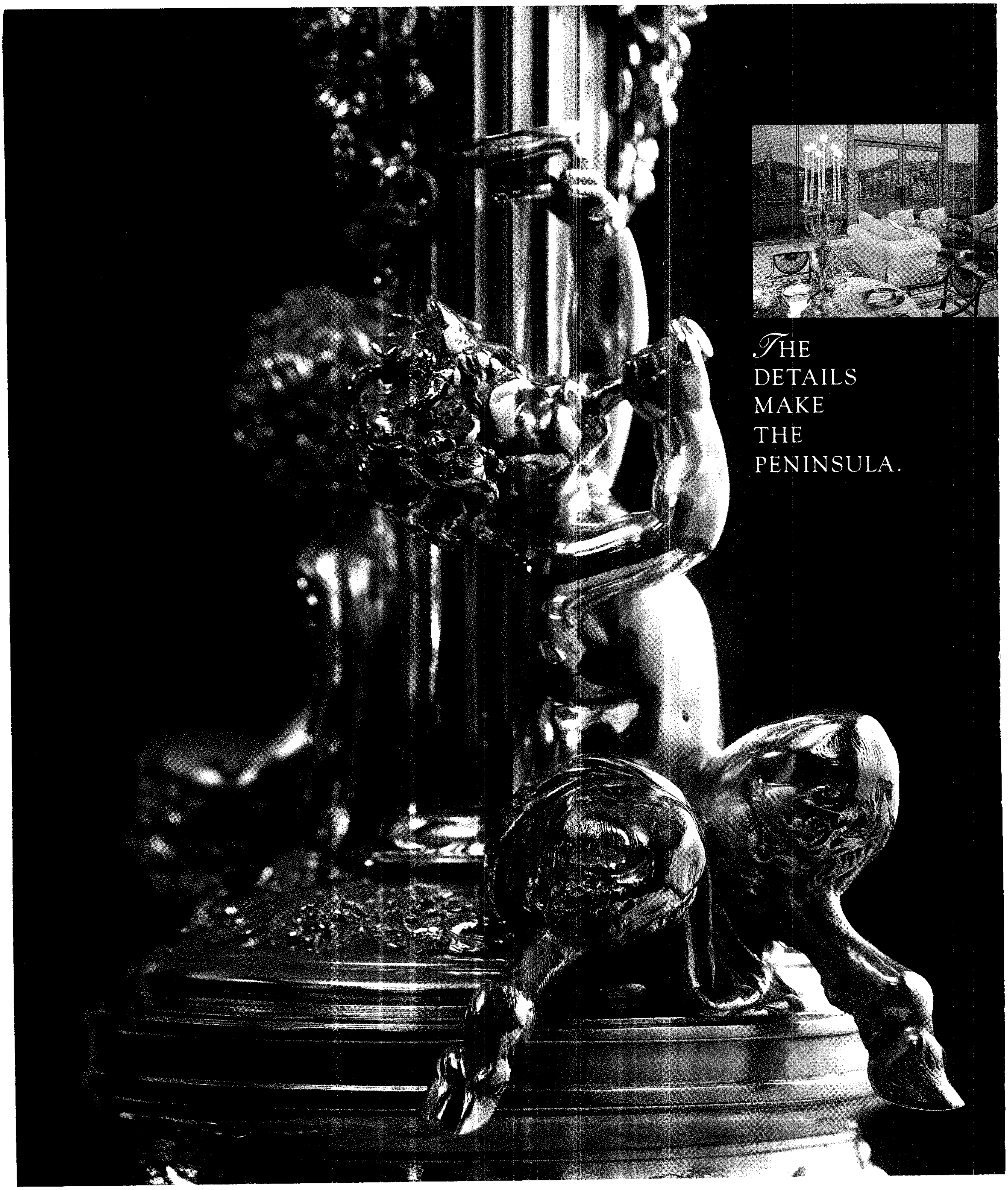

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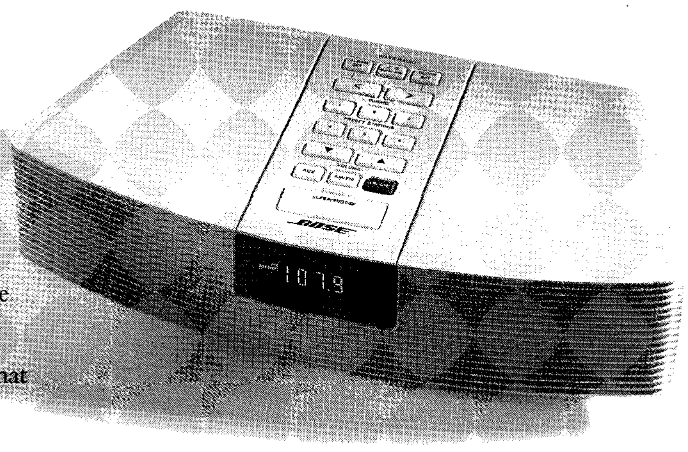

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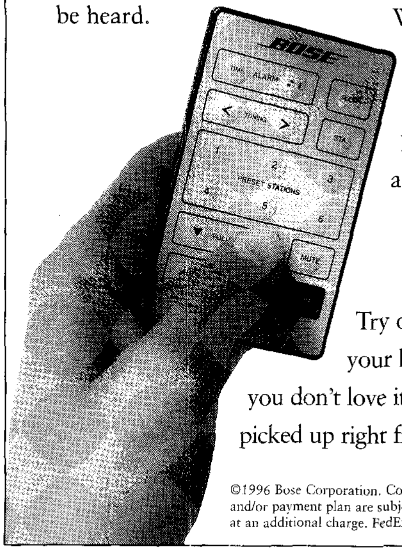

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A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim's 1962 musical-comedy version of a Roman farce is a joke play that begs for outrageousness. But Jerry Zaks's peppy, acrylic revival, starring Nathan Lane, seldom enters that giddy zone of comic daring. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/20/96.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Grace & Glorie—Tom Ziegler's predictable but charmingly told tale of an illiterate Virginia mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Harvard M.B.A. (Lucie Arnaz) who befriends her in her last days. Under Gloria Muzio's direction, the two actresses make the blend of humor and pathos affecting rather than—as it might easily have been—cloying. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 719-9393.)

The Heather Woodbury Report; or, What Ever—The performance artist presents her one-woman, hundred-odd-character serial comedy in four two-episode evenings. The four-week cycle runs Wednesdays through Oct. 23; the next cycle begins on Oct. 30. (Surf Reality, 172 Allen St., between Stanton and Rivington Sts. 673-4182.)

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—The exuberant designer Howard Crabtree died in June, and this revue of witty, satiric songs (created with and written and directed by Mark Waldrop, and sung by a talented cast dressed in Crabtree's sequinned, feathered, mind-boggling costumes) is a fitting cap to his career. The songs purport to be parts of a larger show that keeps falling apart, leaving Howard (played by Michael West) wondering whether he should have become a chicken farmer. Clearly, chicken farming's loss was our gain. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Hughie—Al Pacino stars as the blowhard gambler Erie Smith, in his own staging of Eugene O'Neill's 1941 drama. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

An Ideal Husband—In Oscar Wilde's hundred-and-one-year-old play, a youthful transgression comes back to threaten the career of a promising Cabinet member. The man who saves the day is played, with showy aplomb, by Martin Shaw. The rest of the delightful, mostly British cast, under the direction of Peter Hall, is well up to the Wildean wit and wisdom, and the evening flies by in a flash of epigrammatic splendor. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—In made-for-musical-theatre voices, the appealing cast of Joe DiPietro and Jimmy Roberts's crowd-pleasing revue about love and marriage sings songs examining made-for-musical-theatre issues. Couples in the audience may nudge each other happily as they guess the actors' lines before they're uttered. Directed by Joel Bishoff. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," runs in rotating repertory with Joe Orton's "What the Butler Saw," which closes Nov. 8. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Joseph Gabriel Magic on Broadway—The sleight-of-hand artist and illusionist, Off Broadway, actually. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

The King and I—In a word, magnificent. Hats off to Donna Murphy, as Anna, Lou Diamond Phillips, as the King of Siam, and everyone else (including Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course) who had a hand in this production. Christopher Renshaw directed. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

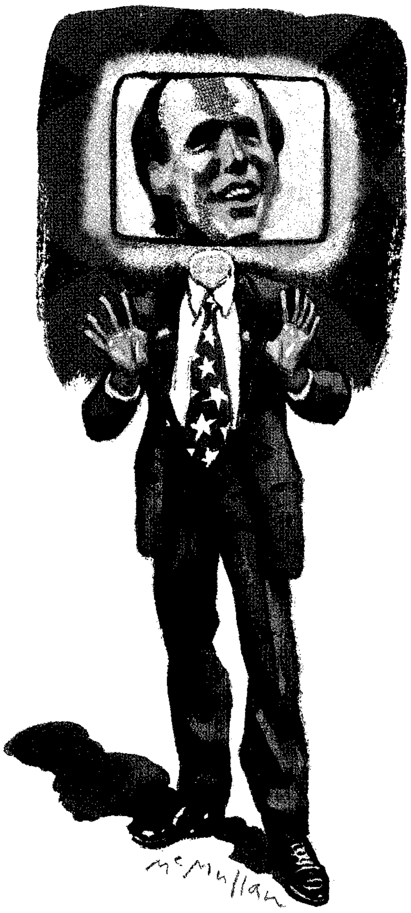
Lady Strass—The Cuban-born playwright Eduardo Manet's 1977 play, set in Belize, about an English recluse who holds two men hostage in her house and forces them to help her reënact her past. (Ubu Repertory Theatre, 15 West 28th St. 679-7562. Closes Oct. 20.)

Late Night Catechism—An interactive comedy by Maripat Donovan and Vicki Quade. (St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-4200.)

Matty: An Evening with Christy Mathewson—Christy Mathewson's mother wanted him to be a preacher, but Mathewson preferred baseball, and between 1911 and 1913 he led the New York Giants to three pennant victories, becoming something like the Michael Jordan of his day. He also did quite a bit of writing, which Eddie Frierson has turned into a one-man show. Frierson exhibits plenty of energy (there's no shortage of yelling) in relating tales of such characters as manager John McGraw and Charley (Giant Jinx Killer) Faust. Unfortunately, he never fails to include the moral of a story. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans' well-written piece of sentimental sanctimony asks the question: Can a blocked, arrogant twenty-five-year-old pianist find wisdom under the tutelage of a suicidal singing teacher who survived the Holocaust? (The answer is yes.) The characters go through their changes neatly, but the audience arrives at the station long before the engine of the plot does. (9/16/96) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Political Animal—Douglas McGrath portrays a charming but unprincipled Presidential candidate in his new comedy. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)



Douglas McGrath, in "Political Animal."

Radio Gals—A congenial tribute to the all-girl bands of the twenties and to the excitement that the new technology of broadcasting generated. Carole Cook plays Hazel C. Hunt, a small-town Arkansas music teacher who starts a radio station in her living room, with a sort of shrewd, enthusiastic dottiness. Hazel surrounds herself with a versatile group of female singers and musicians (two of whom, for no apparent reason, are played by men); then an inspector from the Commerce Department arrives to take away their license. Mike Craver and Mark Hardwick's substance-free musical is so good-natured that the outcome is never really in doubt, but the songs—a combination of novelty, Tin Pan Alley-style, and jagged "modernist" numbers—are mostly wonderful and often very funny, too. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Rhinoceros—In Eugène Ionesco's 1961 comedy—updated, but not jarringly, by Theresa Rebeck (whose "View of the Dome" is now at the New York Theatre Workshop)—an incipient alcoholic (Peter Jacobson) who feels he doesn't fit in with the rest of the world is gradually proved right: everyone else turns into a rhinoceros. This is one of those plays that prove the value of absurdist techniques; while nobody needs another didactic script about racism and conformity, the characters' varied reactions to the beasts (curiosity, terror, denial), the sidetracks they go off on (are they African or Asian rhinoceroses?), and their fear as the rhinoceroses take over are probably even more trenchant today than they were in 1961. And it's very funny. The strong, spirited Valiant Theatre Company is responsible for the revival, which was directed by Michael Murray. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200. Closes Oct. 20.)

Sex and Longing—In Christopher Durang's new comedy, Sigourney Weaver and Jay Goede play friends who write a book about their respective sexual addictions, which comes under attack by right-wingers. A Lincoln Center Theatre production, directed by Garland Wright. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Skylight—The playwright David Hare's success and his social conscience are still at odds. This time, the inimitable Michael Gambon plays a successful entrepreneur, and the powerful, appealing Lia Williams is his beloved former mistress, who has given up the lush life to teach the underprivileged. Their differences are factored out as systematically as an algebraic equation. Like John Gunter's set—a well-appointed ramshackle flat in the fashionable but dowdy area of Northwest London—the play seems caught between naturalism and symbolism. (9/30/96) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Summer and Smoke—The Roundabout has given Tennessee Williams's 1948 drama, about the unrequited love of the prim, pure Alma Winemiller (Mary McDonnell) for the louche doctor John Buchanan (Harry Hamlin), an uneven but compelling revival. Hamlin and McDonnell have a tender, appealing rapport, but director David Warren seems to have mounted the play without really understanding it. (9/16/96) (Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Two Bourgeois Blacks—A comedy about an unfaithful couple, by Clifford Mason, who co-stars with Perri Gaffney. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Closes Oct. 27.)

View of the Dome—Theresa Rebeck's new play, set in our nation's capital, is about how very, very dirty the game of politics is. It's a comedy without a sense of humor, written with a heavy hand and infected with free-floating self-righteousness. Michael Mayer directed the sleek-looking yet draggy production. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475. Closes Oct. 20.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **COWGIRLS:** Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **LOVE THY NEIGHBOR:** Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

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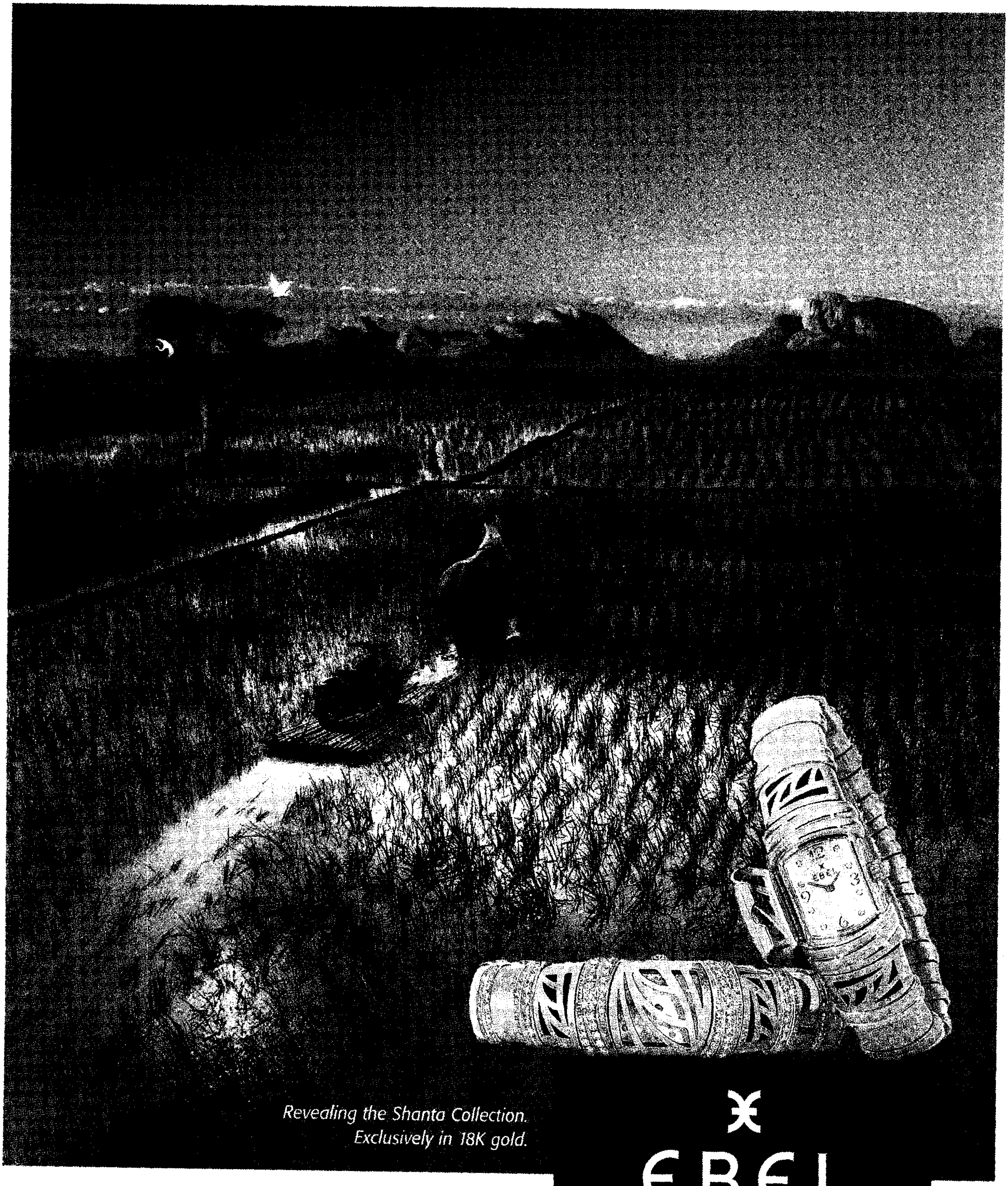

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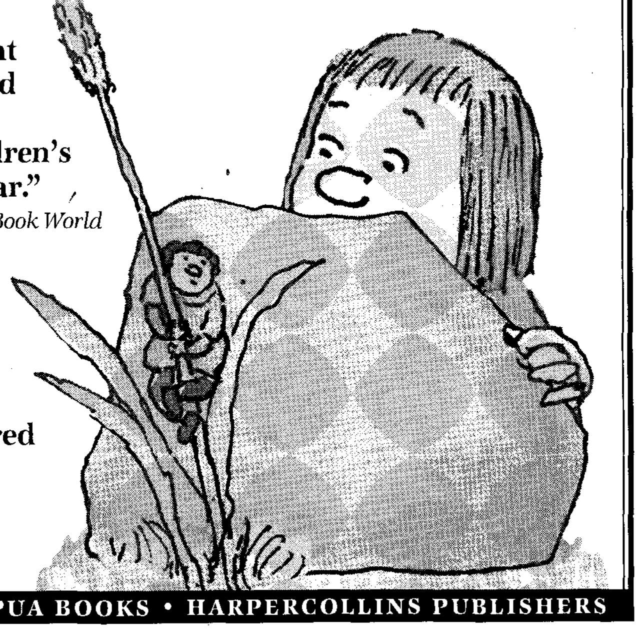

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DANCE

PACIFIC NORTHWEST BALLET—With some twenty-three of the Master's ballets in its current repertory, this Seattle company is a primary outpost of what one could call the Balanchine diaspora: regional troupes run by alumni of the New York City Ballet and its school (and all, inevitably, sibling rivals). Expect to find hordes of the Balanchine faithful on hand at City Center for the program devoted to "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," and "La Valse"—all works that premièred, in the fifties, in this very house. Staging them is the director of P.N.B.'s own school, Francia Russell, a former N.Y.C.B. soloist and ballet mistress (and a corps member in the original "Agon"). Her husband, Kent Stowell, another N.Y.C.B. alumnus, is the company's artistic director and resident choreographer; his work appears in the remaining programs, along with ballets by Mark Dendy, Ton Simons, Nacho Duato, and Marius Petipa. (131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Oct. 22-25 at 8, Oct. 26 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 27 at 3. The Balanchine program takes place on Oct. 24-25.)

"THE PREDATOR'S BALL"—Choreographer Karole Armitage expands her European road show, "Hucksters of the Soul," into a two-hour saga on the subject of Michael Milken, the Icarus of junk bonds, and his nemeses, Rudolph Giuliani and Ivan Boesky. A chorus of rappers and voguers offers admonishments, to the usual avail. The backdrops and video *mise en scène* are by David Salle. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Oct. 16 at 7—a gala performance—and Oct. 17-19 at 8.)

"FURIOSO"—The Meryl Tankard Australian Dance Theatre presents its take on relations between the sexes, with a work in which earthbound men partner women held aloft by ropes and harnesses, who soar and whirl or plummet to the ground. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Oct. 23 at 7 and Oct. 24-26 at 8.)

"HOT PINK 2"—Choreographers Meredith Monk, Susan Marshall, Elizabeth Streb, Peggy Baker, Molissa Fenley, and Bill T. Jones, among others, appear in a benefit performance. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Oct. 17-19 at 8 and Oct. 20 at 3.)

"EVERY LAST DROP"—Lisa Race has distinguished herself as a dancer by combining fearless attack and calm strength; her upside-down feats in the works of David Dorfmann and Sara Pearson offered the thrill of acrobatics performed with the grace and nuance of pure dance. Her choreography is equally daring: in "Tether," one of four pieces in this program, dancers float or plunge through the air on ropes suspended from the ceiling—a surprisingly sombre image. This time out, she promises to show her playful side as well. "Drop," a première set to the music of Bill Frisell, explores the frolicsome aspects of competition and includes (according to the choreographer) "chicken fights, a lot of facing off in duets, some tossing and throwing, and various events with hard-boiled eggs." (Dance Theatre Workshop. Oct. 24-26 at 8 and Oct. 27 at 3.)

DAYTON CONTEMPORARY DANCE COMPANY—The Ohio company presents works by choreographers Bebe Miller, Desmond Richard, Alejandro Cervera, and Talley Beatty. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 15-18 at 8, Oct. 19 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 20 at 2 and 7:30.)

"LA TRISTEZA COMPLICE"—Onetime psychologist Alain Platel built his twelve-member Belgian company, Les Ballets C. de la B., from both trained and untrained dancers, who perform here in a full-length work that grew out of improvisations with ten accordionists. (Joyce Theatre. Oct. 22-26 at 8 and Oct. 27 at 2.)

POLLY MOTLEY—The choreographer appears in five works. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Oct. 24-27 at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Seventh Annual Mabel Mercer Cabaret Convention—The end of a week's worth of song at Town Hall. Oct. 16 at 6: "Over the Rainbow," saluting the lyrics of Yip Harburg. Oct. 17 at 6: Amanda McBroom and Baby Jane Dexter. Oct. 18 at 6: Funny songs, with Christopher Durang. Oct. 19 at 1: Margaret Whiting and Kathleen Landis. Oct. 19 at 6: Liliane Montevecchi. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.)

Santana—Back in 1969, they called themselves the Santana Blues Band, and Carlos Santana's assimilationist blend of bluesy guitar backed by salsa rhythms gave a world beat to post-Hendrix rock. Although the group's recent studio albums have been power-chord retreads—Carlos's solo records are always more adventurous—their live shows are impassioned affairs. With former Living Colour guitarist Vernon Reid. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 16-17 at 8.)

"Smart Sounds: Music for the Planet"—A benefit featuring Jackson Browne, Rosanne Cash, Carly Simon, and others. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 921-9070. Oct. 17 at 7:30.)

"Eastwood: After Hours"—The well-meaning failure of "Bird" aside, Clint Eastwood obviously knows his jazz. From his directorial début, "Play Misty for Me," with its Erroll Garner motif and its documentary clips of the 1970 Monterey Jazz Festival, to last year's "Bridges of Madison County," which made gorgeous use of Johnny Hartman's "I See Your Face Before Me" as an aural aphrodisiac, Eastwood has combined a fan's enthusiasm with an auteur's instinct for the right sound at the right time. And digging up the overlooked West Coast bop saxophonist Lennie Niehaus to serve as his composer-in-residence (a post he's held for the past three decades) earned him genuine hipster status long ago. Celebrating jazz's best friend in high places—the President aside—will be a panoply of major players, young and old, including the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band, pianists Jay McShann and Barry Harris, and saxophone sensations James Carter and Joshua Redman. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 17 at 8.)

George Benson / Stanley Clarke—Benson burst onto the scene in the early sixties as guitarist Wes Montgomery's heir apparent; three decades later, he's best known as a smoothie vocalist. Luckily, traces of the monster picker keep slipping back in. / Until the late Jaco Pastorius turned the electric-bass world upside down, Stanley Clarke was the man. His mélange of fusion and funk may be a bit out of step in today's purist environment, but like Benson he's got more than enough innate musicianship to fall back on. If Clarke pulls out his upright instrument for a number or two, consider yourself lucky indeed. (Beacon Theatre. Oct. 18 at 8.)

Prasit Thawon Ensemble—Playing the classical music of Thailand. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5689. Oct. 19 at 8.)

Chris Isaak—This dreamboat singer with the Elvis-meets-Ricky Nelson looks comes wrapped in such a perfect package that it's hard to believe he's a solid rocker, too. His retro influences (the King, Orbison, surf rock, Hawaiian pop), his affection for tacky accoutrements (tiki lamps, flashy suits), and a stream of sexy videos and publicity pinups further encourage the notion that he's a lightweight. But after ten years and five albums, Isaak has proved that a glossy, mannered style isn't incompatible with wonderful songwriting and soulful performances. With nineteen-year-old songwriting wonder Fiona Apple. (Beacon Theatre. Oct. 19 at 8.)

Sung and Unsung Jazz Women—A concert and symposium, featuring performances by pianist Geri Allen and vocalist Abbey Lincoln. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Oct. 19-20 at 8.)

Jeru: The Music of Gerry Mulligan—If only the whip-smart, silver-maned patriarch of the baritone sax were still here to preside over this long-overdue tribute. Mulligan, who died last

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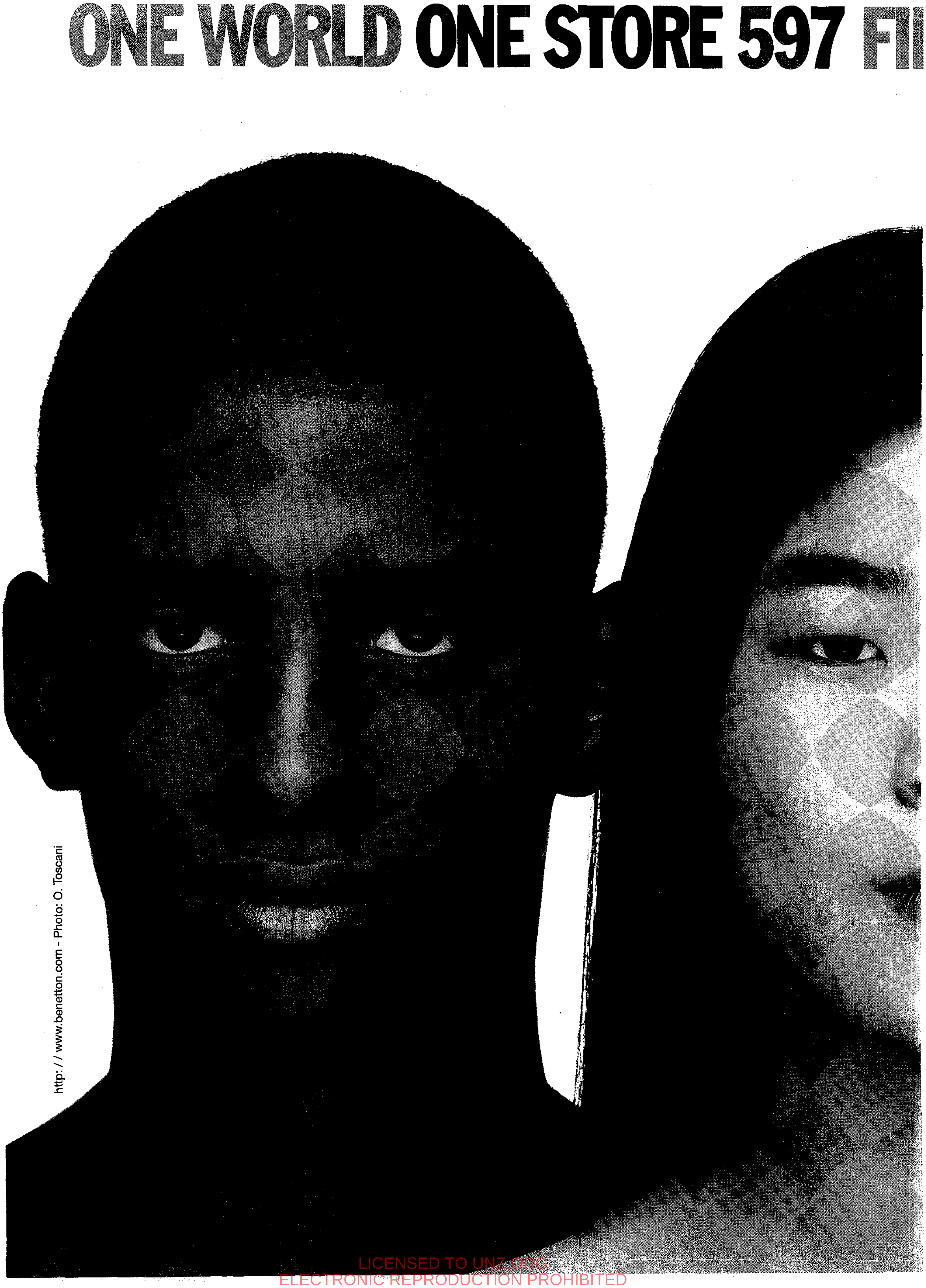
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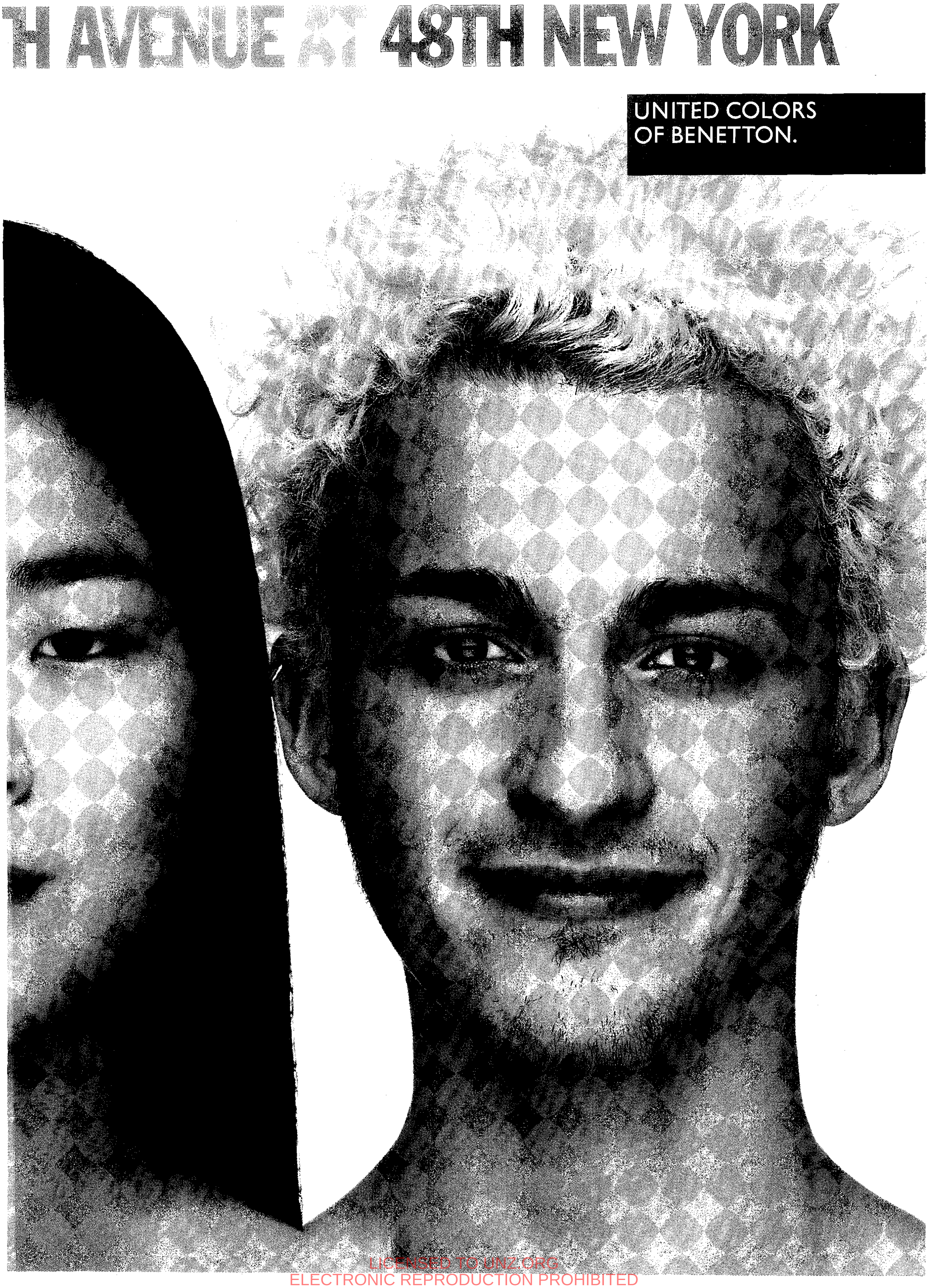
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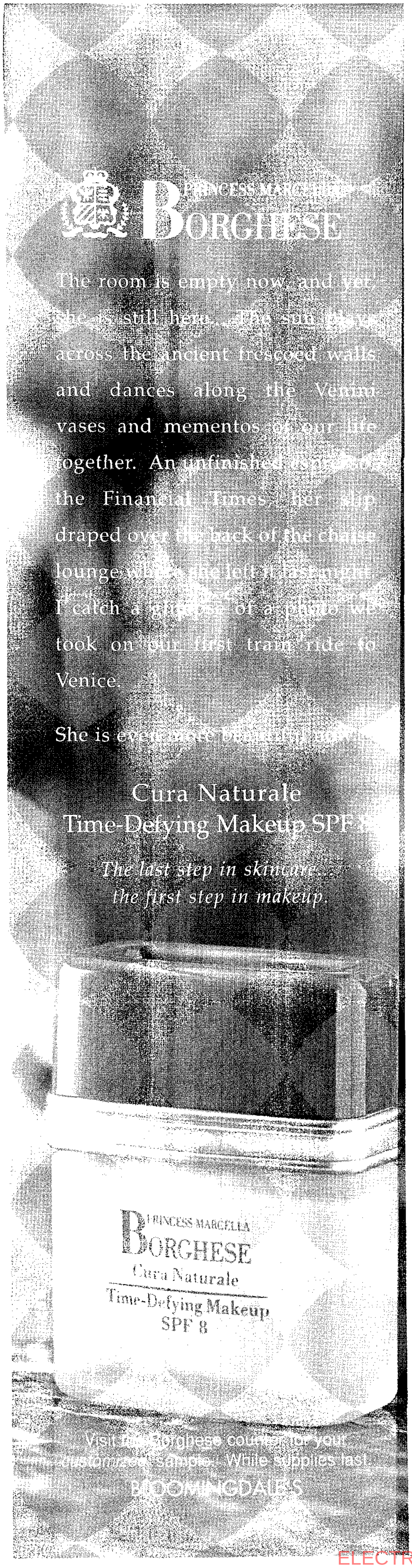
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The room is empty now, and yet she is still here. The sun plays across the ancient frescoed walls and dances along the Venini vases and mementos of our life together. An unfinished espresso, the Financial Times, her slip draped over the back of the chaise lounge where she left it last night. I catch a glimpse of a photo we took on our first train ride to Venice.

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year, was too often undervalued. Over the course of a six-decade career he proved himself a major stylist on his horn, an innovative composer and arranger, an ingenious bandleader, and a symbol of continuous growth: the man who practically devised cool jazz went far beyond it. His refined lyricism will be summoned up by trumpeters Art Farmer (a celebrated Mulligan associate) and Wynton Marsalis; the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra will offer readings of his dense but light-footed arrangements for both Birth of the Cool groups and for his own concert band. And the nimble counterpoint that indelibly marks the pianoless fifties-era quartet, which made both Mulligan and Chet Baker stars, will be heard again. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Oct. 19 at 8.)

Maxwell—With his electroshocked Afro, handsomely cleft chin, and hefty, low-riding lapels, this twenty-two-year-old native of East New York may be the hippest thing happening in town. His début album, "Maxwell's Urban Hang Suite," is a sleepy funk throwback punctuated with long instrumental vamps and chicken-scratch guitar. It's also an implicit challenge to the institutionalized promiscuity of most of today's R. & B. stars: a concept album devoted to monogamy. In Maxwell's hands, staying together sounds like a pretty hot idea. (Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. 921-1940. Oct. 21 at 8.)

Phish—The new Grateful Dead. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. Oct. 21-22 at 8.)

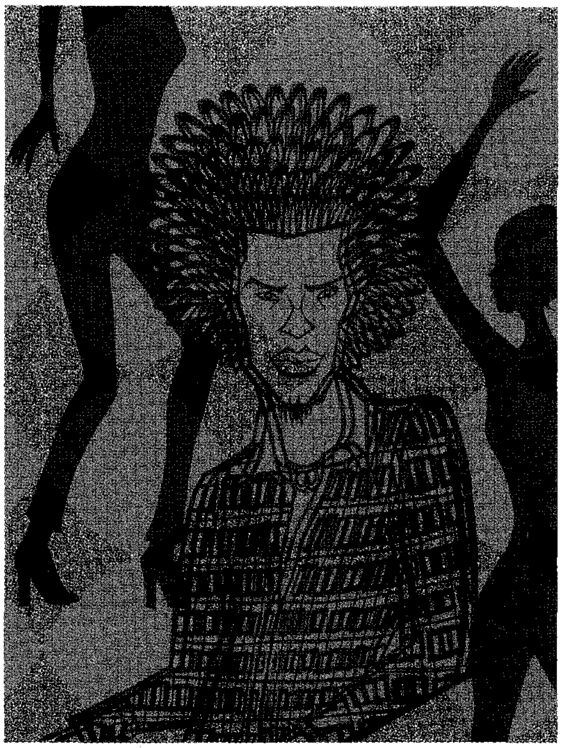
Liza Minnelli—From the time she was nineteen, her career has been a succession of triumphs and disasters (more of the former) in practically every field of the performing arts. Though she has none of the great-lady largesse that Streisand displayed so aridly on her recent tour, she remains the queen of extravagant emotion and breathlessly unbridled exuberance. Though she has never sung as well as her mother—who could?—she always gives her fans their money's worth. (Westbury Music Fair. 516-334-0800. Oct. 23-26 at 8 and Oct. 27 at 7:30.)

ZZ Top—For twenty-seven years these gray-bearded Texas-boogie boys have been dispensing odes to cheap sunglasses, velcro flies, tushes, legs, and sleeping bags, over riffs so elementary they'd make John Fogerty blush. They're not as big as they used to be before rock lost its sense of humor, but if they can fill this grand old hall, they'll certainly have the last laugh. With psychobilly outlaw Reverend Horton Heat. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 25 at 8.)

G3: Joe Satriani / Eric Johnson / Steve Vai—A holy day for all the boys who ever made rude noises in music stores. The "G" stands for guitar, the "3" for this comic-book triumvirate of guitar heroes. Long Island native Vai earned his reputation by playing what Frank Zappa called "impossibly difficult guitar parts." Satriani, a.k.a. Satch, is the elder statesman—he used to give Vai guitar lessons. And Johnson is the oddball: a mind-boggling technician with legendary hearing (he is said to be able to tell what brand of battery is in his fuzz box). He sings beautifully, too, but he never lets that get in the way of his playing. Don't expect many love songs. With acoustic-guitar wizard Adrian Legg. (Beacon Theatre. Oct. 25-26 at 8.)

De la Soul / Fishbone—In 1989, this trippy trio—Posdnuos, P. A. Mase, and Dove (formerly Trugoy)—made a big noise with "Three Feet High and Rising," a critical and commercial sensation that sounded like an unholy alliance between Chuck Jones and George Clinton. With their funny skits and their biting social commentary, they made you feel like you were hanging out on the stoop with homeboy Robert Benchleys. Although their recent album, "Stakes Is High," has its moments, these days the group sounds more safe than risky. / A Fishbone show might be described as vaudevillian hardcore. It's a remarkable mixture of chaotic humor and volume—the band often seems on the verge of exploding. But, despite the group's spasmodic energy, their material is fairly weak, and by the end of a show you may feel as if you've just sat through an Oliver Stone retrospective. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Oct. 26 at 8.)

Marilyn Manson—The Sunshine State's darkest export offers a nineties version of Alice Cooper funnelled through the hardcore-industrial aesthetic of Trent Reznor, the group's mentor and producer. Manson's membership in the Church of Satan and his fondness for simulated onanism with marital aids whose size would have made the Marquis de Sade covetous have gotten the guys in hot water with the Christian Coalition—a fact that no doubt gives them pleasure, not to mention press coverage and sales. The group's new record is called "Antichrist Superstar." (Roseland. Oct. 29 at 7:30.)


Maxwell, at the Supper Club.

HIROSHI TANABE

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Oct. 16: **Ferron.** The Canadian singer-songwriter may not be a household name, but over the course of a twenty-year career her flair for poignant detail and her mastery of a broad range of styles have made her a cult favorite. "Still Riot," her current disk, is appropriately named: it juxtaposes a calm folk-rock sound with underlying emotional tremors. Oct. 23-24: **Jane Siberry** presents "an evening of music for films and forests."

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Oct. 18-19: The **Holmes Brothers.** No meteoric rags-to-riches story here; after more than twenty-five years in the business, this impossibly great band finally made its first album in 1989. The Holmes Brothers have it all—blues, soul, gospel, R. & B., and country, along with a poise that lends the mix

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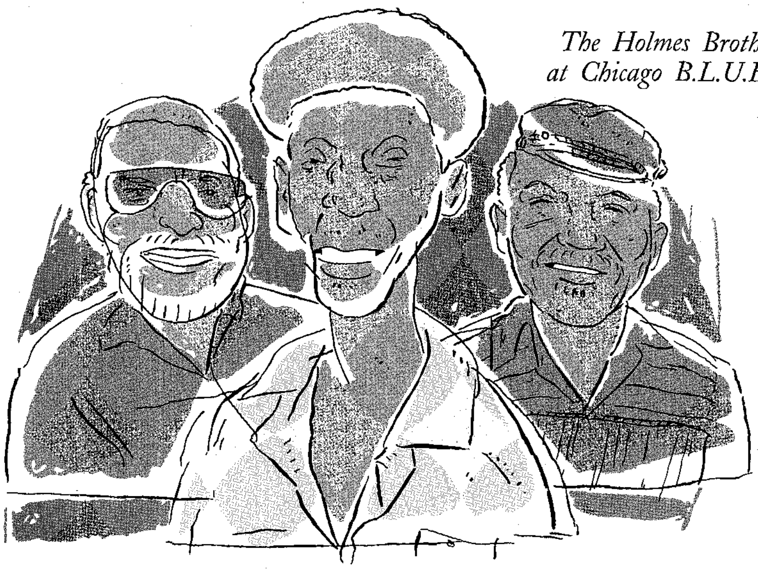

The Holmes Brothers, at Chicago B.L.U.E.S.

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an authority that younger, looser groups can't touch. Oct. 25-26: **LUTHER (GUITAR JR.) JOHNSON.**

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Oct. 18: **RICHARD BARONE,** the angel-voiced former Bongo, presents a revue of his songs from the past fifteen years. With Suzzy Roche and Joe McGinty and the Kustard Kings. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Oct. 16: The **RICHARD THOMPSON** band. He's been a sure thing since his early days with Fairport Convention, and his current record, "You?Me? Us?," is the work of a veteran minstrel in top form: it combines witty jigs with ruefully passionate ballads and a generous share of knotty guitar work. Anyone who has seen Thompson live knows that his bone-dry between-song banter is well worth the price of admission. Oct. 17-19: The **RADIATORS.** Oct. 23: Industrial rock with **GRAVITY KILLS.**

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Oct. 16: **JONATHAN RICHMAN.** For twenty years, this puppy dog of a singer has been eliciting the same response: you want to pat him on the head—and then slap him upside it. In 1971, playing garage-rock anthems like "Roadrunner" and "I'm Straight" with his band, the Modern Lovers, he was a bona-fide proto-punk contender. By 1977 he'd gone acoustic and was warbling such out-of-the-sandbox inanities as "Ice Cream Man" and "I'm a Little Dinosaur." People thought he was kidding; he wasn't, and he's remained the same developmentally arrested, mushy schnook ever since.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—With its emphatically romantic, melodic pop songs for innocents in clunky glasses and baby-doll dresses, the indie rock of Washington, D.C.-based **VELOCITY GIRL** (Oct. 18) has long been a fine antidote to Beltway cynicism. Given this sunniness, it's not surprising that the band's imminent breakup—this will be its final local performance—has to do not with the squabbles and addictions that plague most bands but with the coming marriage of sylph-like singer Sarah Shannon. The group's valedictory album, "Gilded Stars and Zealous Hearts," does more than allude to the slogan of Lucky Charms; its soaring harmonies and layered, blurry guitar work are as marshmallow-sweet and crunchy as the cereal itself. Oct. 22-33: **MOXY FRUVOUS.**

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Oct. 16: **GONG.** Oct. 18: **JASON AND THE SCORCHERS** emerged from Nashville in 1982 with a high-octane sound that was too ornery for authentic Music City types and too twangy for the ersatz urban cowpoke crowd, and the band spent the following decade banging its head against both country and rock walls. So when Jason Ringenberg yowls "Kick me down, but I'll never crawl" on the band's new "Clear Impetuous Morning," he's not just whistling Dixie. With **DRIVIN' N' CRYIN'.** Oct. 24-25: The **SUBDUDES,** on their farewell tour. Oct. 26: **WEEN.** On "Twelve Country Greats," Dean and Gene Ween sink their fangs into the ankle of country-and-Western music and prove themselves master parodists. It may not sound like a winning formula, but much of the album is inspired, and you just can't stop listening. Oct. 28: The **LEMONHEADS** and **IMPERIAL TEEN.**

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JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Back in 1959, **nancy wilson** (through Oct. 20) took over a stage with as much force and assurance as if she had sprung fully formed (and fully armored) from the head of some jazz deity—Cannonball Adderley, perhaps, with whom she made a glorious album around that time. She could swing, she could phrase, and she had a thrilling voice, tremendous presence, a brilliant feel for the music, and a smoldering, sexy beauty that was impossible to resist. She just as quickly went the glossy supper-club route, playing the big casinos, making television appearances, and recording lush, uninspired albums. Live, she's still got it. She appears with a trio that features Adderley's longtime drummer, Roy McCurdy. Oct. 22-27: **jimmy heath** celebrates his seventieth birthday with an all-star big-band bash. The estimable saxophonist and composer is also one of the great big-band leaders. His bop-flavored large ensembles spotlight his memorably melodic writing, his ear for tonal color, and his innate understanding of the way horns, brass, and rhythm can be made to sing together. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—After twenty-nine years at the Café Carlyle, **bobby short** is polished to such a high gloss that he's almost blinding to behold. Everything he does is breathlessly paced: tempos accelerate, notes ascend, hands clap, teeth flash. His speech has the arcane ring that comes from travelling in glamorous circles: "You're a knockout!" "What an audience!" "How chic!" "Wow!" Just as your attention begins to flag, he shifts gears and does ten minutes of blues with cheeky conviction. But all his mannerisms really come into focus as soon as he sings Cole Porter, which turns everything else into a warmup. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Oct. 27: the **benny carter** quartet. Carter is just plain scary. At eighty-seven, he's still in fighting shape, and his alto ripples with the precision and grace that have been his signature for seven decades. There's not a shred of sentimentality in his presentation; his sound is made up of a lifetime of knowledge and taste.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Oct. 16-19: Piano and bass with **roy meriwether** and **melissa slocumb.**

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—Through Oct. 26: **joe williams.** To hear this singer in this intimate venue is to experience jazz transcendence. Williams can moan the blues like Big Joe Turner's half brother or inhabit a sophisticated ballad as if coached by Cole Porter himself. **maureen mc govern** takes over on Oct. 29. Closed Mondays.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—Oct. 18-19: The **matt wilson** trio, featuring guest performers **dewey redman** and **cecil mc bee.** Wilson is the resourceful drummer for saxophonist Redman's band. Both Redman and the extraordinary bassist McBee are joining Wilson for this performance, as they did on his recent "As Wave Follows Wave."

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Oct. 16-18: **astrud gilberto.** Oct. 23-25: **gato barbieri.** The Argentinean tenor saxophonist has a sensuous tone and a résumé that includes everything from avant-garde work in the sixties to composing the score for "Last Tango in Paris." Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Oct. 22-27: **wallace roney,** a young trumpeter who's really going to have to pull out the stops if he's ever to dispel those Miles-clone charges that have followed him around like a self-inflicted curse. Call it an understandably severe case of hero worship. The **david sanchez** quintet gets the call on Oct. 29.

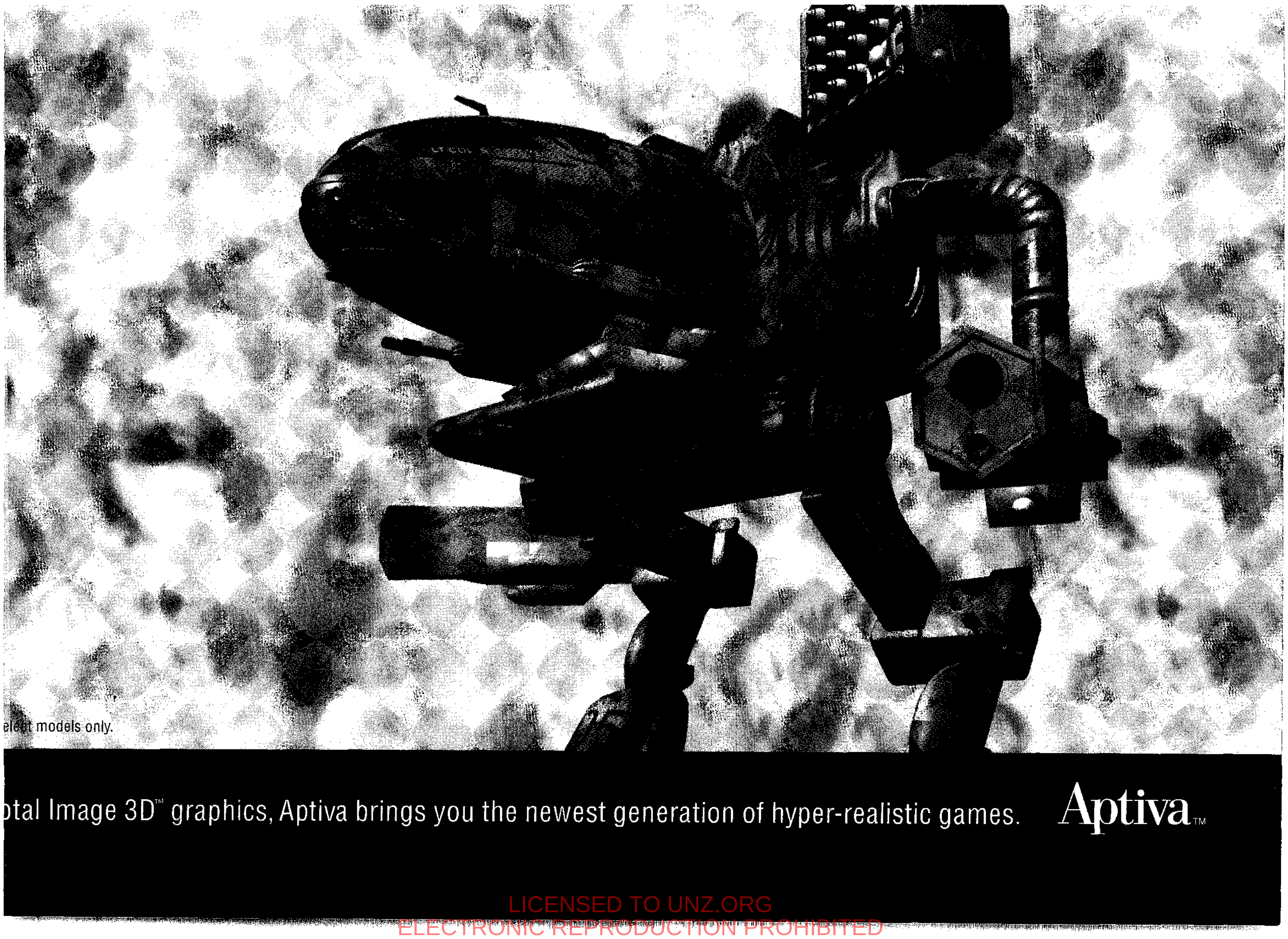
ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of a hundred and fifty canvases by the master landscape painter Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot. Opens Oct. 29. (For more Corot, see the Brooklyn Museum.) . . . ¶ "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women" presents narrative reliefs and sculptures from Egypt's Amarna period (1353-1336 B.C.). A complementary reinstallation of sculptures, reliefs, and other objects is on view in the Amarna Galleries. . . . ¶ "Eugène Cuvelier, Photographer in the Circle of Corot," an exhibit of salted-paper prints from the eighteen-fifties and -sixties: streets and farmyards in the town of Barbizon, and exquisite, atmospheric views of the nearby Fontainebleau Forest. Through Jan. 12. . . . **note:** The museum's roof garden is open through Oct. 27. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Jasper Johns retrospective features two hundred and twenty-five works—paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures—and is sure to include a few flags, targets, numerals, and cross-hatch patterns. Opens Oct. 20. . . . ¶ "Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper," the first exhibition in this country of drawings by the actor, dramatic theorist, and poet. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Multimedia conceptual work by the Dutch artist Pieter Laurens Mol. Through Nov. 2. (He also has a show at Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St., through Nov. 9.) (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Ellsworth Kelly," a large survey of the artist's paintings, sculptures, works on paper,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and photographs. Opens Oct. 18. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St.—"Max Beckmann in Exile," a display of twenty-four paintings, including several large triptychs, by the German Expressionist who left his homeland in 1937, after he had been declared (along with many others) a "degenerate artist." Through Jan. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"I'll Be Your Mirror," a retrospective of Nan Goldin's photography, is a deeply troubling show, not only because of its disturbing images of the gritty, glamorous downtown life but also because of what it portends for the non-future of art in the post-Warholian universe. If anything can be art, then how is art different from life? Goldin's images of drag queens, prostitutes, drug addicts, and battered women (principally herself) are neither as simple as they look nor as deep as they purport to be. Some of the photographs, such as a grim shot of a blood-spattered bedroom wall, are empty echoes of Hollywood, and there are more pictures of people sitting on toilets than may have been strictly necessary. But Goldin's artistry is impeccable, even overwhelming, when she bothers to exercise it: a series of scenes from the life and death of the widely loved party girl Cookie Mueller ranks among the most moving reportage on record of the horror and sadness of AIDS. Through Jan. 5. (A concurrent show of Goldin's pictures of children is at Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., through Dec. 21.) . . . ¶ "Views from Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art 2" draws from the collections of the Whitney and the Museum für Moderne Kunst, in Frankfurt. Among the artists represented are Stephan Balkenhol, Lawrence Weiner, Jenny Holzer, Charles Ray, and Robert Gober. Opens Oct. 16. . . . ¶ "Breuer's Whitney" includes drawings, photographs, models, and other objects chosen to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of Marcel Breuer's gray granite upside-down ziggurat. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ "NYNY: City of Ambition." Through Oct. 27. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of the Codex Leicester, Leonardo's manuscript on such scientific subjects as hydrodynamics and astronomy, opens Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Four pieces of Martian meteorites are on view, accompanied by full-scale models of probes scheduled to visit the Red Planet on July 4, 1997. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"In the Light of Italy: Corot and Early Open-Air Painting" comprises a hundred and thirty works, including nineteen paintings that Corot completed during his first trip to Italy, as well as works by Carl Blechen, Johan Christian Clausen Dahl, Thomas Jones, and Pierre-Henri de Valenciennes. Through Jan. 12. (For more Corot, see the Metropolitan Museum.) . . . ¶ "The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon." Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ "Photography in Latin America: A Spiritual Journey." Through Jan. 19. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—It's hard to tell the museum shop from the galleries here: "Mixing Messages" is a dazzling display of commercial graphic design, encompassing posters, books, magazines, stationery, toothpaste boxes, T-shirts, movie credits, CD-ROMs—anything and everything that uses type. Aside from a surprising abundance of gay cultural artifacts and agitprop, it's all very predictable, and the viewer has little to do but quibble over what was left out. Although the installation is a model of contemporary museology, it doesn't quite overcome the problem of one's having seen all these objects a million times before. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—"A Place Called Abroad," a remarkable installation by the Spanish artist Juan Muñoz, whose work could be characterized as George Segal meets Michael Asher: the implicit Expressionism of the anguished human figure, ominously frozen, is perversely wedded to a deconstructivist architectural critique. In Muñoz's creepy little scenarios, the dolor of political oppression and existential crisis seems to have moved from Eastern Europe to a sun-baked yet still gray Mediterranean. . . . ¶ Minimalist sculptures by Fred Sandback, of the barely visible variety. Sandback's work, which has not altered its major premises since the mid-sixties, was an important precursor of the art of radical dematerialization which took over later in that decade. His earlier pieces were typically executed in metal rods or wire; this recent sculpture employs acrylic yarn, but the overriding effect is the same. Visually, it's rather dull. (A complementary exhibit of Sandback's drawings is at Markey, 55 Vandam St., through Oct. 26.) (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher." . . . ¶ "Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings." . . . ¶ "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery': Presidential Races from Washington to Truman." All exhibitions through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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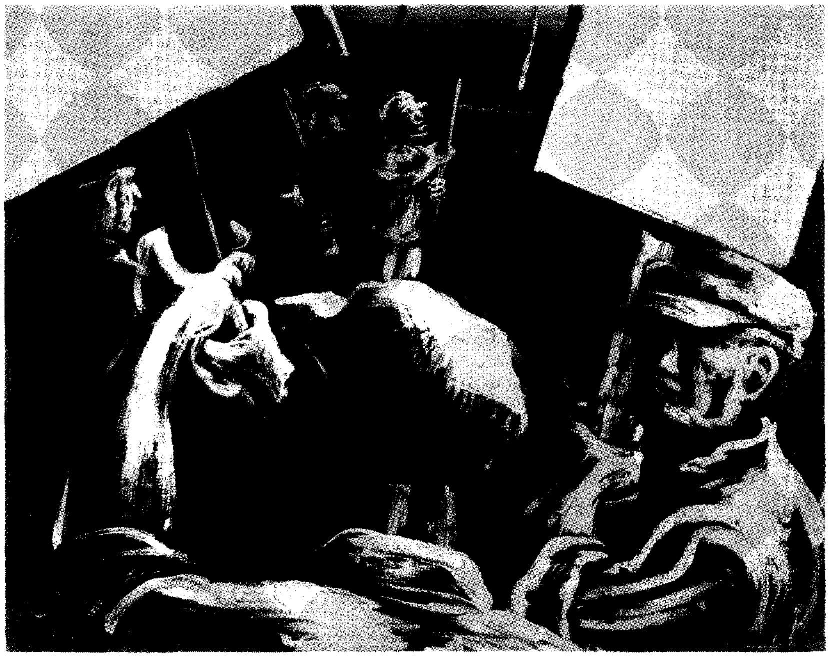


"Strike," by John Wilson, from "In the Spirit of Resistance" (Studio Museum).

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W.—"Scassi: The Joy of Dressing Up," a large retrospective studded with examples of the designer's entrance-making couture. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Photographs, prints, furniture, books, and other objects are on view in "Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884-1933." Through Nov. 24. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"In the Spirit of Resistance: African-American Modernists and the Mexican Muralist School" explores the links between the two groups, as evidenced in the works of, among others, Charles Alston, Elizabeth Catlett, Jacob Lawrence, Celia Calderón, Diego Rivera, David Alfaro Siqueiros, and Rufino Tamayo. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

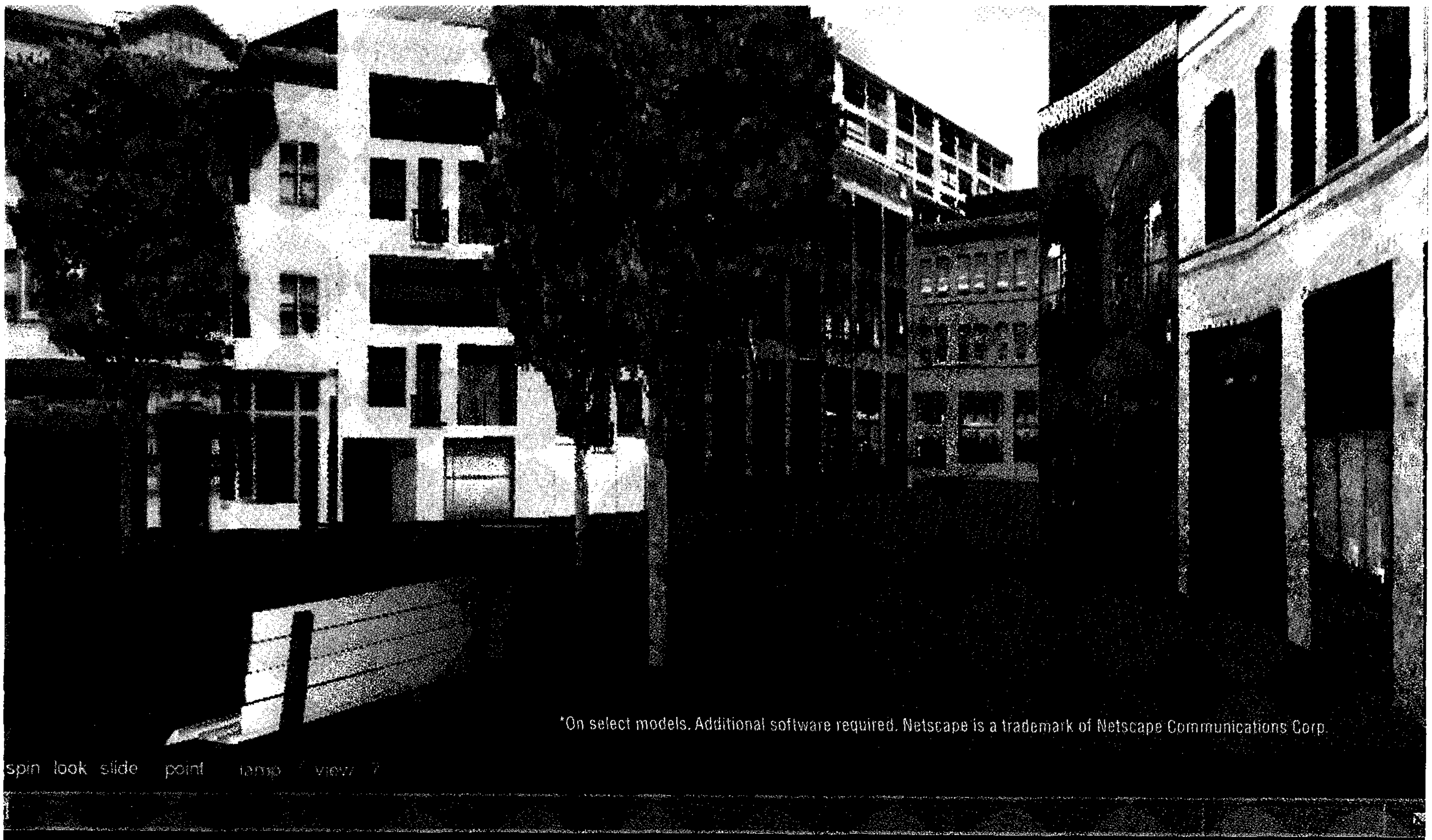
(Unless otherwise noted, uptown and downtown galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; Chelsea galleries are open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Paintings, works on paper, photographs, and prints of particularly American subjects—or, more precisely, American shapes and colors—in the artist's distinctive abstract style. Through Nov. 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

"Abstraction Across America, 1934-1946"—A survey of works produced by members of the American Abstract Artists (in New York) and the Transcendental Painting Group (in New Mexico). Artists represented include Josef Albers, Irene Rice Pereira, Emil Bisttram, Jean Xceron, Agnes Pelton, and Charmion von Wiegand. Through Nov. 9. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

Fasanella to Dobbs to Jurinko—A 6-4-3 triple play, in two post-season shows. At **ACA** (41 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 2), colorful, folksy scenes of sandlot games by Ralph Fasanella, and expressionistic and elemental paintings by John Dobbs ("Homage to the Southpaw," "Odyssey of the Base Runner"). Downtown, at **Henoch** (80 Wooster St.; through Nov. 2), more than five hundred and fifty canvases from Andy Jurinko's massive series of portraits and ballpark scenes from the period 1946-60. The detailed renderings of stadium vistas, action shots, and the smiling faces of Williams, Robinson, Mantle, Mays, Campanella, Musial, and everyone else are ebullient and comforting, but not too sweet.

Short List—**Judith Belzer,** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays; through Nov. 2. . . . **Lucian Freud,** Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; through Nov. 16. . . . **Philip Guston,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through Nov. 9. . . . **Yayoi Kusama,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **Jacob Lawrence,** DC Moore, 724



*On select models. Additional software required. Netscape is a trademark of Netscape Communications Corp.

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Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through Nov. 9. . . . **MARKUS LÜPERTZ,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 26. . . . **ELIE NADELMAN,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; through Nov. 2. . . . **EMIL NOLDE** and **CHRISTIAN ROHLFS,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Both shows through Nov. 9. . . . **GERHARD RICHTER,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; opens Oct. 18. . . . **DAVID ROW,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through Nov. 9. . . . **FRANK STELLA,** Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **ANDY WARHOL,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St., and 136 Wooster St. Both shows through Oct. 19. . . . **IDELLE WEBER,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. Through Oct. 26.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Carl Andre—Paula Cooper's opening show in her new location is a retrospective of works in aluminum, slate, and timber by the minimalist sculptor. Through Nov. 24. (534 W. 21st St. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Seven new paintings conceived specifically for this gallery's space. Opens Oct. 17. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Closed Wednesdays; opens at noon.)

Andy Spence—A survey of paintings, drawing studies, and photographs by this abstractionist whose imagery comes from everyday subjects—office furniture, woodpiles, mobile homes, street intersections. Through Nov. 24. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St.)

Short List—**LORNA BIEBER** and **PAMELA HARRIS,** Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. Open Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; both shows open Oct. 19. . . . **MANUEL OCAMPO,** Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; through Nov. 9.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Ay-O—The Fluxus legend's new installation comprises more than two hundred quotidian objects—wine bottle, feather duster, roller skates, kielbasa—suspended from the ceiling. Through Nov. 2. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel—Profound and often simple sculptures that have been executed with astonishing precision: a white pillar with the impression of a pair of lips near the top, exhaling a gentle breeze; a lattice of mirrors that carves the viewer into slices and inserts them into a constructivist abstraction that includes a revolving gold ball. Through Oct. 19. (Tz'art, 28 Wooster St.)

Jim Shaw—Virtuosity fuses with nihilism to produce a dazzling display of work that echoes every school of contemporary art, in every medium: a giant plaster head of a post-Pop Jesus, studded with gruesome little images of martyred saints; Surrealist paintings in the style (though without the polish) of Dali; pseudo-gothic etchings expertly mimicking Edward Gorey; and a great deal more. Through Oct. 19. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Richard Tuttle—Early and recent work by an important, if underestimated, post-minimalist sculptor. "Paper Octagonal #1," from 1970, is a delicate sheet of cut paper mounted almost completely flush with the wall. The more recent works are typically modest in scale, but they're more colorful (and more robust). Through Oct. 26. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Luc Tuymans—In a suite of cool, enigmatic paintings, a young Belgian explores once more that favorite terrain of contemporary European artists, the dark side of the American dream. The paintings (a man mixing toxic chemicals, a pair of baseball caps, Mt. Rushmore) are well composed, in the traditional modernist manner, and unified by a pale, greenish palette that suggests fluorescent light. You leave wondering what the Belgian dream might look like. Through Oct. 19. (Zwirner, 43 Greene St.)

Piotr Uklanski—In his first New York solo, the Polish artist presents a fully functioning, computer-synchronized, red, blue, yellow, and white disco floor. Opens for action Oct. 19. Hey, Tony, let's go! (Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 558 Broome St., west of Sixth Ave.)

Matthew Weinstein—New paintings and a sculpture. The artist continues to elaborate on motifs from his previous paintings—tattoos, bodybuilding, self-transformation, and a hint of sadomasochism—while dramatically altering his formal means and introducing an element of macabre self-portraiture. He has abandoned the often rough facture of his previous pictures for silk screen, smoothly collaging images in a bright, even cloying, pastel palette; the effect, while startling to those familiar with his previous work, is quite pleasing. The sculpture is a large bronze crown of thorns pricked with tiny pinholes that emit light in changing colors. Through Oct. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Hannah Wilke (1940-93)—"Performalist Self-Portraits and Video/Film Performances, 1976-85." The pioneering feminist Conceptualist's work remains compelling in part for its built-in contradictions: her Marxist/feminist convictions collide with her frankly exhibitionistic pleasure in her own beauty. As arguments over issues of gender, sexuality, and political correctness grow more and more hysterical, the impossibility of pinning her down to a clear-cut ideological position gives her work renewed force. Wilke's art does what Conceptual art is supposed to do: it makes you think hard. Through Oct. 26. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

"Bringing It All Back Home"—Works that were exhibited in the East Village galleries of the eighties, by such artists as Sue Coe, Peter Hujar, Sherrie Levine, Mark Morrisroe, Paul Thek, and David Wojnarowicz. Through Oct. 31. (Gracie Mansion/Fred Dorfman, 54 St. Marks Pl. Open Thursdays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)

"Oooh Baby!"—Imagery of infants in art and elsewhere, including an Olmec figure, a Renaissance "Adoration of the Magi," fifties doll molds, an orphanage sign, a painting by the self-taught artist William Hawkins, and the preserved

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corpse of a two-headed baby. Waaaaa. Through Nov. 9. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

SHORT LIST—**JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT,** Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. Through Nov. 23. . . . **CHRIS BURDEN,** Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. Opens Oct. 19. . . . **RICHARD DE VORE** and **LOUIS I. KAHN,** Protetch, 560 Broadway. Both shows through Nov. 2. . . . **JESSICA DIAMOND,** Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **APRIL GORNIK,** Thorp, 103 Prince St. Through Nov. 9. . . . **WADE HOEFER** and **ALISON MORITSUGU,** Knowlton, 568 Broadway. Through Oct. 29. . . . **MARK INNERST,** Marcus, 578 Broadway. Through Nov. 16. . . . **DONALD JUDD** and **RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER,** Kent, 67 Prince St. Through Nov. 2. . . . **MARTIN KERSELS,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **ROY LICHTENSTEIN,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Oct. 26. . . . **SEAN MELLYN,** Kustera, 41 Wooster St. Through Nov. 9. . . . **ALBERT OEHLEN,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. Opens Oct. 19. . . . **JUDY RICHARDSON,** O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through Nov. 2. . . . **FRED SANDBACK,** Markey, 55 Vandam St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **JOEL SHAPIRO,** Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. Through Nov. 2. . . . **GIANNI STEFANON,** Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **LISA YUSKAVAGE,** Boesky & Callery, 51 Greene St. Through Nov. 16.

PHOTOGRAPHY

LEE FRIEDLANDER—The latter-day master's lustrous new book, "The Desert Seen," comprises ninety-four images of the Sonoran Desert in Arizona, two dozen of which go on view this week at Janet Borden. The wild landscape is relatively new to Friedlander (he's wandered the West only since the late eighties), as is the square-print format, yet these photographs showcase one of his greatest strengths: the ability to keep every detail in play, side to side, foreground to back. Neural thickets of palo-verde branches and ocotillo tendrils lunge to the front and across the picture plane; steadfast saguaros butt in occasionally but remain most comfortable in the middle ground. This desert is a forest, not of rain and darkness (like the artist's native Olympic Peninsula) but of scrub and thorns and hard, glinting light. Different ways of seeing are as much the subject as the terrain itself, which Friedlander's vision renders plain and disturbing and gorgeous all at once. Opens Oct. 18. (560 Broadway.)

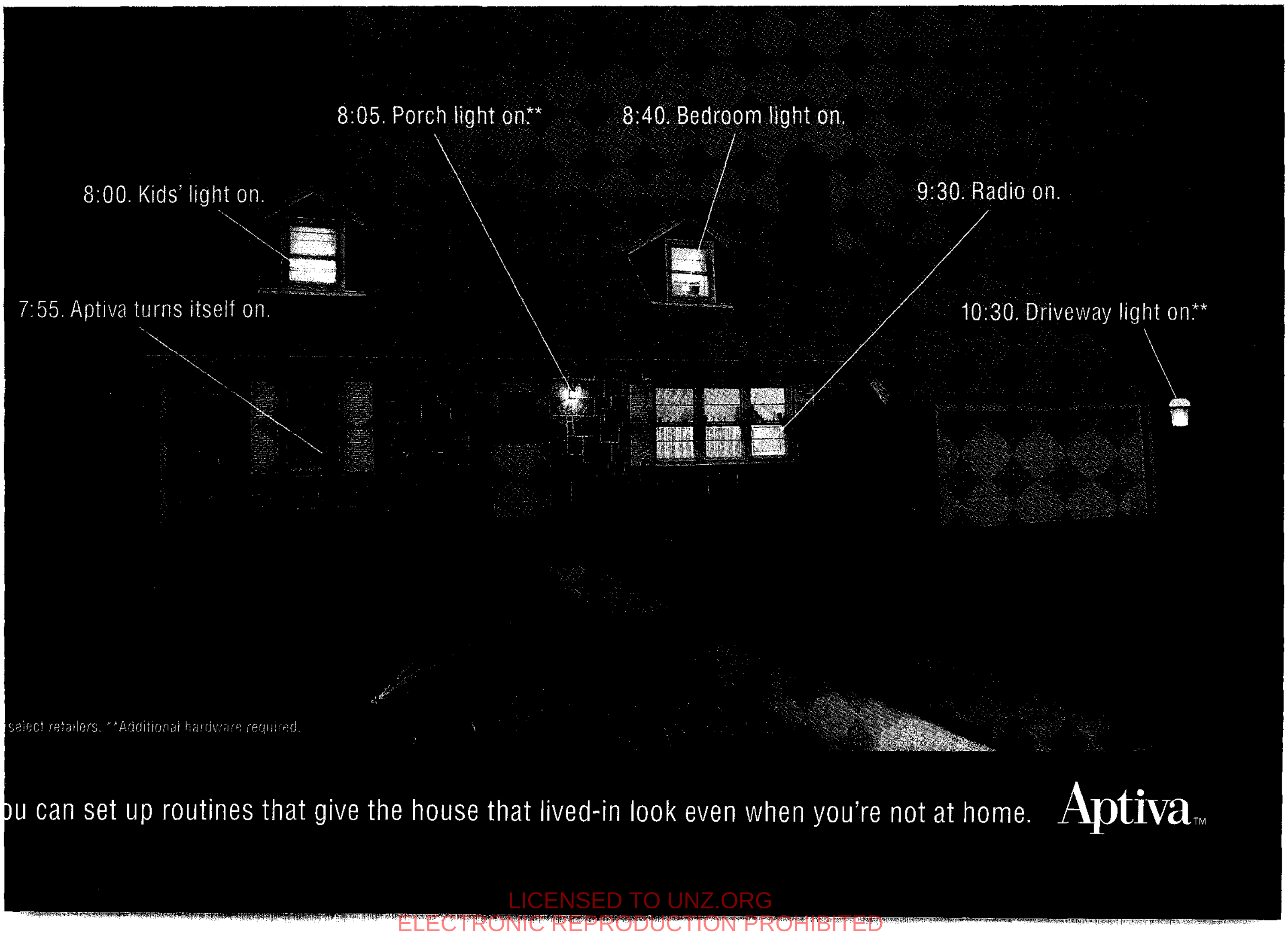
"ROBERT CAPA: THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, 1936-1939"—In this moving exhibition, the Hungarian photojournalist (1913-54) can be seen fighting Franco with photographs. The show's centerpiece—Capa's signature photograph of a bullet exiting the head of a Loyalist soldier—has, unfortunately, lost some potency in a world comfortable with images of violence. But when Capa gets close to his subjects their faces tell the whole story of the war: an impassioned Loyalist militiaman, a fleeing couple clutching a child and a lamb, civilians during an air raid looking up at dangers that lie beyond the frame. Through Oct. 18. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St.)

"HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON IN AMERICA 1935-1975"—The front room is devoted to crisp, intricately composed pictures of New York which make a city dweller want to borrow Cartier-Bresson's eyes for a while. Much of the remainder of the show dates from 1946-47, when the photographer travelled widely here. He chose many of the same subjects (crosses, cars, shop windows, black people, young couples) that Robert Frank did a decade later for "The Americans"; but, while Frank's America feels lonely and Beat, Cartier-Bresson's is everywhere imprinted with wry joy. Through Nov. 2. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Open Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.)

"CHIM: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF DAVID SEYMOUR"—A thorough survey of the career of the Polish Jewish photojournalist, from the thirties, when he photographed striking miners and leftist authors for the French magazine *Regards*, to 1956, the year he was gunned down while covering the Suez crisis. Chim's most powerful work documents the aftermath of the Second World War: a brazen German prostitute strutting before the destroyed Krupp ironworks; a blind, armless boy, his face buried in a book, learning to read Braille with his lips. Through Nov. 3. . . . **NOTE:** Portraits, views of New York City, and science photographs by Berenice Abbott are on view through Nov. 3. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"LANDSCAPES OF THE CIVIL WAR"—If you haven't yet made it to this show, you're no patriot. Fifty-four hundred albumen prints of Civil War subjects were discovered in 1990 in a wooden chest in the Medford (Massachusetts) Historical Society; nearly a hundred of them are on view here. Among the images captured by Barnard, Brady, Gardner, O'Sullivan, and many unidentified photographers are young infantry volunteers, Confederate dead, a serene panoramic view of cavalry stables, Richmond in ruins, and a Stygian Charleston Harbor encircling the defeated Fort Sumter. Through Nov. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"PRECISIONIST POETICS" / "NAKED"—Understated geometric treatments, leaning toward the abstract, of large- and small-city locales from the seventies, by Lewis Baltz, Ray Metzker, and the lesser-known Michael Bishop and Grant Mudford (who provide the unexpected gems). / The exposed human body, from Nadar to Mapplethorpe, with offerings in between from Arbus, Bellocq, Brandt, Friedlander, Hosoe, Weston, Witkin, and others. Both shows through Oct. 26. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)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"Two Photographers at Wave Hill"—Marie-Claire Montanari (silver prints) and Jeanne Hamilton (platinum-palladium) explore the ponds and paths and grottoes of Riverside's garden hideaway. Through Oct. 25. (Arsenal Gallery, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. Open weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Short List—ROY ARDEN, American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St. Through Nov. 2. . . . **DAWOUD BEY,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. Through Nov. 9. . . . **PHILIP-LORCA DI CORCIA** and **HARRY CALLAHAN,** Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Both shows through Oct. 19. . . . **JOAN FONTCUBERTA,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **NAN GOLDIN,** Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through Dec. 21. . . . **CHARLES HOFF,** Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Through Nov. 16. . . . **MARY ELLEN MARK,** School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Through Nov. 1. . . . **ABELARDO MORELL,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. Opens Oct. 17. . . . **TSENG KWONG CHI,** Saul, 560 Broadway. Opens Oct. 16. . . . **MASAO YAMAMOTO,** Richardson, 560 Broadway. Opens Oct. 17. . . . **IWAO YAMAWAKI,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Through Nov. 16.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Brooklyn Museum.)

An untitled photograph of the Sonoran Desert from Lee Friedlander's exhibition at Janet Borden.

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(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 875-5030; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 501-3330; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 996-1100.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—THE BARTERED BRIDE, with Teresa Stratas, David Kuebler, Vladimir Bogachov, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. (Oct. 16 at 7:30, Oct. 19 and Oct. 24 at 8.) . . . With Gwynne Geyer, Paul Charles Clarke, Mr. Bogachov, and Mr. Plishka; Mr. Levine. (Oct. 28 at 8.) . . . **FEDORA,** with Mirella Freni, Ainhoa Arteta, Plácido Domingo, and Dwayne Croft; Roberto Abbado. (Oct. 17 at 7:30.) . . . With Ms. Freni, Ms. Arteta, Fabio Armiliato, and Richard Stilwell; Mr. Abbado. (Oct. 21 at 8.) . . . With Ms. Freni, Emily Pulley, Mr. Armiliato, and Mr. Stilwell; Mr. Abbado. (Oct. 25 at 8.) . . . **ANDREA CHÉNIER,** with Maria Guleghina, Luciano Pavarotti, and Juan Pons; Mr. Levine. (Oct. 18 at 8.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Ruth Ann Swenson, Frank Lopardo, and Frederick Burchinal; Carlo Rizzi. (Oct. 19 at 1:30.) . . . With Mr. Pons instead of Mr. Burchinal. (Oct. 22 and Oct. 26 at 8.) . . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Victoria Loukianetz, Marcello Giordani, and Roberto Frontali; Mr. Domingo. (Oct. 23 at 8 and Oct. 26 at 1:30.) . . . With Ms. Arteta instead of Ms. Loukianetz. (Oct. 29 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—FALSTAFF. (Oct. 16 at 8.) . . . **THE TURN OF THE SCREW.** (Oct. 17 and Oct. 22 at 8.) . . . **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.** (Oct. 18 and Oct. 23 at 8, and Oct. 27 at 1:30.) . . . **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Oct. 19 at 1:30 and Oct. 26 at 8.) . . . **CARMEN.** (Oct. 19 at 8 and Oct. 26 at 1:30.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY.** (Oct. 20 at 1:30 and Oct. 25 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

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Amato Opera Company—The Amato Opera has done yeoman service for the Brazilian composer Antônio Carlos Gomes (1836-96), presenting his "Salvatore Rosa" in 1987 and his "Lo Schiavo" the following season. Now the company honors the composer in the centennial year of his death by staging the United States première of his "Fosca." First performed in 1873, at Milan's La Scala, "Fosca" was acclaimed by many critics, but the public was suspicious of such Wagnerian tendencies as its extensive use of leitmotivs. A revival five years later proved successful, but today this tale of Venetian pirates qualifies as an operatic rarity. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Oct. 19 at 7; Oct. 20 and Oct. 27 at 2:30; and Oct. 26 at 7:30. Through Nov. 10.)

"Krakowiacy i Górale"—Now here's a true curiosity: a Polish nationalistic folk operetta from the eighteenth century, by Jan Stefani. Also on the all-Polish program are excerpts from operas by Szymanowski, Stanislaw Moniuszko, and Mieczyslaw Karlowicz. Pablo Zinger conducts. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Oct. 24-26 at 7 and Oct. 27 at 2:30.)

"Dennis Cleveland"—The première of an opera by Mikel Rouse. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Oct. 29 at 8. Through Nov. 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 17 at 8, Oct. 18 at 11 A.M., and Oct. 22 at 7:30: Leonard Slatkin conducts the première of Peter Lieberson's "Fire," as well as Walter Piston's Symphony No. 6 and Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." . . . ¶ Oct. 24 and Oct. 26 at 8, Oct. 25 at 2, and Oct. 29 at 7:30: Herbert Blomstedt conducts Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" Symphony and Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Krystian Zimerman), as well as an orchestral adaptation (by Hans Stadlmair) of the Adagio from Bruckner's String Quintet.

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz leads Bright Sheng's "H'un (Lacerations)," Hindemith's "Nobilissima Visione" (in its original ballet scoring), and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Alicia de Larrocha). (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 16 at 7:30.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—André Previn conducts two of his own compositions: his orchestral song cycle "Honey and Rue" and his "Vocalise" (both featuring soprano Harolyn Blackwell). Also on the program are Copland's "Appalachian Spring" Suite and Mozart's Symphony No. 39. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 16 at 8.)

Concordia Orchestra—Duke Ellington's "Sacred Concert" stands as a seminal work of Americana, a spirited confluence of African-American church music, jazz, scat singing, and tap dance. In this performance of excerpts from the piece, Marin Alsop conducts soprano Janice Chandler, contralto Lillias White, tenor Thomas Young, bass Arthur Woodley, pianist Fred Hersch, the Morgan State University Singers, and a big band drawn from the chamber orchestra's ranks. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 17 at 8.)

Mahler's Second—The "Resurrection" Symphony gets a pair of airings, courtesy of the Manhattan School of Music Symphony, soprano Talise Trevigne, mezzo-soprano Lee Franklin, and the combined Riverside Choir, Manhattan School of Music Festival Chorus, and Dessoff Choirs. Glen Cortese conducts. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 870-6784. Oct. 18 at 8 and Oct. 20 at 3.)

Met Orchestra—James Levine leads New York's finest pit band in Mozart's C-Minor Piano Concerto (with Murray Perahia) and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (with soprano Heidi Grant Murphy). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 20 at 3.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Zdenek Macal conducts the Prelude and "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," Strauss's "Symphonic Fragment from 'Die Josephs-Legende,'" and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Concerto for Piano, Violin, Cello, and Orchestra (featuring the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 21 at 8.)

Musica Sacra and Central City Chorus—The two choral groups team up to celebrate the hundred and seventy-fifth birthday of Central Presbyterian Church, which traces its origins to a site on Broome Street, where the congregation first assembled in 1821. The church has had a distinguished musical history: Charles Ives was its organist and choirmaster from 1899 to 1902, and it spawned both Musica Sacra (founded there by its director, Richard Westenburg, in 1968) and the Central City Chorus (founded sixteen years ago by *its* director, Charles Pilling). This celebratory program includes Ives's Psalms No. 90, No. 67, and No. 25, as well as the première of Leslie Melcher's cantata "L'Esprit du Temps." (Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-0808. Oct. 21 at 8.)

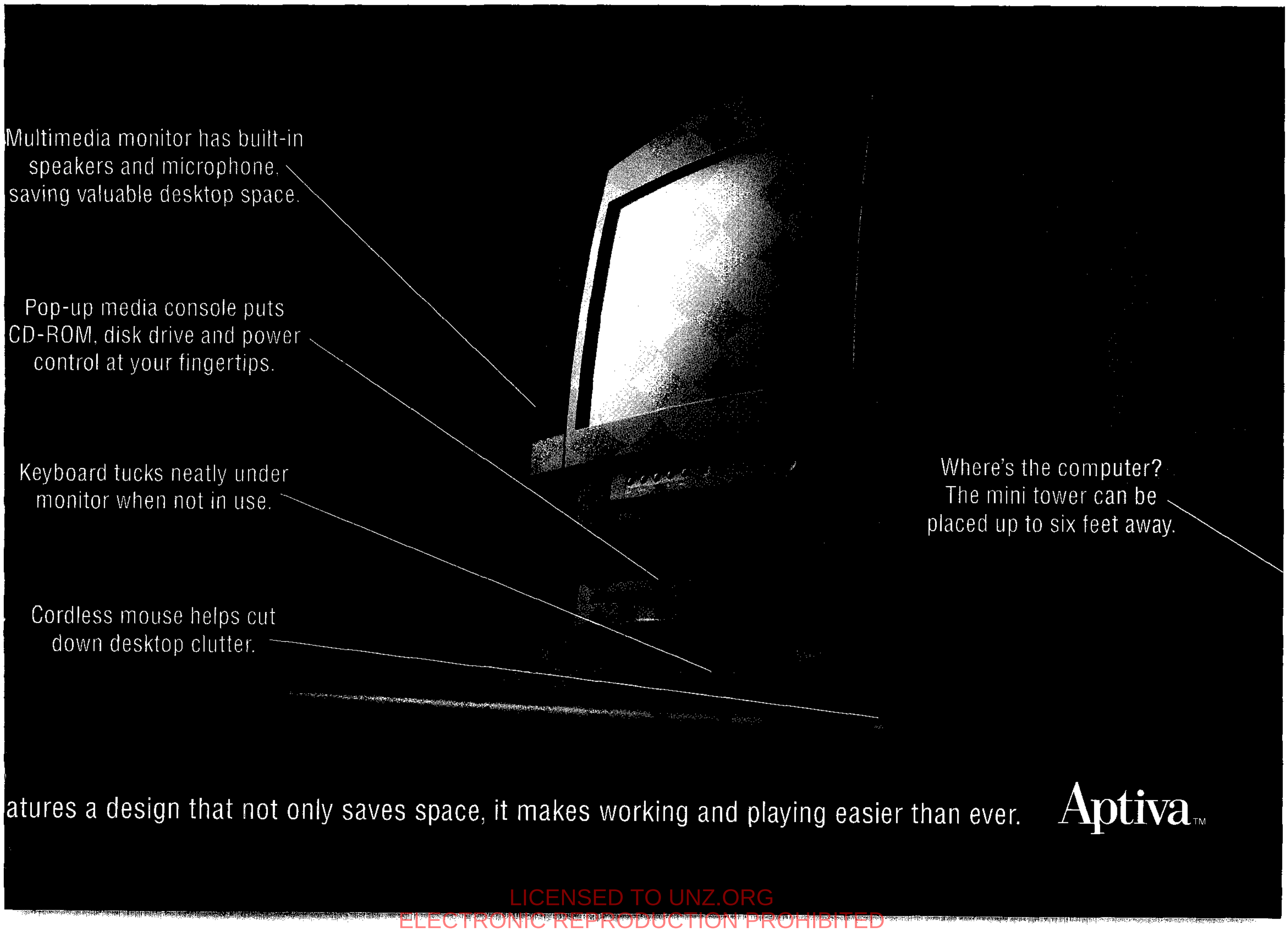
State Symphony of Russia—At Avery Fisher Hall, Yevgeny Svetlanov conducting. Oct. 23 at 8:30: Mahler's Symphony No. 9. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 8: An all-Tchaikovsky program: the "Marche Slave" in B-Flat Major, G-Major Concert Fantasy (with pianist Vladimir Ovchinikov), and Suite No. 3.

Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal—At Carnegie Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting. Oct. 26 at 8: Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso," Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with Ignat Solzhenitsyn), and Penderecki's Symphony No. 3 (in its United States première). . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 2: Dvořák's "Othello Overture," Haydn's C-Major Cello Concerto (with Han-Na Chang), Bartók's "The Wooden Prince" Suite, and Respighi's "The Pines of Rome."

RECITALS

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The ensemble performs piano trios by Brahms (his Second) and Beethoven (the "Ghost" and the "Archduke"). (92nd Street Y. Oct. 15-16 at 8.)

Elmar Oliveira and Ruth Laredo—The violinist and the pianist perform Brahms's three violin sonatas, plus the scherzo movement the composer contributed to the collaborative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"F.A.E." Sonata. (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 17 at 7.)

Bargemusic—Oct. 17 at 7:30 and Oct. 20 at 4: Violist Toby Hoffman and pianist Li Jian perform Vieuxtemps's Viola Sonata in B-Flat Major; violinist Cho-Liang Lin and cellist Bion Tsang offer Ravel's Duo for Violin and Cello; and all join for Fauré's G-Minor Piano Quartet.... ¶ Oct. 24 at 7:30 and Oct. 27 at 4: Violist Paul Neubauer joins the McDermott sisters—violinist Kerry, cellist Maureen, and pianist Anne-Marie—in a concert that comprises Schumann's "Phantasiestücke" (Op. 88), Mozart's E-Flat-Major Piano Quartet, and Tchaikovsky's Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

Hail, Columbia!—The Music Department of Columbia University was founded a hundred years ago, by the eminent composer Edward MacDowell. He left (acrimoniously) after only eight years, but distinguished names followed in his footsteps, including the composers Douglas Moore, Jack Beeson, Chou Wen-chung, Mario Davidovsky, and Otto Luening, as well as the legendary musicologist Paul Henry Lang. What's more, although the department has never emphasized performance, it counts a number of important instrumentalists among its alumni, including violinists Malcolm Frager and Gil Shaham, cellist Joel Krosnick, and pianists Gary Graffman, Gilbert Kalish, and Emanuel Ax. Now the department is fêting itself with a centennial weekend of free events. Oct. 18 at 3: Something termed "a live exhibit of thought, compositions, and performances by the students and faculty of the Department." . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 10 A.M.: A panel discussion on the future of classical music in America, with flutist and broadcaster Eugenia Zukerman (acting as moderator), jazz pianist Geri Allen, performance artist Laurie Anderson, orchestra executive Deborah Borda, recording executive Peter Gelb, conductor and educator Leon Botstein, composer Steve Reich, and musicologist Richard Taruskin.... ¶ Oct. 19 at 8: Pianist (and Columbia grad) Russell Sherman is the soloist in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 (the "Emperor"), with George Rothman conducting the Columbia University Orchestra. A piece by Mr. Chou and a 1954 work composed jointly by Mr. Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky round out the program. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. No tickets necessary for any of these events. For concert reservations, call 854-3825.)

Stanford Olsen—The tenor, assisted by pianist Craig Rutenberg, presents songs by Dowland, Schubert, and Lalo, among others. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 18 at 8.)

Christine Brandes—In her New York début recital, the soprano offers a program of music about, or devoted to, the Virgin Mary, including works from the seventeenth century (by Monteverdi, Purcell, and others) and the twentieth (selections from Hindemith's "Das Marienleben"). Pianist Anthony Manoli and chitarrone player Richard Stone assist. (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 18 at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 18 at 8 and Oct. 20 at 5: Presenting Crumb's "Vox Balaenae (Voice of the Whale)," Ravel's Piano Trio, and Walton's "Façade" (with Lynn Redgrave delivering Edith Sitwell's madcap narration).... ¶ Oct. 27 at 5 and Oct. 29 at 7:30: Haydn's G-Major String Quartet (Op. 33, No. 5), Brahms's Clarinet Quintet, and Edgar Meyer's String Quintet.

Guarneri Quartet—The foursome plays string quartets by Mendelssohn (in D Major, Op. 44, No. 1), Fauré (in E Minor, Op. 121), and Schubert (in D Minor, the "Death and the Maiden"). (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 19 at 8.)

Sundays on the Island—Oct. 20 at noon: The Arcata String Quartet plays quartets by Mozart and Smetana.... NOTE: The foursome also presents a free recital at Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St., on Oct. 23 at 8.... ¶ Oct. 27 at noon: The Trio Das (an ensemble of flute, cello, and harp) performs music by J. C. Bach, Debussy, and others. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478.)

Sergei Leiferkus—Baritone, singing songs by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff; with pianist Semjon Skigin. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 20 at 2.)

Two Times Four—Two of the most impressive of the up-and-coming string quartets—the Ying and the St. Lawrence—join for a concert of music by Strauss (the sextet from "Capriccio"), Robert Kapilow (a première), and Mendelssohn (his Octet). (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5689. Oct. 20 at 2.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra (plus several guests) perform Schubert's Nocturne (D. 897, for piano trio), Dohnányi's Serenade for String Trio, Barber's "Dover Beach" (featuring baritone Mark Moliterno), and Carl Reinecke's Trio for Oboe, French Horn, and Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 20 at 3.)

Marion Verbruggen—The distinguished Dutch recorder player offers a recital of unaccompanied music for her instrument, including transcriptions of six fantasies by Telemann and of a cello suite by Bach, and original settings from Jacob van Eyck's seventeenth-century collection "Der Fluyten Lust-Hof." Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-9266. Oct. 20 at 4.)

Wihan String Quartet—The Czech foursome performs quartets by Schubert (his C-Minor "Quartettsatz"), Janáček (his Second), Puccini (his "Crisantemi"), and Dvořák (the "American").

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(Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Oct. 20 at 5.)

At the Mansfield—Oct. 21 at 8: Cellist Inbal Segev and pianist Ilan Rechtman present works by Boccherini, Dutilleux, and David Popper. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 8: Soprano Annette Nauraine joins Mr. Rechtman in a program of songs and arias. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. No tickets necessary.)

Tallis Scholars—This ensemble, with a core of ten voices, can fairly lay claim to being the world's most persuasive champions of Renaissance a-cappella music. Since founding the group, in 1973, Peter Phillips has built it into a cottage industry notable both for concert touring and for recordings—thirty-four, at last count—on its own Gimell label (which several months ago gave in to partnership entreaties from Philips Classics, though the larger company is adopting a hands-off policy in artistic matters). This week, in three concerts at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, the ensemble demonstrates its skill with a wide variety of repertoire from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Oct. 21: Music from the High Renaissance in Venice, including Lasso's Missa "Bell'Amfitrit'altera" and works by Adrian Willaert, Andrea Gabrieli, and Cipriano de Rore. . . . ¶ Oct. 23: Works from the Tudor Royal Chapel in London, by Thomas Tallis, John Sheppard, Robert Parsons, John Taverner, William Mundy, and the wonderfully named Osbert Parsley. . . . ¶ Oct. 24: Choral masterpieces from the Imperial court of Vienna, including Heinrich Isaac's Missa "De Apostolis" and motets by Ludwig Senfl and Philippe de Monte. (Park Ave. at 84th St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 800-627-0655.)

Anner Bylsma and Malcolm Bilson—The cellist and the pianist, two of the most distinguished eminences of the historical-performance movement, join in cello sonatas by Beethoven (his first two) and Boccherini. Also on the program are two cello études by Jean-Pierre Duport and Mozart's G-Major Piano Sonata (K. 283). (92nd Street Y. Oct. 22 at 8.)

Diamond Jubilee—For the fifth year, faculty and students of the Juilliard School are honoring their benefactress Irene Diamond—this year with music by Haydn, Schubert, Ravel, and Stravinsky, and performances by clarinettist Charles Neidich and pianists Samuel Sanders and Brian Zeger. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 22 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Although it's official that Peter Oundjian will not be returning as the ensemble's first violinist, his successor—Mikhail Kopelman, most recently of the Borodin String Quartet—isn't expected to begin performing with the group until the end of the year. The group's fourth in this concert is the pianist Ruth Laredo, who will assist in piano quartets by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major) and Brahms (in G Minor). Dohnányi's Serenade for String Trio completes the program. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 23 at 8.)

League/I.S.C.M.—Founded in 1923, the League of Composers is the nation's oldest continuously operating contemporary-music group. In 1954, it merged with the American division of the International Society for Contemporary Music, and the resulting organization shortened its joint name for everyday usage. On Oct. 24 at noon, the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts unveils an exhibit (running through Jan. 25, in the Music Division Reading Room) of documents from the organization's archives and hosts a symposium (at 4) and a concert (at 8) in its Bruno Walter Auditorium. The concert, featuring members of the Chamber Players of the League/I.S.C.M., includes music by Perle, Copland, Allen Anderson, Ursula Mamlok, and Steven Mackey. (Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary for any of these events.)

Olli Mustonen—The Finnish pianist performs Prokofiev's "Visions Fugitives," Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque," and Beethoven's "Diabelli" Variations. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 24 at 7:30.)

Miller Time—Columbia University's Miller Theatre, the city's hottest hotbed of imaginative programming, opens its classical season with a potpourri that includes a warhorse—Mozart's F-Major String Quartet (K. 590)—along with more obscure chamber works: Persichetti's Serenade No. 10 for Flute and Harp, Arthur Foote's "A Night Piece" (for flute and strings), Roussel's Serenade for Strings and Harp, and André Caplet's "Conte Fantastique" (after Poe's "Masque of the Red Death"). The performing roster comprises the Shanghai String Quartet, harpist Yolanda Kondonassis, and flutist Eugenia Zukerman (who doubles as narrator in the Caplet). (Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Oct. 24 at 8.)

Marie-Louise Langlais—Successively the student, wife, and widow of the eminent organist and composer Jean Langlais, this organist assisted him during his final years in the loft of the Basilica of Sainte-Clotilde, in Paris. In this recital she plays works by her late husband, as well as by two of his predecessors at Sainte-Clotilde, César Franck and Charles Tournemire. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Oct. 25 at 7:30. Tickets at the door.)

Two by Schubert—Pianist Emanuel Ax, violinist Isaac Stern, and cellist Yo-Yo Ma perform both of the composer's piano trios. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 25 at 8.)

Chanticleer—The men's vocal ensemble is assisted by the Janus Ensemble (playing period

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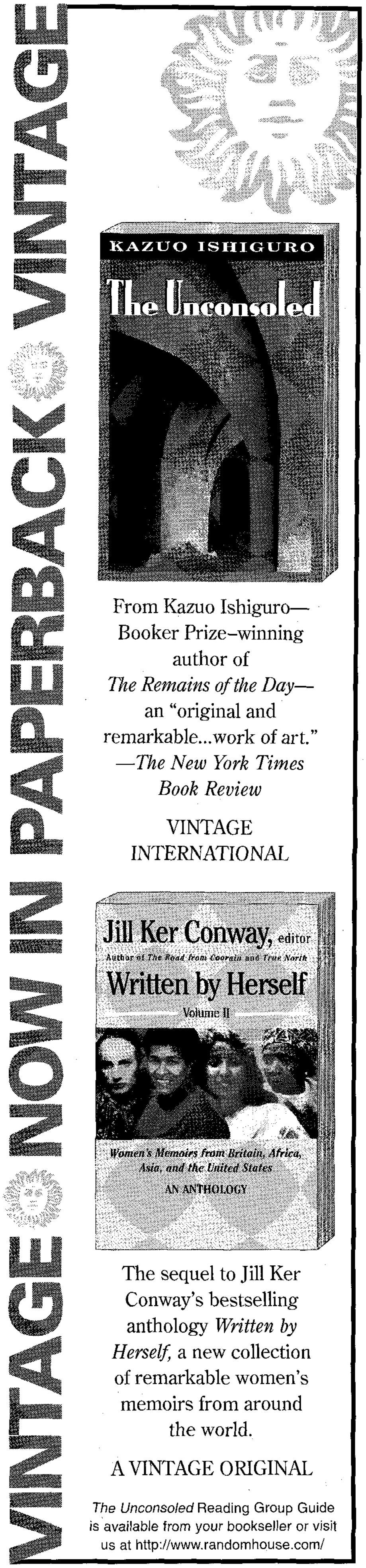
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instruments) in a concert of Renaissance, Baroque, and Classical music from Latin America. (92nd Street Y. Oct. 26 at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Bach concert, comprising a multi-instrument arrangement of the C-Minor Organ Trio, the "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 2, the F-Minor Harpsichord Concerto, and the Cantata No. 210 (featuring soprano Heidi Grant Murphy). (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Oct. 27 at 2. For information about tickets, call 212-840-7470.)

Music by Armenian Women—Pianist Sahan Arzruni is assisted by singers Christine Schadeberg and Eve Beglarian, violinist Masako Yanagita, and cellist Seymour Barab in pieces by seven composers, from a "Canonical Hymn for Vahan of Goght," written by Khosrovidukht in 737, to modern pieces by Cathy Berberian, Ms. Beglarian, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 28 at 8.)

Bryn Terfel—Bass-baritone, performing songs by Schubert, Finzi, George Butterworth, and Vaughan Williams ("Songs of Travel"); with pianist Malcolm Martineau. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 29 at 7:30.)

ALSO OF INTEREST

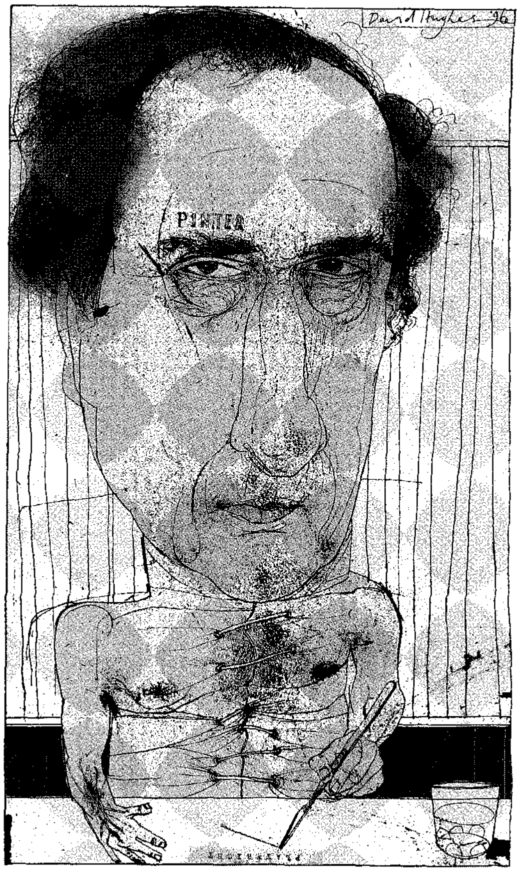
ALARIA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 17 at 8. . . . **NEW YORK POPS**—Carnegie Hall. Oct. 18 at 8. . . . **MANHATTAN VIRTUOSI**—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Oct. 20 at 3. Tickets at the door. . . . **SOPRANO OLGA MAKARINA**—Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Oct. 20 at 3. . . . **WESTMINSTER ABBEY CHOIR**—St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013, ext. 3027. Oct. 22 at 7:30. . . . **FESTIVAL CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY**—Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 24 at 8. . . . **HOLY TRINITY CHOIR**—Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Oct. 24 at 8. Tickets at the door. . . . **PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI**—Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 26 at 7. . . . **TRIO PARNASSUS**—Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. Oct. 27 at 11 A.M. For information about tickets, call 875-5050. . . . **MEZZO-SOPRANO SONIA GANASSI**—Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 27 at 2. . . . **FLORENCE GOULD HALL CHAMBER PLAYERS**—Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Oct. 27 at 3. . . . **PIANIST ADAM NEIMAN**—92nd Street Y. Oct. 27 at 3. . . . **RICHARD TUCKER FOUNDATION ANNUAL VOCAL EXTRAVAGANZA**—Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 27 at 6. . . . **PIANIST ANA MARIA TRENCHI BOTTAZZI**—Carnegie Hall. Oct. 27 at 8. . . . **JUPITER SYMPHONY**—Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Oct. 28 at 2 and 7 and Oct. 29 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259. . . . **ANGELES STRING QUARTET**—Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. Oct. 28 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Brush Up Your Yiddish—The Golden Age of Yiddish theatre on Second Avenue has passed, but the Silver Age may be just around the corner, on 1st Street, where, starting October 23, the Synagogue Space is offering a free theatre workshop in the *mama loshen.* For openers, the Romanian-born theatre artist Moshe Yassur will direct Yiddish-speaking actors in scenes from Sholem Asch's "The God of Vengeance" and Avraam Goldfaden's "Shulamith." Then, translations. "I have the impression that Yiddish might be a great language for Ionesco," Yassur says in his lilting accent. " 'The Bald Soprano,' for instance, absolutely mirrors the absurdism of Sholem Aleichem." (108 1st St. Wednesdays and Mondays at 5:30. For more information, call 922-9427.)

Readings—Oct. 21 at 8: Playwright Harold Pinter reads from his work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6:30: Tobias Wolff reads from "The Night in Question," his new story collection. (Rizzoli, 454 West Broadway. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 7: Mary Dugger reads from "The History of Lesbian Hair." (A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: Mexican novelists Sergio Pitol and Pablo Soler Frost read from their books. Alfred Mac Adam translates. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 249-8950, ext. 369.) . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 7: Playwright Arthur Miller reads from his work. (Queens College, Kissena Blvd. and Melbourne Ave., Flushing. 718-997-4646. Tickets at the door.)

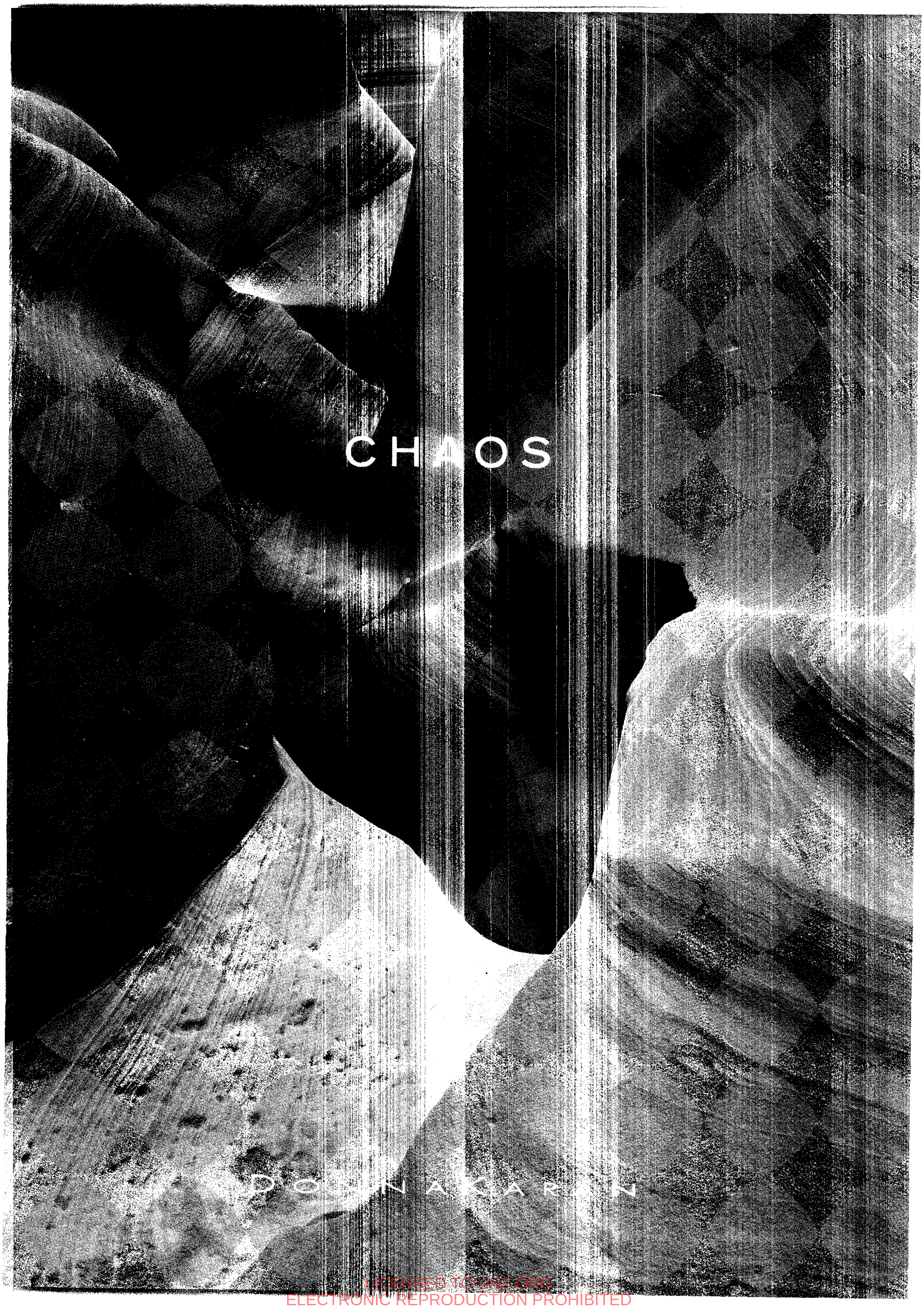
Talks—Oct. 18 at 2:30: Sylvère Lotringer, Una Chaduri, Michael Taussig, and other professors of literature and anthropology chart some of the literary excursions ("Peyote Dance," "On the Balinese Theatre") of Antonin Artaud. (La Maison Française, 16 Washington Mews. No tickets necessary. For information about other events in the Artaud celebration, call 998-8750.) . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6:30: Erstwhile teen idol Bobby Sherman reflects on his post-pinup career. (Learning Annex, 116 E. 85th St. 570-6500.) . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 7: Memoirist Kathleen Norris ("Dakota: A Spiritual Geography") discusses the work of Hildegard of Bingen and Mechtild of Magdeburg. (Poets House, 72 Spring St. For more information, call 431-7920.)

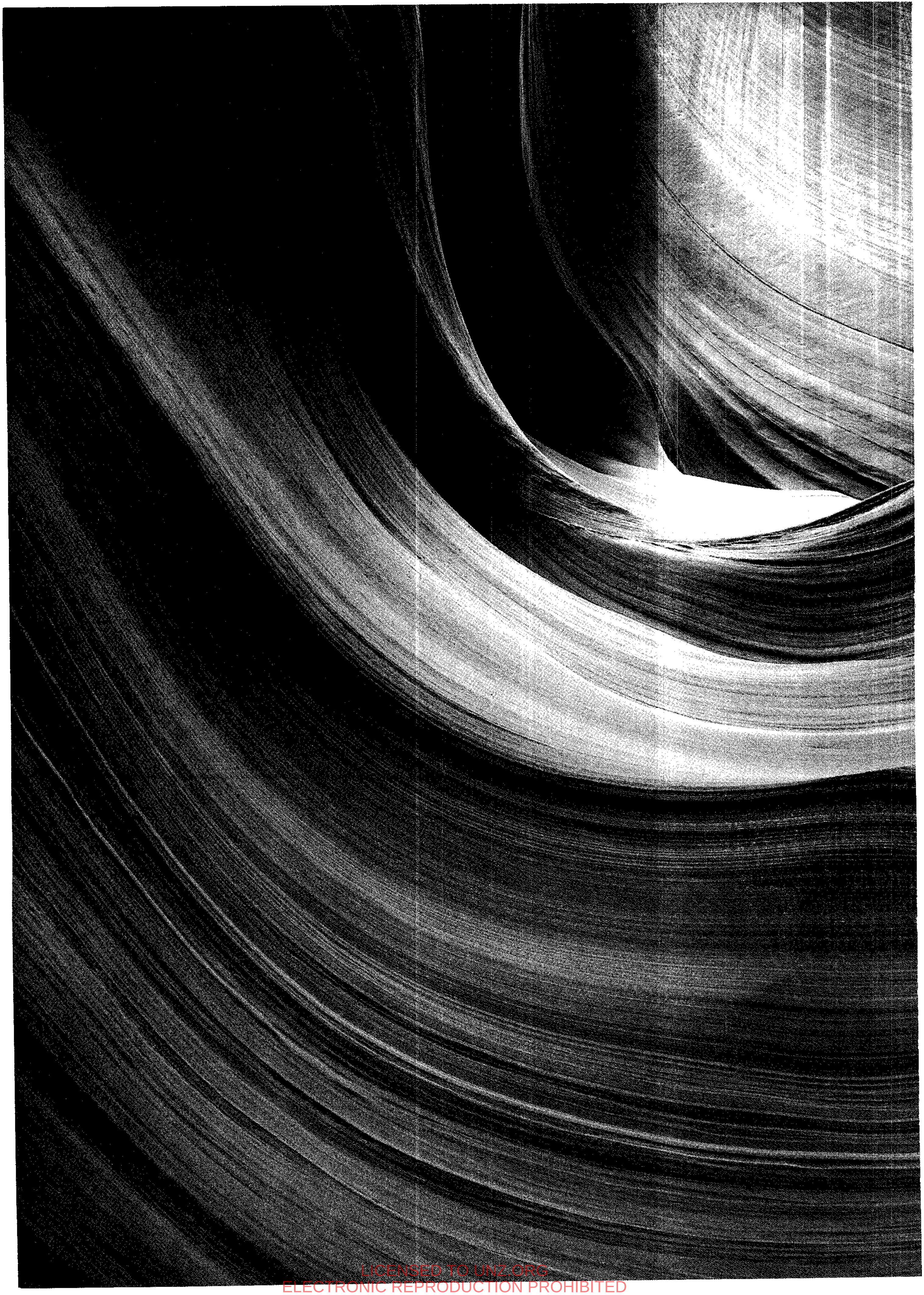


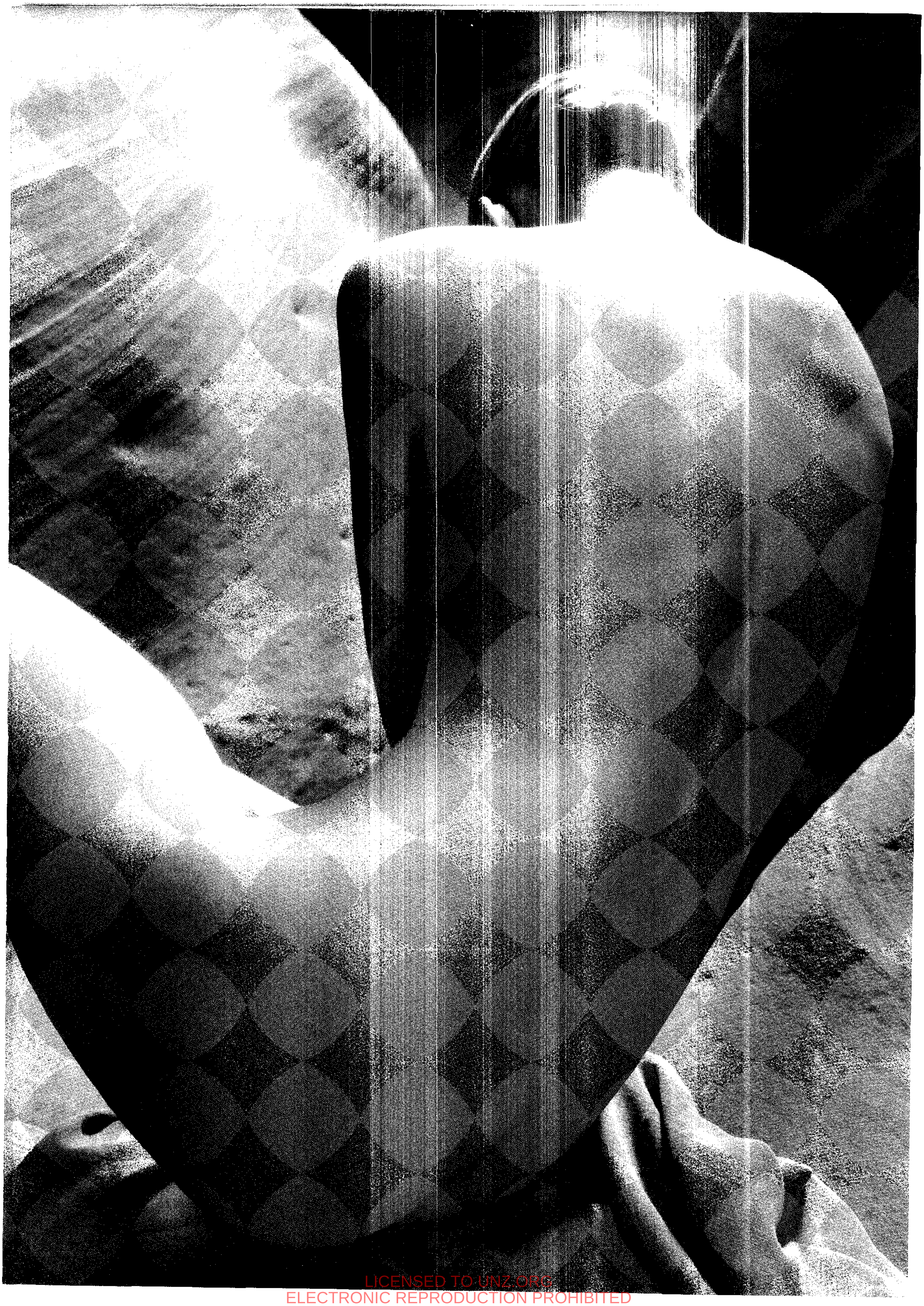
Harold Pinter, at the 92nd Street Y.

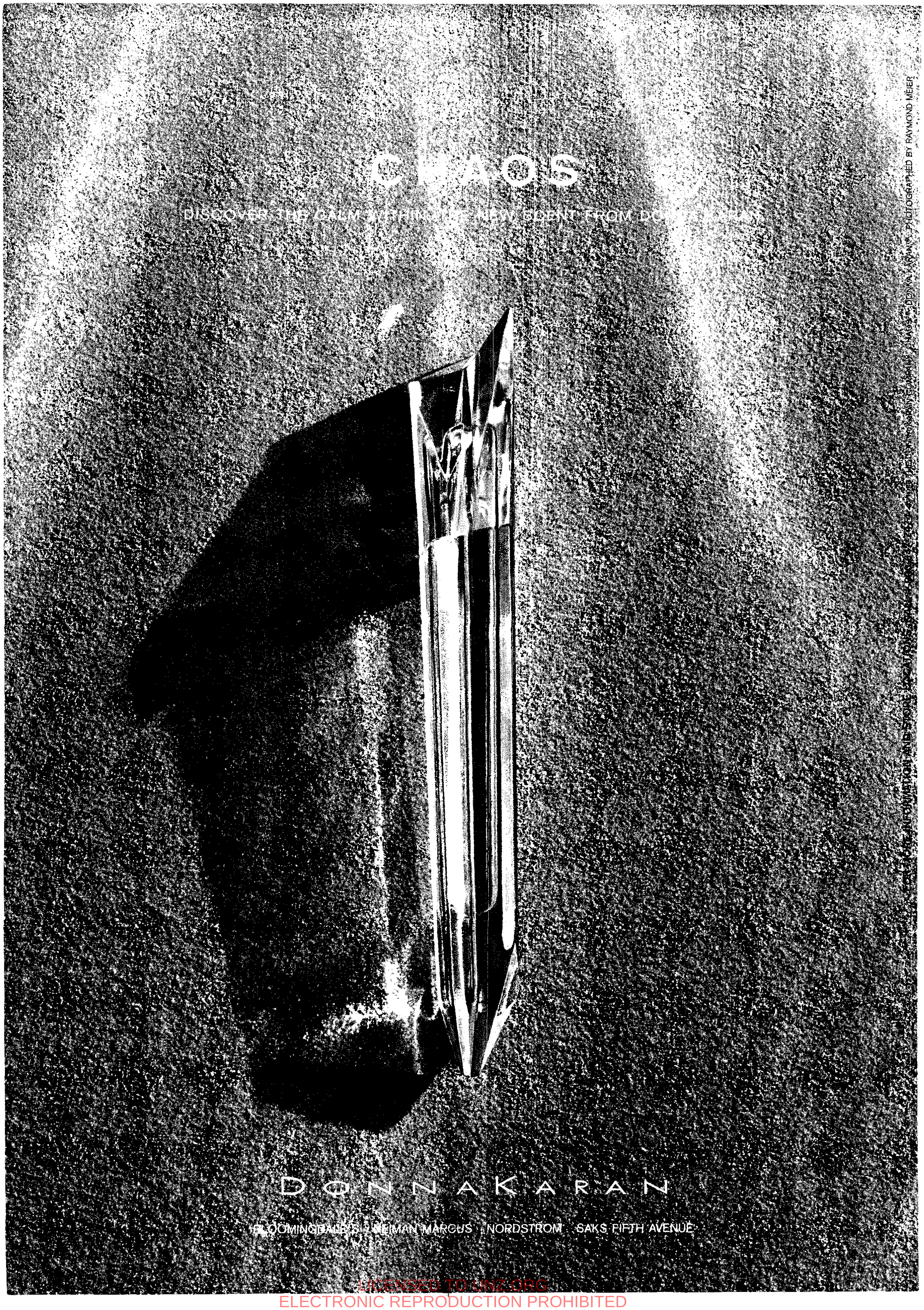
DAVID HUGHES

Walks—Oct. 20 at 1: World's Fair connoisseur Pierre Montiel points out traces of the 1939 exhibition still visible on the former fairgrounds at Flushing Meadows–Corona Park. For more information, call the Museum of the City of New York at 534-1672, ext. 206. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 11: Labor historian Joe Doyle tours former sandhog work zones in abandoned Manhattan subway tunnels. For reservations, call the New York Transit Museum at 718-694-5102.


CHAOS
DONNA KARAN






CHAOS
DISCOVER THE CALM WITHIN THE NEW SCENT FROM DONNA KARAN
DONNA KARAN
BLOOMINGDALE'S NEIMAN MARCUS NORDSTROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAYMOND MEIER

ONLY CONNECT

Web Sightings

There are many unbiassed, nonpartisan, informative political sites on the World Wide Web. These are not among them.

Skeleton Closet (http://www.realchange.org)—If, with Election Day approaching, you feel that you have not seen quite enough mud slung, this site is sure to satisfy your grungier cravings. Under the credo "All the Dirt on All the Candidates—Because Character DOES Matter," the Closet has assembled bones on everyone from the President ("Where do we begin?") to "St. Ralph" Nader, who is branded an "authoritarian hypocrite." The Most Sanctimonious Excuse Award goes to "B-1 Bob" Dornan, who claimed that the bad check he wrote on the House Bank was for a grotto to the Virgin in his back yard. Say ten Hail Marys, Bob.

NewtWatch (http://www.cais.net/newtwatch)—This gleefully partisan Gingrich-bashing site has been around since the Speaker's heyday and is more robust than ever now that the tide has turned. The latest issue, billed "Republican Funk Edition!," includes "The NewtWatch Top 20 Toadies," a list of representatives who have "shamelessly kowtowed" to Gingrich at the expense of their own districts. There's lots more: dish on his PAC contributors and his novel, and a virtual gallery with likenesses of the Speaker in guises that range from hippie professor to space alien.

Left-Wing Lingo, Ideologies and History (http://www.dsausa.org/Docs/Lingo.html)—From its home-page image of a bust of Lenin in a pushcart, you may gather that this is not a sentimental journey down Lefty Lane. It is instead a thorough academic exploration of everything from Fabianism to Catherine MacKinnon, succinctly written by James Hughes, a sociologist who teaches at the universities of Connecticut and Hartford. Thrill to the "Port Huron Statement," Tom Hayden's 1964 blueprint for the Students for a Democratic Society. Marvel at the rhetoric of the Feminists for Animal Rights, whose mission is "to expose the connections between sexism and speciesism." And take your hat off to Hughes for his complex chart of U.S. socialist history—especially his attempt to sort out the traffic jam of extremists that he calls "the Loony Left."

The Right Side of the Web (http://www.clark.net/pub/jeffd/)—In this blast from the other end of the political spectrum, you'll find an essay on "GenXers for Dole/Kemp," lots of Hillary jokes, and photos of the President having a laugh and then quickly going sombre for the camera ("biting the lower lip. . . really pouring it on") at Ron Brown's funeral. There are also regular chat sessions introduced with the admonition "Abandon the Man from Hope all ye who enter here"—proof that the Right can make a joke. It remains to be seen whether the Left can take one.

Fidel '96 (http://www.imagesmith.com/imagesmith/fidel/)—"This time, send a *real* revolution to Washington" is the Castro campaign's motto, and despite this site's nineteen-sixties *Mad* magazine look, the reasons its creators offer for writing in Fidel's name—he's not afraid of Congress or the C.I.A., he's brought the highest literacy rate in Latin America to Cuba, and he's certainly tough on crime—are only half in jest. A forum on the United States' Cuba policy has attracted many thoughtful postings; you can even order T-shirts and contribute to the cause. (Note to the authors: Lose the cigars. Castro quit smoking years ago.)

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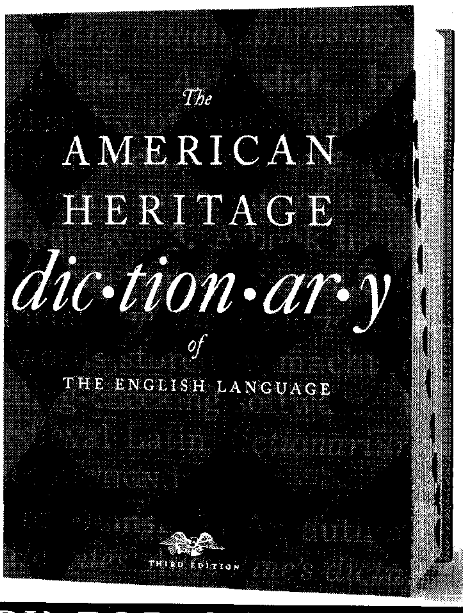

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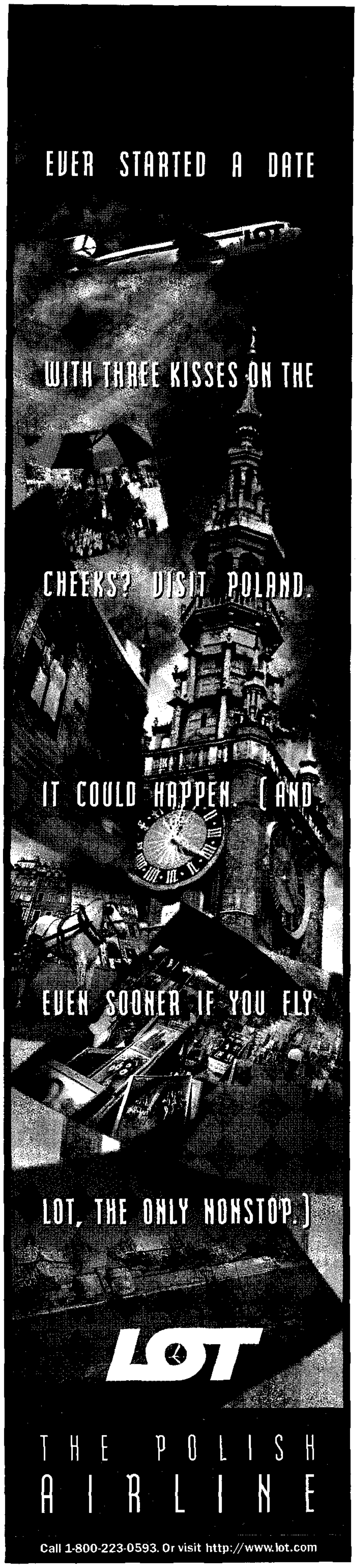

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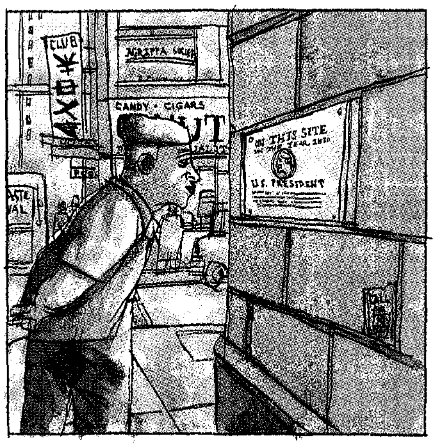
PRESIDENTS IN RESIDENCE

Even in non-election years, Presidents and Presidential hopefuls have been spotted in these precincts, engaging in state business or personal caprice. Here is a roundup of local sightings, from the back roads of the Village to the heart of (to quote President Bush) "the Queens."



What Else Is On?—The unlikely star of the first television broadcast between cities, in April, 1927, was **HERBERT HOOVER**, who was then Secretary of Commerce. The telegenic Iowan sat for the live hookup in Washington, D.C., while his image was beamed to the West Village. The Bell Laboratories building, where Hoover fans gathered, is now Westbeth (55 Bethune St.), a warren of rehearsal rooms, experimental theatres, and apartments for artists.

Water Over the Bridge—During his visit to New York on June 12, 1833, President **ANDREW JACKSON**, "amid the shouts of spectators and the roaring of artillery," mounted a steed and, in a sort of proto-photo op, led a procession of reporters and rubberneckers into the city from Battery Park. (In the Age of Jackson, much of the park's grounds lay on a separate island.) But just as Old Hickory reached Manhattan, the overloaded bridge collapsed, and the press and admiring public toppled into the waters behind him.

I Can't Get No—Four months after the death of his first wife, President **JOHN TYLER** began seeing the twenty-three-year-old Long Island celebutante **JULIA GARDINER**. Although her mother originally balked at the union (she wanted assurances that her daughter would be provided with a horse of some value), the couple ultimately wed in a secret ceremony, on June 26, 1844, at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue at 10th Street. They spent their wedding night in Philadelphia and, apparently, continued their familiarities in the White House—to such a degree that the bride's mother worried about the health of the government. "Business should take the precedence of caressing," she cautioned her daughter. And when that didn't take: "You spend so much time in kissing, things of more importance are left undone."

Before the MetroCard—One Sunday during the 1860 campaign, **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** attended services at Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn Heights, where the pastor Henry Ward Beecher—brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe, father of abolition, and the best-known preacher in America—delivered his powerful pro-emancipation sermons. (The colossal Italianate church, considered the Grand Central Terminal of the Underground Railroad, commands the northeast corner of Orange and Hicks Streets; modern pilgrims may ponder Pew 89, where Lincoln took in Beecher's message.) The candidate intended to return the next day to give his own speech, but the icy East River proved too risky to cross; he delivered his thoughts at the Great Hall of Cooper Union instead, passing the hours he might otherwise have devoted to a Brooklyn commute sitting for Mathew Brady, in the photographer's studio at 634 Broadway. He was glad he did: "Mathew Brady and Cooper Union helped to make me President," he later remarked.

Victorian Era—A few years later and a few blocks south, **VICTORIA WOODHULL**, a divorcée from Homer, Ohio, moved into a town house at 17 Great Jones Street. (She found it then as it is now: plagued with poor morning light and noisy corner bars.) After establishing herself as a clairvoyant (she held a séance or two for Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the richest man in America), she opened a brokerage firm, moved to Murray Hill, started a journal setting forth her opinions (free love, woman suffrage, socialism), and, in 1872, forty-eight years before women got the vote, she ran for President. The ticket—a white woman and a black running mate, **FREDERICK DOUGLASS**—proved a little too emancipated for the voters. Written out of history by her fellow-suffragists, who feared that her sexual libertarianism would taint the movement, Woodhull is currently being rehabilitated in an exhibition at the New-York Historical Society (2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W.; 873-3400) which runs through December 8.

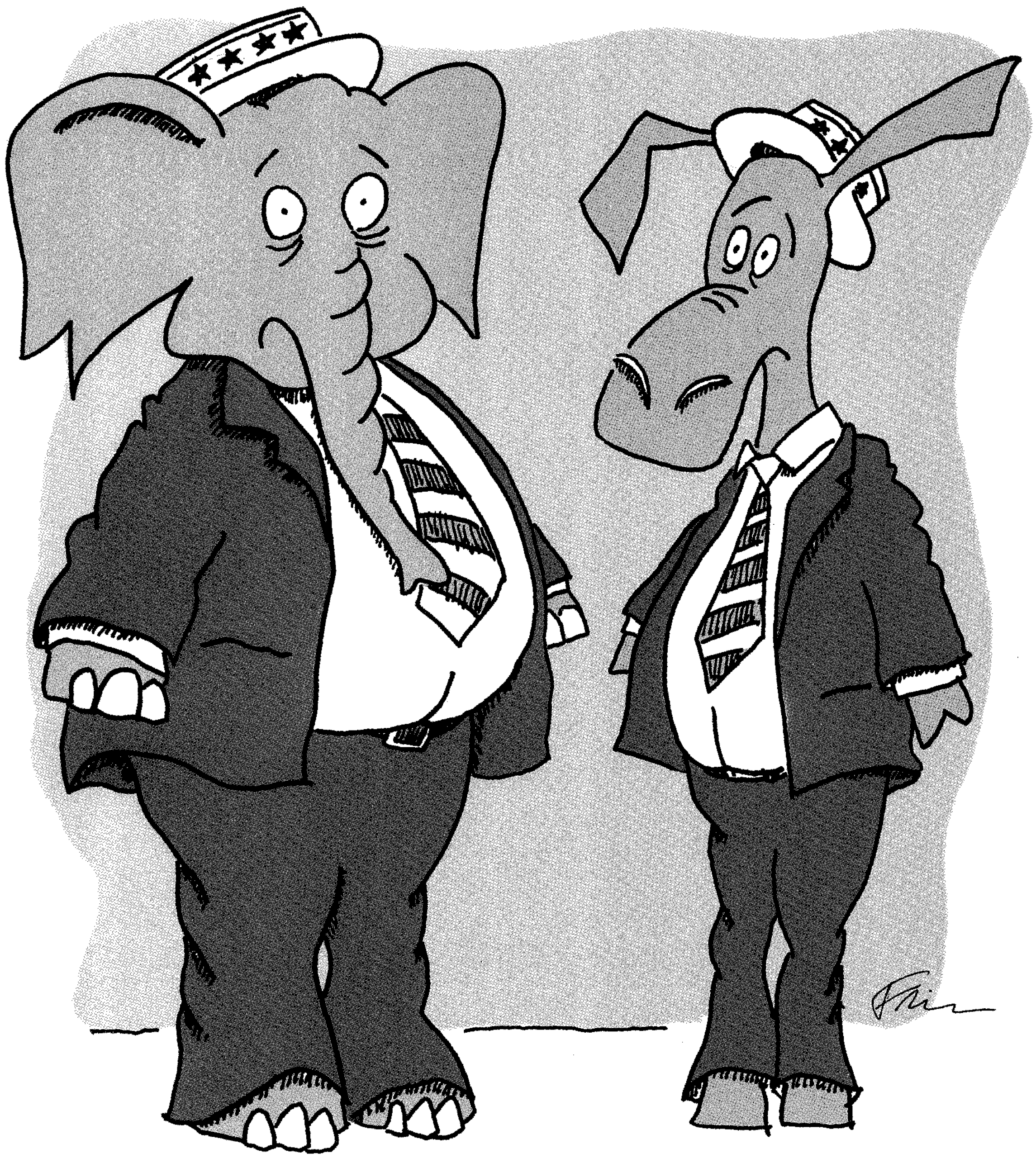
Presidential Chutney—As you browse among the jars of mango pickle, bins of Egyptian watermelon seeds, and boxes of couscous at the Kalustyan Orient Export Trading Company (123 Lexington Ave., near 28th St.), friendly clerks can tell you about **CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR**, who lived (and died) upstairs and took the oath of office there at 2:15 A.M. on September 20, 1881. As President, the New York lawyer surprised his detractors by running an Administration of un-Tammany-like integrity, and he demonstrated notable courage as the leader of the first civilian party to cross the dizzying heights of the Brooklyn Bridge.

And Carry a Big Cup—Any man who would have a tunnel dug between his office and the neighborhood bar seems a likely candidate for a Twelve Step program. But **THEODORE ROOSEVELT**, who served as New York City Police Commissioner from 1895 to 1897, and who had such a passage bored to Onieal's Grand Street (174 Grand St., at Centre St.), had other motives. "Teddy was no booze hound," says Chris Onieal, who owns the restaurant today. "He had the tunnel built so that after big press conferences he could come over and talk to the boys off the record. The most he'd throw back would be a glass of wine. *Coffee* was his real vice." Theodore, Jr., likened his father's coffee cup to a bathtub. (In fact, it was the Rough Rider himself who, on a visit to the Maxwell House Hotel, in Nashville, Tennessee, proclaimed the house blend "good to the last drop.")

More on the Roosevelts—Roosevelt Island, Roosevelt Raceway, Roosevelt High School, F.D.R. Drive. Not even the Reagans are safe from the long arm of the New Dealer: should erstwhile Queens resident **NANCY DAVIS** ever revisit her childhood home, she'd find that 417 Amity Street is now known as 149-40 Roosevelt Avenue.

The First Shall Be Last—George Washington, first in war and peace, was also, it appears, a leader in the craft-beer movement. Holdings at the New York Public Library's Rare Books and Manuscripts Division include a recipe for what the robust General called Small Beer ("Strain out 30 Gall. into a cooler. . . . Let this stand til it is little more than Blood warm," etc.). Home brewers can re-create the draft by logging on at http://www.nypl.org/research/chss/spe/rbk/gwbeer.html. Other correspondence reveals that the Virginia gentleman was not only the father of his country but also, in a sense, the father of this magazine: in a 1756 letter, George Washington offered the first known use of the term "New Yorker."

BEN KATCHOR



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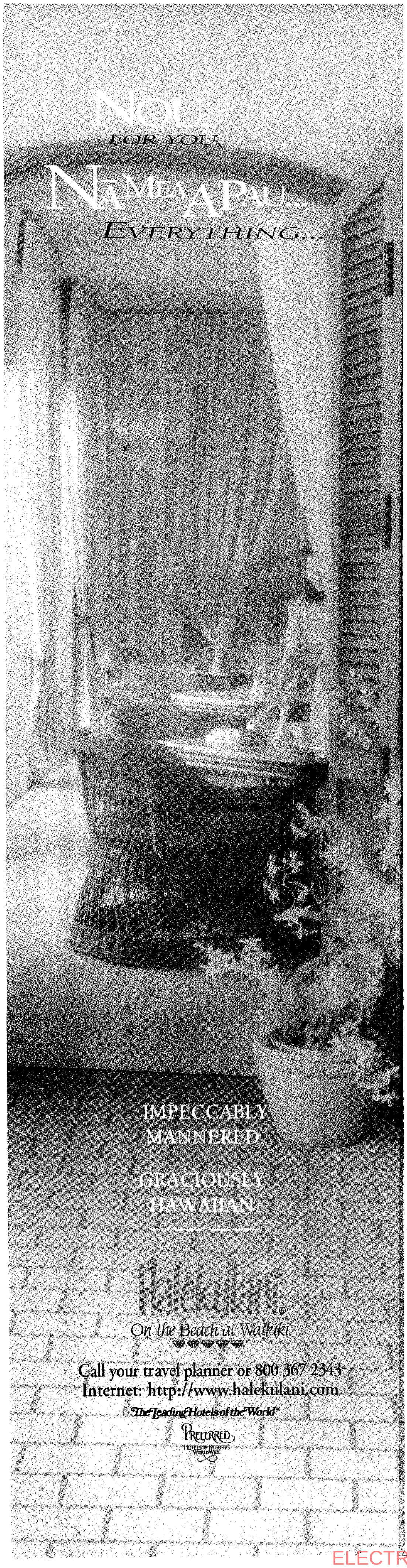

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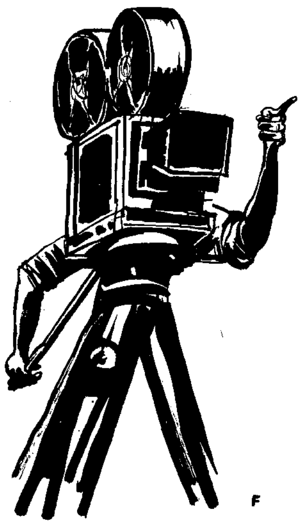


THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING

The Associate—Whoopi Goldberg plays a financial analyst who takes on Wall Street with the help of an imaginary partner, in a comedy directed by Donald Petrie. With Tim Daly. Opening Oct. 25.

Ed's Next Move—Reviewed below in Current Films. Opening Oct. 18.

Freeway—A black comedy written and directed by Matthew Bright, featuring Reese Witherspoon as a teen-age runaway and Kiefer Sutherland as a deranged child psychologist. Opening Oct. 18. (Cinema Village.)

Get On the Bus—Reviewed below in Current Films. Opening Oct. 16.

High School High—An idealistic young teacher (Jon Lovitz) takes a job at an inner-city D.C. school, in a comedy directed by Hart Bochner. Written by David Zucker and Robert LoCash. Opening Oct. 25.

Jude—Reviewed below in Current Films. Opening Oct. 18.

Niki de Saint Phalle: Who Is the Monster–You or Me?—A documentary by Peter Schamoni, about the nineteen-fifties model turned avant-garde artist. In English, French, and German. Oct. 16–29. (Film Forum.)

Normal Life—John McNaughton's drama about a young couple (Ashley Judd and Luke Perry) who take up bank robbery to finance the middle-class life style they knew as children. Opening Oct. 25.

Palookaville—Three friends (Adam Trese, Vincent Gallo, and William Forsythe) try to escape their small-town lives by turning to crime, in a comedy directed by Alan Taylor. Written by David Epstein. Opening Oct. 25.

Sleepers—Barry Levinson wrote and directed this adaptation of Lorenzo Carcaterra's 1995 book about growing up in Hell's Kitchen; with Kevin Bacon, Robert De Niro, Dustin Hoffman, Jason Patric, and Brad Pitt. Opening Oct. 18. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

Stephen King's Thinner—An overweight attorney (Robert John Burke) falls under a Gypsy's curse and begins losing weight, in a film directed by Tom Holland and written by Michael McDowell, from the 1984 novel by King (writing as Richard Bachman). Opening Oct. 25.

The Sunchaser—Jon Seda stars as a convict terminally ill with cancer, who takes a surgeon (Woody Harrelson) hostage, in a drama written and directed by Michael Cimino. With Anne Bancroft. Opening Oct. 25.

Swingers—Reviewed below in Current Films. Opening Oct. 18.

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—Peter Gallagher plays a widower and Claire Danes his daughter, in David E. Kelley's adaptation of the 1983 play by Michael Brady. With Michelle Pfeiffer. Directed by Michael Pressman. Opening Oct. 18. (Lincoln Square. . . . ¶ 19th Street East 6 and Village East Cinemas; starting Oct. 23.)

Twelfth Night—Trevor Nunn's version of Shakespeare's comedy, featuring Helena Bonham Carter, Richard E. Grant, Nigel Hawthorne, and Ben Kingsley. Opening Oct. 25.

When We Were Kings—A documentary about George Foreman and Muhammad Ali's 1974 fight in Zaire, by Leon Gast and Taylor Hackford. Opening Oct. 25. (84th Street Sixplex.)

CURRENT FILMS

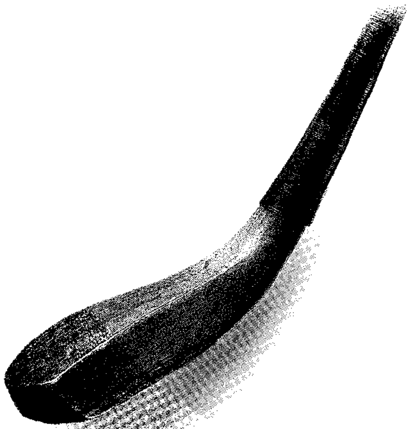
(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 68.)

Big Night—The actor Stanley Tucci co-wrote (with Joseph Tropiano), co-directed (with Campbell Scott), and co-stars (with Tony Shalhoub) in this elegant, leisurely low-budget comedy about a struggling Italian restaurant run by a pair of immigrant brothers. The unusually happy, relaxed ensemble includes Ian Holm, Isabella Rossellini, Minnie Driver, Allison Janney, and Campbell Scott. The big set piece—a lavish dinner in honor of the singer-bandleader Louis Prima—is a fitting climax to the movie's patient accumulation of savory and blissfully pointless delights: a convincing illustration of how keen pleasure for pleasure's sake can be.—T.R. (9/23/96) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East.)

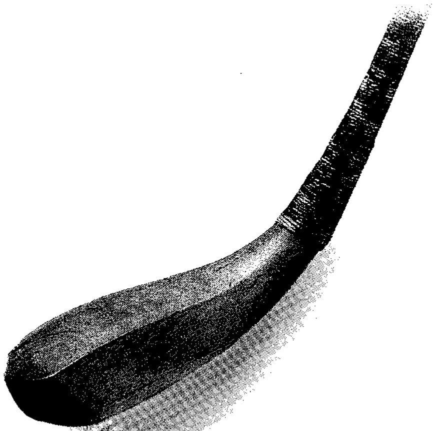
Bound—An offbeat first feature directed by the brothers Larry and Andy Wachowski, in a dazzling style highly derivative of the brothers Joel and Ethan Coen. The story, about a mobster's girlfriend and a handywoman who team up to rip off the mob, is pure noir fun—especially since Jennifer Tilly, who plays the moll with a voice more breathless than Marilyn Monroe's, gives it all she's got. Her scenes with Gina Gershon, the butch plumber with a Gene Tierney overbite, ring with the tough-guy knowingness of forties thrillers. When the women become lovers and scheme to steal two million dollars from Tilly's boyfriend (Joe Pantoliano), the sleek production design—rich blacks, bright whites, deep reds—develops a charged, dangerous ambience. Between the Wachowskis' technical skill (the wonderful camera work is by the rock-video director Bill Pope) and the all too convincing twists and turns of the plot, the characters might have easily gotten lost; but Tilly and Gershon are a gorgeous couple, and their sexy, stylish repartee steals the film.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Ed's Next Move—A slight, proudly unambitious romantic comedy of the type that's become fashionable in the last couple of years. The naïve research scientist Ed (Matt Ross) has come from Wisconsin to New York, where he shares an apartment with the worldly Ray (Kevin Carroll) and falls for a singer named Lee (Callie Thorne). Lee can't believe that anyone so uncomplicated actually exists, or that his shiny idea of happiness might be worth trying. As written and directed by John Walsh, the film asks a lot of Ed: not merely that he remain incorruptible but that he spread Wisconsin sweetness and light over the dirty city. It's a nice idea—too nice by half: Thorne's slightly agonized look is funnier and more interesting than Ross's decent charm, but the film doesn't want to know.—A.L. (62nd & Broadway; starting Oct. 18.)

Get On the Bus—Spike Lee rushed to get an homage to last year's Million Man March ready in time for the first anniversary of the event, and the result feels—well, "rushed" would be putting it mildly. The story follows a group of African-American men (we're introduced to about fifteen of them, but owing to continuity lapses it frequently looks like there are upwards of thirty) on a march-bound bus from Los Angeles to Washington. The obvi-



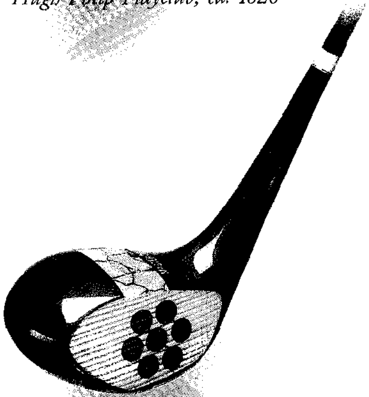
Ancient Playclub, ca. 1700



Hugh Philp Playclub, ca. 1820

John Allan Playclub, ca. 1880

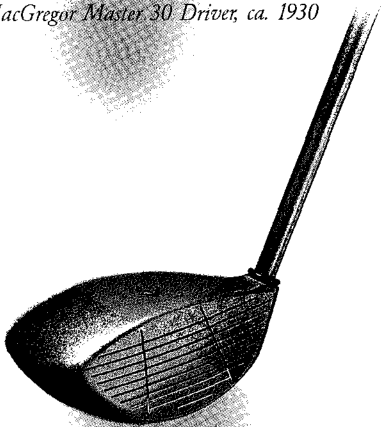
Ben Sayers Driver, ca. 1890



MacGregor Master 30 Driver, ca. 1930

Tommy Armour Driver, ca. 1950

TaylorMade Metalwood, ca. 1979



Callaway Big Bertha, ca. 1991

Titanium Burner Bubble, ca. 1996

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ous point is their diversity, but the only way that the screenwriter, Reggie Rock Bythewood, can think of to demonstrate it is with clichés (Ossie Davis playing his usual wise old codger) alongside anti-clichés (Isaiah Washington as a gay Gulf War veteran) that feel just as stereotyped. With Richard Belzer, as a Jewish bus driver; André Braugher, in a flashy turn as a vain actor; and the great Charles S. Dutton, as a bus-company employee who, unlike the rest of the characters, has a soul, not just an identity.—S.K. (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII; starting Oct. 16.)

The Grass Harp—Truman Capote loosely based his 1951 novella on his childhood with spinster aunts in the South. In Charles Matthau's sentimental adaptation, Piper Laurie and Sissy Spacek, who were a mother and daughter in De Palma's "Carrie," are reunited as the sisters. Spacek smartly underplays the proper Verena's businesslike brilliance. As Dolly, Laurie has been saddled with too many saintly attributes, but she makes her character an ethereal earth mother, giving her the weight to carry her head-in-the-clouds lines, and delivers a remarkable performance. The cast is filled with wonderful actors: Walter Matthau (the director's father), Roddy McDowall, Mary Steenburgen, Jack Lemmon, and sleepy, doe-eyed Edward Furlong as the sensitive young narrator. But the writers, Stirling Silliphant and Kirk Ellis, underestimate the poetic power of Capote's quiet storytelling, underlining emotions that should merely be suggested, and, though Matthau's direction is clean, he compounds their mawkishness by cueing the audience's responses with syrupy music. It's not a bad film by any means, just an obvious one.—B.D. (Cinema II, Regency, and Village East Cinemas.)

Al Pacino (the director) and Al Pacino (the performer) in "Looking for Richard."

JAMES BURRIS

Infinity—The hero of Matthew Broderick's film is the theoretical physicist Richard P. Feynman, who died in 1988 at the age of sixty-nine, and who was legendary among his colleagues both for the profound originality of his thinking and for the profound eccentricity of his personality. Broderick plays the physicist; the screenplay, by Patricia Broderick (the star's mother), concentrates on Feynman's relationship with his first wife, Arline (Patricia Arquette), and on his work on the Manhattan Project in Los Alamos. The picture ends, in 1945, with twin climaxes: Arline's death and the first successsful A-bomb test. The filmmakers are disappointingly vague about Feynman's role in the development of the bomb—they handle the subject as if it were plutonium—and the movie also fails to do justice to the antic, mischievous aspect of his character. But something of value does manage to break through, and it comes from an unexpected source: the love story of Richard and Arline. Arquette is terrific, and Broderick does his best acting when he's sharing the screen with her. The scientist's reaction to his wife's death—part resignation, part shock, part simple curiosity about the physical phenomenon—provides the picture with its most original and most moving scene. Also with Peter Riegert.—T.R. (10/7/96) (Art Greenwich Twin, Lincoln Square, and New York Twin.)

Jude—In adapting Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," the screenwriter, Hossein Amini, and the director, Michael Winterbottom, have dropped the obscurity from the title, but the Jude who remains (played by Christopher Eccleston) still looks as dour and defeated as any reader of Hardy could wish. The movie is in fact remarkably true to the darkness and chafing disgust of the novel, and that fidelity is where the problem lies.

Photo: Ivo Von Renner; Leica minilux and Kodak Lumiere 100; 1/2 sec at f/2.4; Dog: Bruce

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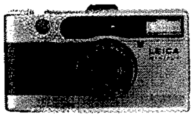

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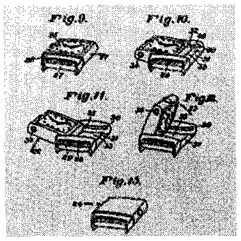

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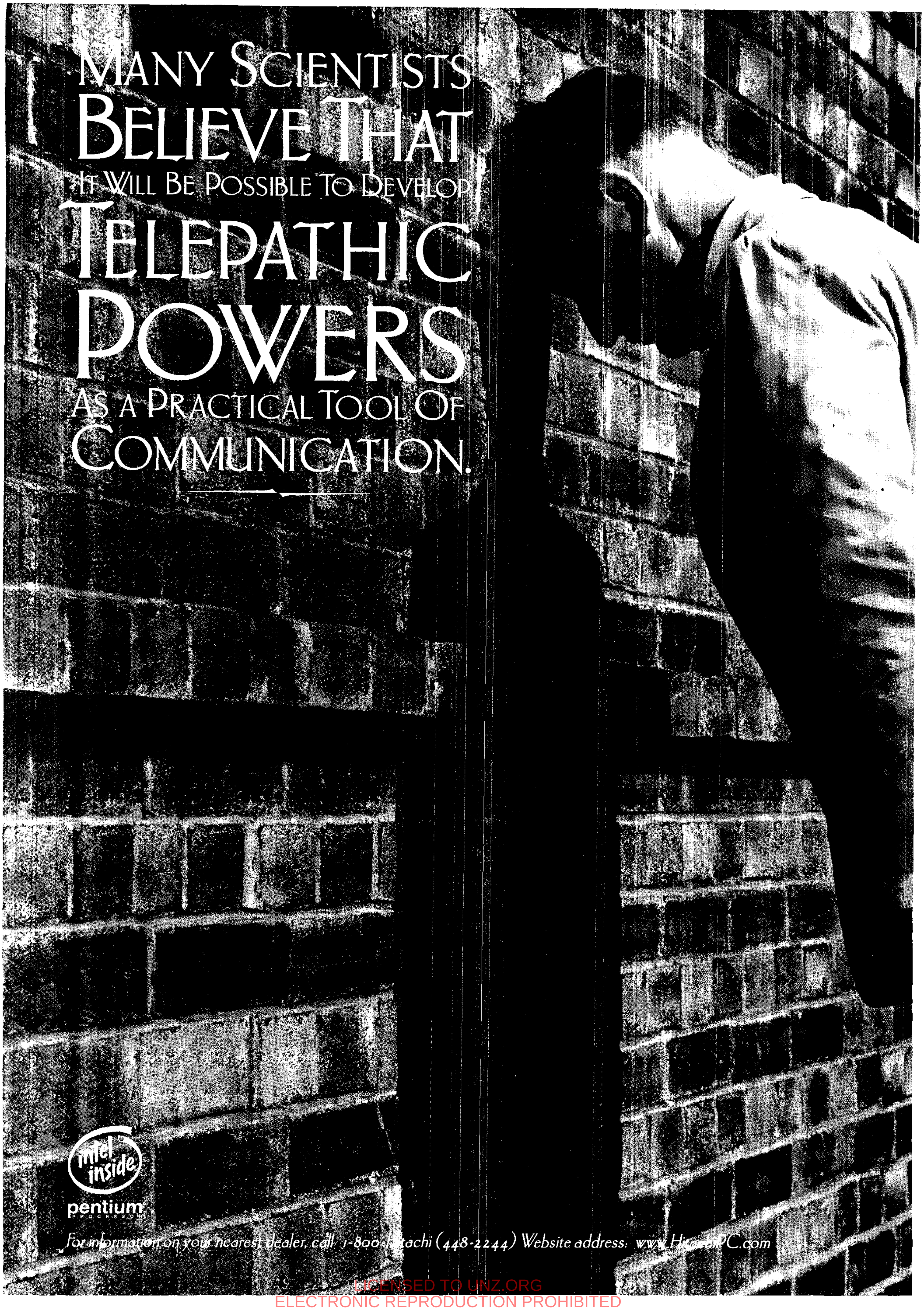
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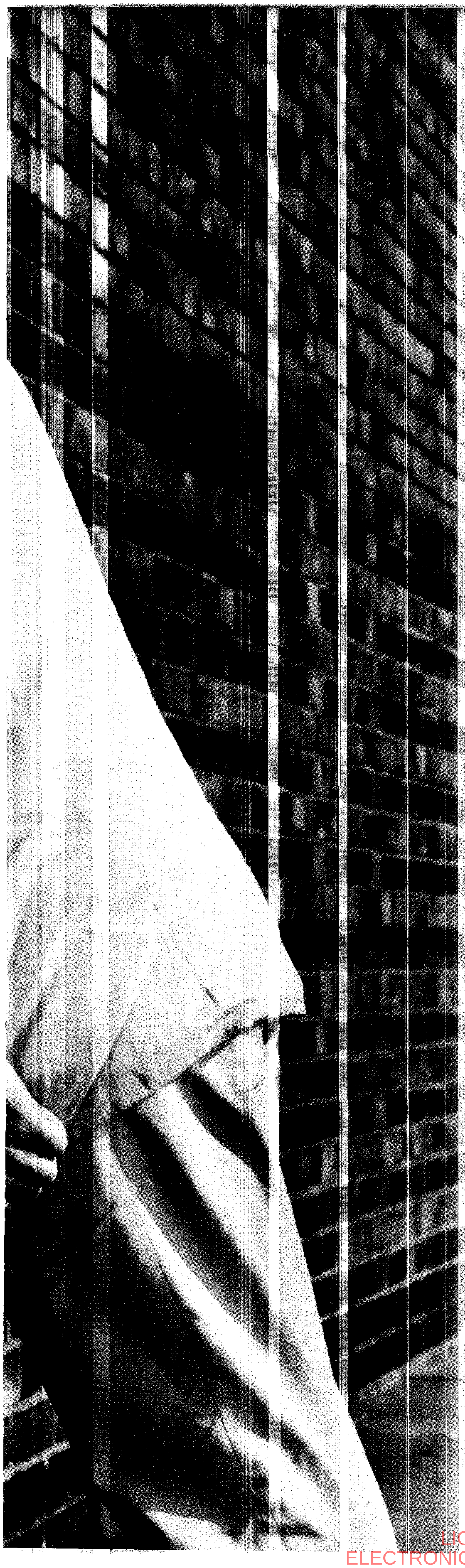

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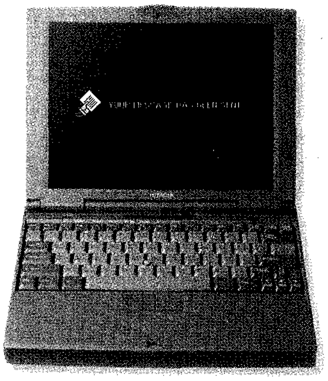

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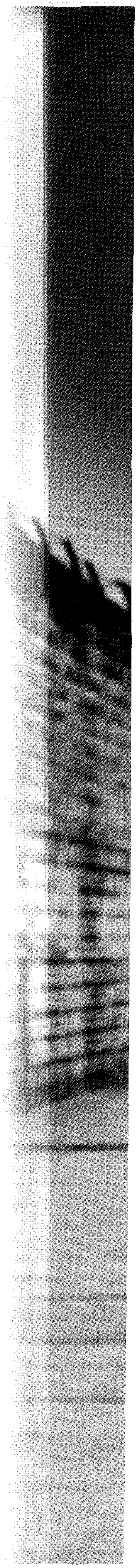

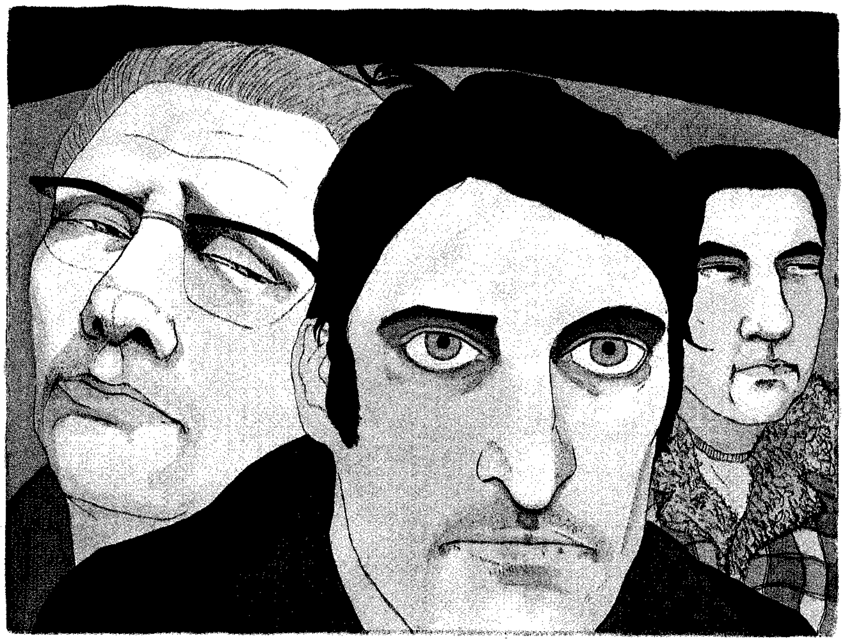

Opening October 25, William Forsythe, Vincent Gallo, and Adam Trese in Alan Taylor's "Palookaville."

LARA TOMLIN

Jude, the stonemason who dreams of becoming a scholar, is mired in failure from the start; even as you respect the picture for its earth-toned palette and its bestial pain, you know that any dramatic momentum will lead nowhere. As a result, the bond of love between Jude and Sue (Kate Winslet) seems more like an endurance trial, or the difficult rapport of a brother and sister. She chatters and smokes as if she were a free spirit of the nineteen-twenties; he looks trapped in the old century. There is much to admire here, almost nothing to enjoy. But the picture needs to be seen, not least for the skill with which Winterbottom frames the swift, unmitigated horror of the climax.—A.L. (Lincoln Square; starting Oct. 18.)

The Long Kiss Goodnight—After the disaster of "Cutthroat Island," Geena Davis and her husband, director Renny Harlin, have teamed up again for what they intend as a coolly slam-bang action movie, but it's a leaden affair. Davis plays an amnesiac schoolteacher who gradually realizes that she's been trained as a spy; she is partnered by the ever reliable Samuel L. Jackson, who, as a private eye, gives the dumb proceedings some badly needed playfulness. But the poor pacing and bad editing (the scenes lurch forward like a stalling car) kill any hope of slickness. It's not all bad: the writer, Shane Black (of "Lethal Weapon" fame), throws some funny jibes into his incoherent script; Harlin stages a few spectacular stunts; and Davis and Jackson have real chemistry—in fact, they shine together so smartly that they probably could have come up with a better movie by ad-libbing.—B.D. (Cinema I, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Village East Cinemas.)

Looking for Richard—A movie that combines filmed segments of "Richard III" with a documentary about their making. Directed by and starring Al Pacino, who co-wrote the narration with Frederic Kimball. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Michael Collins—The short life and lasting legend of the Irish freedom fighter Michael Collins, compressed into a vigorous movie by the writer and director Neil Jordan. It doesn't have the swooning strangeness at which Jordan excels, but there is still a driven quality—the film resembles one of Jean-Pierre Melville's gangster thrillers, brooded over by a darker destiny. Collins, who began by killing the British on the streets of Dublin, ended up talking to them at the conference table; he died at the hands of a fellow-Irishman in 1922. Liam Neeson gives a hefty performance as the hero, but the film takes too much care insuring that we like and admire him, cooling the figure's hot temper and ignoring any sins of the flesh (let alone of the spirit) which he committed—he remains devoted to Kitty Kiernan (Julia Roberts). Many of the characters seem rather thin and milky, and historians will balk at the political simplifications. The strength of the movie resides mainly in the work of its cameraman, Chris Menges, who delivers a barrage of images as rousing and changeable as the fortunes of Collins himself. With Aidan Quinn, Stephen Rea, Alan Rickman, and Charles Dance.—A.L. (10/14/96) (Beekman, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

Microcosmos—"Open your eyes before you die," a boy soprano sings at the start of this revelatory documentary about insects; then we descend from the clouds into the grass, dirt, and puddles of a meadow in the French countryside. The directors, Claude Nuridsany and Marie Pérennou, who were trained as biologists, spent years designing cameras that would capture spiders, butterflies, beetles, and bees in their habitats as never before; the result is a rare communion of scientific curiosity and New Age wonder. There are no voice-overs, just closeups of bugs—eating, having sex, building a house, commuting to work in a storm, and even, apparently, lining up for some kind of ceremonial parade. A few sequences surpass the most horrific science fiction, but a surprising number of the creatures are quite cute; by the end, the film seems to be arguing (convincingly) that insects are people, too. The inventive, funny-ethereal score is by Bruno Coulais.—S.K. (Film Forum 3.)

Secrets & Lies—Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste), the heroine of Mike Leigh's broadest and most ambitious film to date, decides after the death of her adoptive mother to seek her biological one. The quest turns up Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), who freaks out: Hortense is middle-class and black, Cynthia working-class and white. Jean-Baptiste gives a quiet, pacific performance; Blethyn deals in spasms of exaggeration which belong in another film altogether. Still, there is a fine supporting cast, and they all gather in the final scene, a cathartic barbecue that starts off as nicely choreographed light comedy and darkens to a Bergman-like chorus of wailing women and slightly overcooked dialogue.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)

Swingers—This funny, boys-on-the-town story, an ode to friendship and cruising for girls, has the makings of one of the most popular date movies of the year. The writer, Jon Favreau, co-stars with Vince Vaughn, a handsome new actor, and they're hilarious—picture Steve Martin and Dan Aykroyd's wild and crazy guys saddled with the young Woody Allen's sexual neuroses. But the film isn't a bubbleheaded comedy. The director, Doug Liman, follows his characters through swinging-singles hangouts from Hollywood to Vegas with a neon-soaked camera; his nighttime images are pure Scorsese. And, beneath all the hip talk and the funny predicaments, his two heroes are wistful, stargazing romantics. The picture is full of energy, but it moves like a dream.—B.D. (Starting Oct. 18.)

That Thing You Do!—Tom Hanks's début as a writer and director traces the rapid rise and fall of a fictitious rock-and-roll band called the Wonders. Hanks plays a supporting role, as a slick record-company executive; his performance, modest and tossed-off though it is, effortlessly outclasses his thin script and primitive direction. The movie, which is set in 1964, tries to get by on the good will created by its bright production design, its bouncy tone, and its nostalgia for the "innocent" pop culture of the Beatles era, but by the third or fourth rendition—out of what seem like hundreds—of the bubble-gummy title song, viewers of a certain age may feel the stirrings of less pleasurable memories. Watching this picture is almost exactly like the narcoleptic, I.Q.-sapping experience of sitting through an inane beach-party musical or one of the lamer Elvis vehicles (and movies don't get much lamer than that). Also with Tom Everett Scott (who not only resembles a young Hanks but appears to be imitating his every comic mannerism), Liv Tyler, Steve Zahn, and Johnathon Schaech.—T.R. (10/7/96) (Baronet, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, National Twin, Olympia, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Waverly.)

Three Lives and Only One Death—Marcello Mastroianni stars as an errant husband, a Sorbonne professor, a butler, and a businessman, in four witty vignettes (two of them suggested by eerie Nathaniel Hawthorne tales) directed by Raúl Ruíz and set in modern-day Paris. Ruíz has an avant-gardist reputation, but for all his artiness he obviously loves the corny enchantment of old-fashioned storytelling. The surprise is that the picture improves whenever Mastroianni is out of it. His charisma and radiance are too strong; when he appears, allegedly mysterious situations become transparent and predictable, like highbrow "Twilight Zone" segments. With Anna Galiena, Marica Paredes, and Chiara Mastroianni (the actor's daughter, who does quite well as half of an oversexed but strangely innocent young couple). Written by Ruíz and Pascal Bonitzer. In French (though it's one of the Chilean-born Ruíz's jokes that almost everyone is foreign and speaks with an accent).—S.K. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and The Screening Room.)

Trees Lounge—One of the stars of independent film, Steve Buscemi, now gets to write, direct, and star in his own project, an aimless and amiable look into the lives of people who gather inside a Long Island bar. Playing a screwed-up sot, Buscemi slows down his usual hyper pace and achieves a sad, lost quality that gives the entire movie the subdued allure of an unpolished gem—Cassavetes minus the hysteria. (There are no epiphanies.) Buscemi's simply drawn characters, who accept their fates with little fuss, are actors' dreams; Mark Boone Junior as a bored and irritable married friend, and Chloe Sevigny, as a sexy teen-ager, are particularly good. Many of these people move in an inebriated haze, but Buscemi's writing and direction are exceptionally clear-headed.—B.D. (Lincoln Square and Village Theatre VII.)

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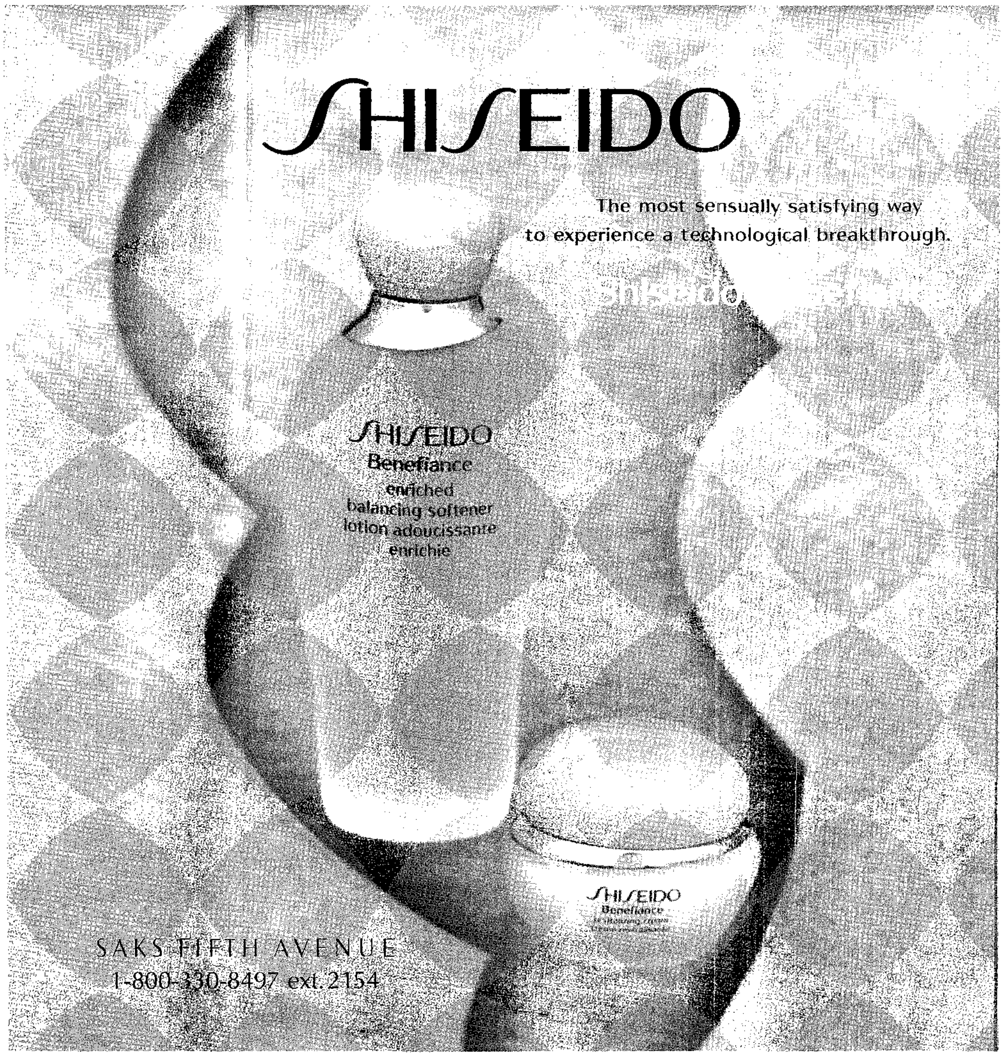

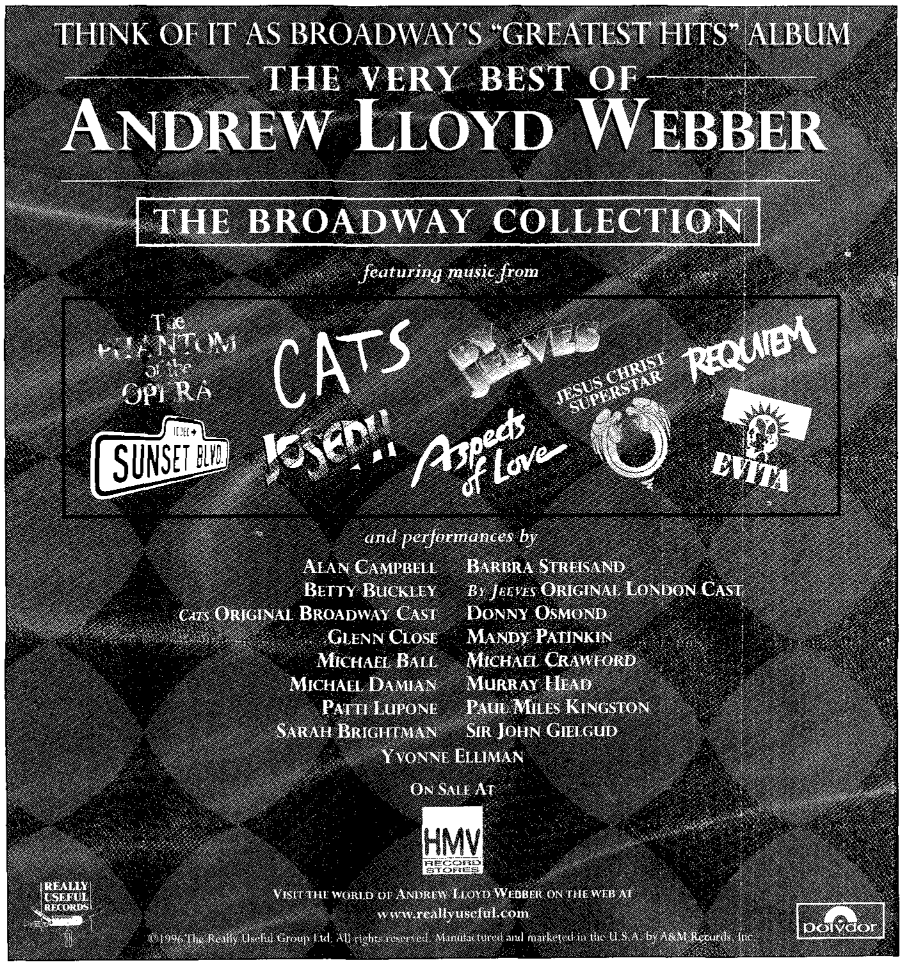
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THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Baronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy I, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gemini, Second Ave. at 64th St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

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REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1969)—This version of the events that led Henry VIII to make himself head of the Church of England is intelligent from line to line, but the conception lacks authority. Richard Burton's Henry is conceived as a weak, tentative, somewhat apologetic monarch, and though Burton delivers his speeches with considerable sureness and style, his performance is colorless. Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn is a clever, wily, sexually experienced young girl; Bujold's readings are often extraordinary, but she's too tight and too self-contained. The adapters sharpened Maxwell Anderson's play, and the dialogue is often much crisper than one anticipates, but the script has a structural weakness: it does not convince us that after all those years of waiting for Anne the King would turn against her when she gives birth to a daughter. The director is Charles (Static Camera) Jarrott.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 27.)

キングギドラ
ラドン
ゴジラ
TAKESHI T.

At the Walter Reade Theatre, Godzilla in "Destroy All Monsters."

TAKESHI TADATSU

Becket (1964)—It's the sort of movie usually described as an actors' duel, but Peter O'Toole and Richard Burton make it more of a duet. Despite Peter Glenville's stodgy direction, the stars bring their full eloquence to Jean Anouilh's imaginative rendering of the battle between O'Toole's King Henry II and Burton's Thomas Becket, the royal crony who becomes an intransigent defender of the Church once he is elevated to Archbishop of Canterbury. Becket is a Kierkegaardian hero, coming to religion after a vast inner struggle. Henry, the quintessentially worldly man, lives by his human bonds and sees Becket's disapproval as a fatal betrayal. Burton demonstrates his ability (in the words of John Coleman) "to make every syllable an honest transaction between the audience and himself." O'Toole delivers a prodigious tour de force, conveying what the script never acknowledges: that Henry's attachment to Becket is in part homosexual. More than the swords of the climax, it's this regal figure's desperate cries of love for his ex-friend that cut to the quick. With John Gielgud, Donald Wolfit, Martita Hunt, and Pamela Brown. Screenplay by Edward Anhalt; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 27.)

Dead of Night (1945)—Michael Redgrave plays a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy, and his overpowering performance—a small work of art—lifts this five-part English production above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. The individual stories are meant to accumulate in intensity, until the trap closes in the surreal climax—an encompassing ghost story. Directed by Robert Hamer (the mirror story), Basil Dearden, Charles Crichton, and Alberto Cavalcanti (the ventriloquist sequence).—P.K. (Symphony Space; Oct. 29.)

Dracula (1931)—This first American version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel, rather than from the novel itself, and it becomes too stagey. It was a tremendous popular success, however, and spawned many sequels. Bela Lugosi had played Count Dracula on Broadway in 1927 and had toured in the role for years, and he seemed inside it in a wonderfully hammy, slightly demented way. With pale Helen Chandler, who seems too anemic to attract a vampire, and the peerlessly degraded Dwight Frye, always looking for insects to munch on. Cinematography by Karl Freund.—P.K. (Symphony Space; Oct. 29.)

The Emigrants (1971)—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant work, it covers the grim farm life, under a hierarchy of masters, that drove a group to emigrate, the brutal sea voyage, and then the landing of the survivors and their trip by train, by Mississippi paddleboat, and on foot until they staked out a claim in Minnesota. Troell's achievement is prodigious. (He is his own cinematographer and editor, and he collaborated on the writing.) The story is concluded in a second film, "The New Land." Both with Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Oct. 16.)

The Fountainhead (1949)—Can people who see this picture ever forget the sight of the silvery-blond columnist Dominique (Patricia Neal) galloping up on her black horse and slashing her riding crop across the face of the tall, mocking stranger who had looked at her impertinently while he was using a pneumatic drill in the quarry? He's the genius architect Howard Roark (Gary Cooper). When his design for a public-housing project is altered, he dynamites the building; put on trial, he justifies his action with an attack on collectivism and the parasites of the left. Ayn Rand wrote the (megalomaniac, comic-book) screenplay, based on her 1943 novel; King Vidor directed this paean to the individualism of "superior" people, made in a sleek, hollow, Expressionist style that owes a lot to film noir. It's an extravaganza of romantic, right-wing camp.—P.K. (Symphony Space; Oct. 22.)

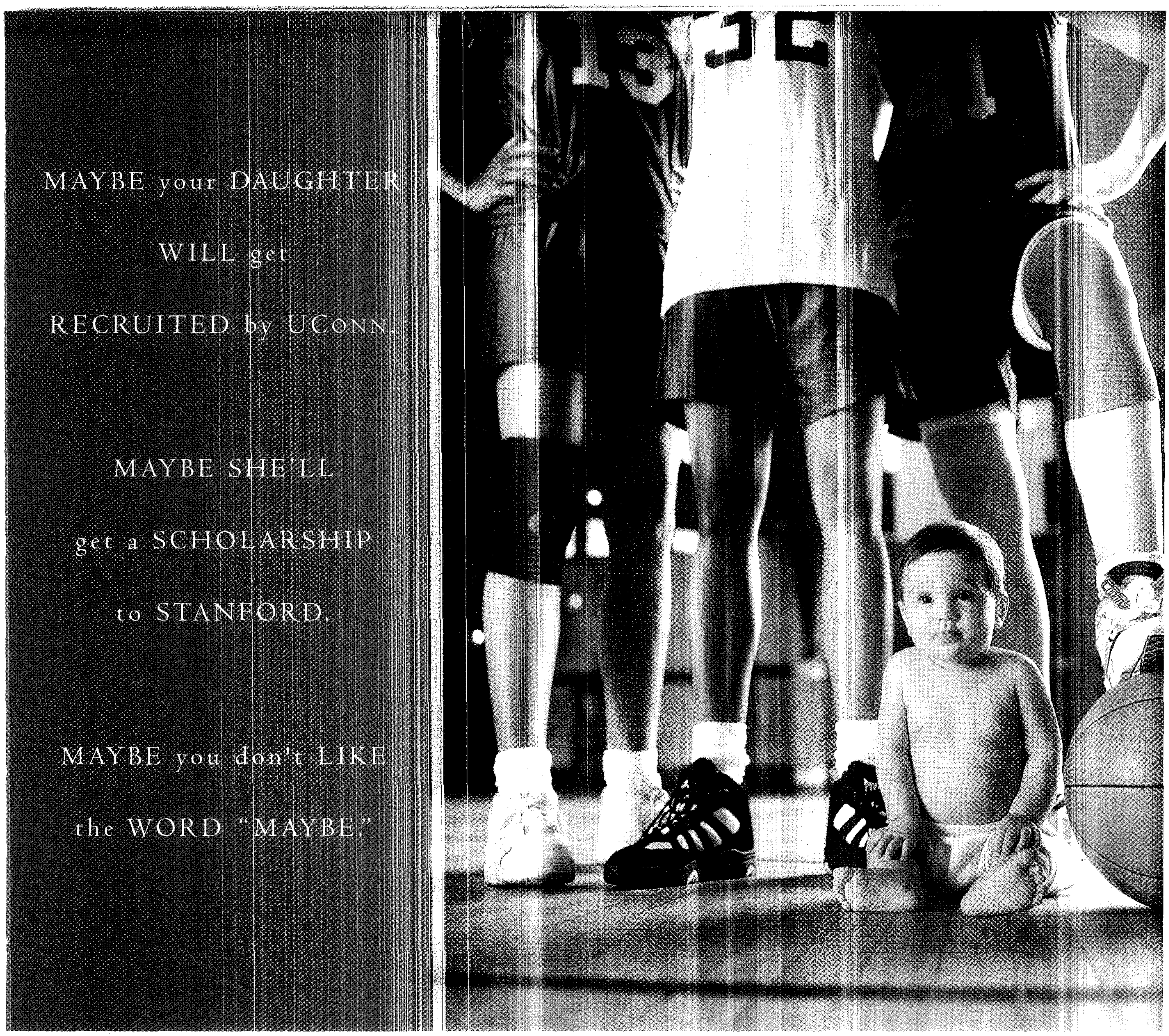
Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this handsomely designed, big, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel about a couple of generations of a Texas cattle-ranching family, and James Dean (in a supporting role) ran away with it. This was the last film in his brief, meteoric career, and he was dead when it was released. His appearance here is particularly startling, because he plays his misfit role in the twitchy, self-conscious, "modern" manner of the fifties, while the rest of the movie is in the conventional heavy-going style that had always been deemed appropriate for sprawling family sagas. (This one sprawls for three hours and eighteen minutes.) Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads.—P.K. (Lincoln Square.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does a knockout of a fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." (It's Anita Ellis's voice we hear.) With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Directed by Charles Vidor.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting Oct. 25.)

Napoléon (1927)—Abel Gance originally made it as a six-hour silent film, in color (the prints were tinted and toned by a dye process), and with sections designed to be run on a triple-width screen. The film is both avant-garde and old-fashioned. In Gance's view Napoleon (Albert Dieudonné) is a Man of Destiny. Before that, when he's still a boy (Vladimir Roudenko), he's a Boy of Destiny. As a *thinker* Gance is essentially a fantasist, a mythmaker enslaved by his own schoolboy gush. And when Napoleon is treated as the embodiment of the French Revolution, you know you're in the grip of a crazy. But he's a great moviemaker. He doesn't dawdle; he starts off with pinwheels, sparks, madness. The film was chopped down into so many different versions (some of them reëdited by Gance himself) that it took the English filmmaker and film historian Kevin Brownlow years to assemble this new, relatively complete version, which was released in 1981. Among the actors are Antonin Artaud as Marat and Gance himself as Saint-Just.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; Oct. 26.)

Sorry, Wrong Number (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochrondriac who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 20.)

True Grit (1969)—The heroine of Charles Portis's exhilarating comic novel—Mattie, a fourteen-year-old Arkansas farm girl who lights out for the Indian Territory to avenge her father's murder—was like Tom and Huck rolled into one. In the movie she has become a feisty blank, owing less to Kim Darby's doughiness than to the moviemakers' inability to express or contain Portis's humor, violence, and irony. As written by Marguerite Roberts and directed by Henry Hathaway, the film is a jarring pop-up book that lulls you with pastoral panoramas, then jolts you with a sudden atrocity or two. The only memorable thing about it is John Wayne's zesty fit of self-parody as Mattie's partner, "the one-eyed fat man" Rooster Cogburn; Wayne gets his mouth around Portis's sly archaisms with a stop-and-go Western drawl that's almost Brandoesque. Half a dozen in-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triguing actors show up, including Robert Duvall and Dennis Hopper, but only Jeff Corey (as the whining killer) and Strother Martin (as an officious pony trader) make their presence felt. Glen Campbell has the second male lead, as a Texas Ranger. Music by Elmer Bernstein; cinematography by Lucien Ballard.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 26.)

VERTIGO (1958)—It's almost as if you've never seen it before, because you've never *heard* it before. The new print of the ultimate cult movie—Hitchcock's voluptuous exploration of *l'amour fou*—gives the original musical tracks a state-of-the-art presentation that extracts previously hidden undertones and highlights from Bernard Herrmann's brilliant score. Of the composer's eight collaborations with Hitchcock (including "Psycho"), this is the most complex: he deploys everything from a habanera to a *valse macabre* to illuminate the morbid romanticism at the movie's core. With soaring visual eloquence (a unique mixture of the mist-draped and the hard-edged), Hitchcock takes voyeurism and amorous fixation to audacious, almost necrophiliac lengths in this tale of a retired San Francisco police detective (James Stewart) investigating an acquaintance's wife (Kim Novak) to find out whether she is spiritually possessed. Despite its misshapen form and its languor (Stewart crosses a hotel room in the time it took for him to race across London in "The Man Who Knew Too Much"), the movie is hypnotic and gloriously operatic—not a conventional masterpiece but an auteur classic, flooded with the Master's erotic and moral obsessions. Stewart's character is acrophobic, and when Hitchcock links the hero's vertigo to his sexual vulnerability, the result *is* dizzying. The awkwardness of the mystery adds to the film's sense that life is a puzzle with a piece missing. Stewart and Novak match up marvelously: he brings out all of his tortured Everyguy's clammy excitement, and she is fiercely, exhilaratingly physical, even when her character is enigmatic. Barbara Bel Geddes is touching as the film's one sane character—who's hopelessly out of her depth. Alec Coppel and Samuel Taylor wrote the script, from the novel "D'Entre les Morts," by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac. The movie, too, has been revived from death, thanks to the restoration team of Robert A. Harris and James C. Katz, who have given it a clarity and lustre that it's lacked for thirty-eight years.—M.S. (Ziegfeld.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

FILM FORUM 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Oct. 16-24: Films by Kenji Mizoguchi; all in Japanese, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 21: "The Crowd" (1928, King Vidor) and "Manhandled" (1924, Allan Dwan). . . . ¶ Oct. 28: "The Docks of New York" (1928, Josef von Sternberg) and "While the City Sleeps" (1928, Jack Conway). . . . ¶ From Oct. 25: "Gilda" (†).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Films from the Cinémathèque Française, Musée du Cinéma, Paris. Oct. 17 at 2:30 and Oct. 18 at 6: "The Team" (1935, Anatole Litvak; in French). . . . Oct. 17 at 6 and Oct. 18 at 2:30: "In the Night" (1930, Charles Vanel; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 17 at 8: "The Steel Beast" (1935, Willy Otto Zielke; in German). . . . Oct. 18 at 8:15 and Oct. 20 at 2: "Secrets of the Depths" (1949, G. W. Pabst; in German). . . . Oct. 19 at 2: "The Family Honor" (1920, King Vidor; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 19 at 5 and Oct. 29 at 2:30: "Nobody" (1921, Roland West; French intertitles) and "The River" (1928, Frank Borzage). . . . Oct. 20 at 5 and Oct. 21 at 2:30: "Must We Be Silent?" (1926, Richard Oswald; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 21 at 6 and Oct. 22 at 2:30: "Six and a Half by Eleven" (1927, Jean Epstein; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 24 at 2:30 and Oct. 25 at 8: "Midnight . . . Place Pigalle" (1927, René Hervil; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 24 at 6 and Oct. 25 at 2:30: "Eva in Silk" (1928, Carl Boese; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 25 at 6 and Oct. 26 at 2: "The Earth" (1921, André Antoine; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 26 at 5 and Oct. 29 at 6: "Germinal" (1913, Albert Capellani; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 27 at 2 and Oct. 28 at 6: "Struggle for Life" (1914, Ferdinand Zecca and René Leprince; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 27 at 5 and Oct. 28 at 2:30: "Sex in Chains" (1928, William Dieterle; French intertitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 3 and 6: "Ordinary Shadows, Chinese Shade" (1988, Paul Wong). . . . ¶ From Oct. 19: A program of films directed by Dusan Hanak; most in Slovak. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 3 and 6: "Vote for Me: Politics in America" (1996, Louis Alvarez and Andrew Kolker). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 1 and 6, Oct. 26 at 2:30, and Oct. 28 at 1: Nearly a hundred award-winning British commercials made for television and cinema in 1995.

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Oct. 16 at 2 and 6:15: ". . . And the Pursuit of Happiness" (1986, Louis Malle). . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 4 and Oct. 17 at 9: "Alambrista!" (1977, Robert M. Young). . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 8: "The Emigrants" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2 and Oct. 19 at 8:15: "Emigration, N.Y.: The Story of an Expulsion" (1995, Egon Humer). . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6:30: "Asbury Park" (1996, Chriss Williams). . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2 and Oct. 20 at 9:15: "Bontoc Eulogy" (1995, Marlon E. Fuentes) and "Fire on the Water" (1982, Robert Hillmann). . . . ¶ Two films starring Peter Sellers. Oct. 18 at 4 and 8:15 and Oct. 19 at 6: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964, Stanley Kubrick). . . . Oct. 18 at 6 and Oct. 19 at 4: "A Shot in the Dark" (1964, Blake Edwards). . . . ¶ Oct. 19-20 at 2: "Godzilla vs. the Thing" (1964, Inoshiro Honda). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 7:30: "My Crasy Life" (1991, Jean-Pierre Gorin). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2 and 6: "Eat a Bowl of Tea" (1989, Wayne Wang). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 4 and 8:30: "A One Way Ticket" (1988, Agliberto Melendez). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2 and 10: "Octavio" (1990, Camille de Casabianca and Patrick Blossier). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 4 and Oct. 24 at 2: "Sa-I-Gu" (1993, Christine Choy, Dal-Sil, Kim Gibson, and Elaine Kim) and "AKA Don Bonus" (1995, Sokly "Don Bonus" Ny and Spencer Nakasako). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6:15 and Oct. 24 at 4:15: "Personal Belongings" (1995, Steven Bognar). . . . ¶ From Oct. 25: A program of films directed by Russian women; in Russian, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 26-27 at 2: "Destroy All Monsters" (1968, Inoshiro Honda).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Oct. 19 at 2: "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1952, Daniel Mann). . . . Oct. 19 at 4: "The Rose Tattoo" (1955, Daniel Mann). . . . Oct. 20 at 2: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (†). . . . Oct. 20 at 4: "The Furies" (1950, Anthony Mann). . . . Oct. 26 at 2: "Artists and Models" (1955, Frank Tashlin). . . . Oct. 26 at 4:30: "True Grit" (†). . . . Oct. 27 at 1:30: "Becket" (†). . . . Oct. 27 at 4:30: "Anne of the Thousand Days" (†).

SYMPHONY SPACE, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—Oct. 22 at 7: "The Fountainhead" (†). . . . Oct. 22 at 9:15: "Gertrud" (1964, Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish). . . . Oct. 29 at 7: "Dracula" (†). . . . Oct. 29 at 8:30: "Dead of Night" (†).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—A program of films starring Antonin Artaud. Oct. 24 at 8: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928, Carl Theodor Dreyer). . . . Oct. 25 at 8 and 10: "Liliom" (1934, Fritz Lang). . . . Oct. 26 at 2 and 7: "Napoléon" (†).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Oct. 22 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Hate" (1995, Mathieu Kassovitz; in French). . . . Oct. 29 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Halfouine, Boy of the Terraces" (1990, Ferid Boughedir; in Arabic).

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway. (718-638-5000)—Oct. 18 at 7: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915, D. W. Griffith; silent). . . . Oct. 19 at 2: "Fail Safe" (1964, Sidney Lumet) and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964, Stanley Kubrick). . . . Oct. 25 at 7: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon) and "Three Days of the Condor" (1975, Sidney Pollack). . . .Oct. 26 at 2: "Medium Cool" (1969, Haskell Wexler).

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

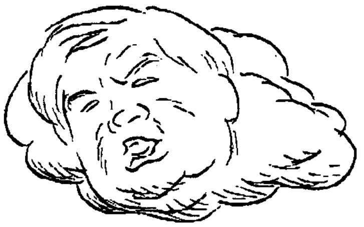
LIVING DOWN NEWT GINGRICH

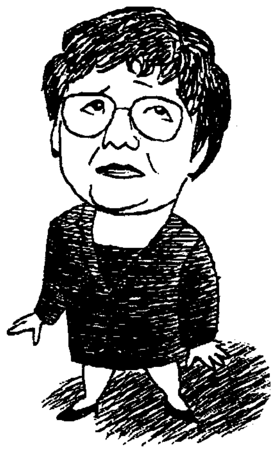
By any ordinary standard of political kinship, Nancy Johnson would barely qualify as Newt Gingrich's kissing cousin, let alone his evil twin. Johnson, a seventh-term representative from Connecticut, is one of the Republican Party's most prominent moderates and arguably the most powerful woman in the House. She is pro-choice, and was one of only a handful of Republicans to vote against a bill to outlaw late-term abortions in some cases. She favors gun control, and supported both the Brady bill and the assault-weapons ban. She has defied the G.O.P. leadership on raising the minimum wage, weakening environmental regulation, and slashing funding for the arts. Yet, for nearly two years now, Johnson has also been the chairwoman of the House Ethics Committee—a panel that has been accused repeatedly of stalling in its investigation of the Speaker in order to protect him. That has made her a ready target for the season's signal Democratic tactic: guilt by Gingrichian association.

The attacks became more pointed last month, after House Republicans rebuffed a Democratic attempt to force the committee to release a special counsel's preliminary report on the most serious charges against Gingrich. Democrats started talking about a coverup—which Johnson saw as an attempt, among other things, to damage her prospects for reëlection. "The Democratic members of the Ethics Committee were getting clips, on a daily basis, of every article that appeared in the papers in Connecticut," Johnson explained the other day. "All I can think is that they were being told by their leadership, 'We're going to get her.' " Meanwhile, her opponent in the campaign, Charlotte Koskoff, a liberal former public defender who ran against Johnson in 1994 and lost badly, had made the matter the centerpiece of her campaign, ceaselessly taunting her rival as Stonewall Johnson, and claiming that she had turned the Ethics Committee into the "Gingrich Protection Committee."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

At Johnson's campaign headquarters, in New Britain, the incumbent, a tweedy sixty-one-year-old whose voice still has the nasal twang of a Chicago native, assumed a tone of studied nonchalance. "What Charlotte isn't considering is that, at every town meeting over the last two years, I've addressed this issue," she said. "I've talked to people about what the Ethics Committee is doing, and they get it. I think my reputation for being straightforward and honest is going to get me through."



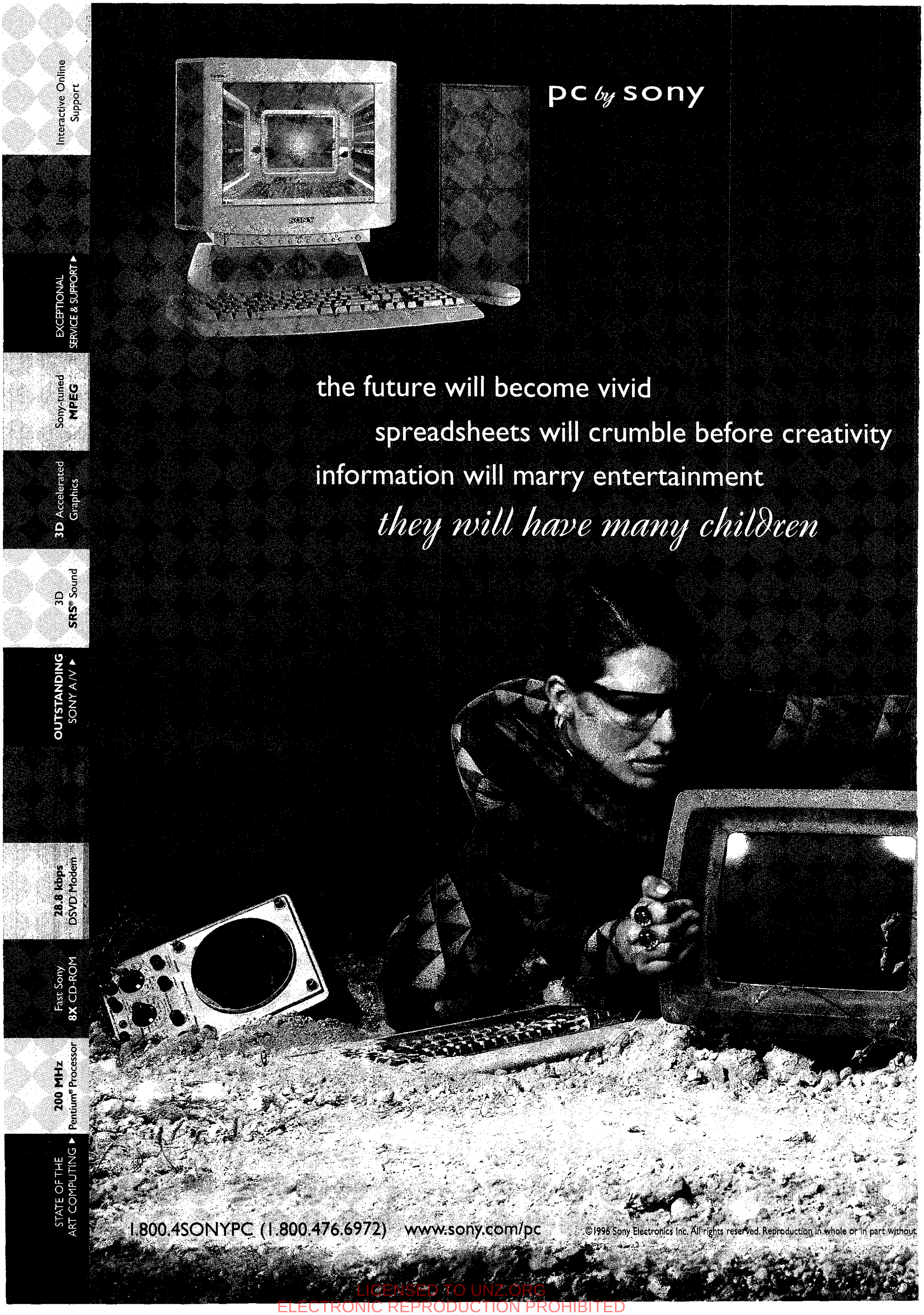

Nancy Johnson

However persuasive Johnson was at all those town meetings, what helped her cause immeasurably more was the Ethics Committee's unanimous decision, a few days before Congress adjourned, to broaden its investigation of Gingrich—including the question of whether he lied to the committee. With the ethics matter now severely frayed as a means of binding Johnson to Gingrich, Koskoff's campaign has been forced to make do with more threadbare stuff: Johnson's votes for many clauses in the Contract with America; her role, as the head of a subcommittee of the Ways and Means Committee, in trying to curb the growth of Medicare; the fact that she once called the Speaker "the most visionary thinker in politics today."

"People just don't buy it when you call me an extremist because I've been very independent of my party and I'm still very independent of my party," Johnson said. (Indeed, her campaign literature is so independent that it doesn't even contain the word "Republican.") Not surprisingly, Johnson, who acknowledges having been an important moderate ally of Gingrich's during his ascendancy, is now keeping her distance from him. "He made a lot of the same mistakes the President made," she said. "Overplayed his hand. Spoke intemperately. Got a little too stuck on himself." When she was asked whether she still considered Gingrich a visionary, she answered carefully. "Yes, because he understands how many of our systems have truly failed," she said. "That doesn't mean I agree with him on the solutions. I just agree that we have to put the seriousness of the problems on the table." She paused, and concluded, "We may go down in flames because he was willing to do that, but it was still, I think, the right thing to do."

LABOR LOVE-IN

The point of the high-powered labor-movement "teach-in" at Columbia University earlier this month was that the struggle against capitalist exploitation and the robber barons of corporate America includes not just



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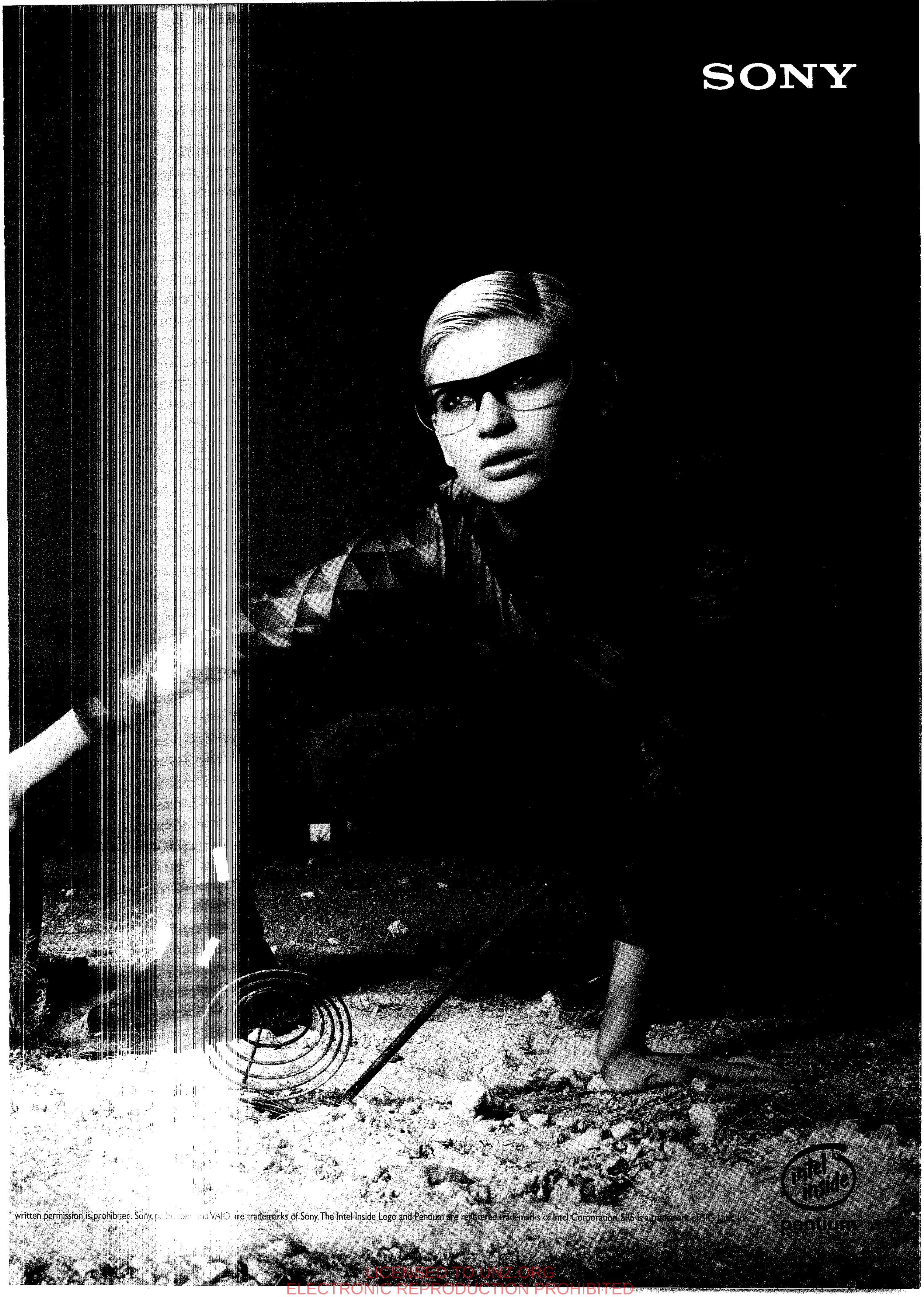
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blue-collar workers and minimum-wage laborers but everyone—everyone—and especially the kind of people who go to exclusive, Ivy League schools like Columbia University. Inside the packed rotunda of the school's historic Low Library, and in the overflow rooms, and outside in the advancing fall chill, where the hundreds who couldn't get in listened on loudspeaker, this message went over very well, creating the sort of warm sense of communion between the élite and the proletariat not seen since—oh, since Cesar Chavez persuaded Hollywood types to give up grapes with their wine and cheese. As John Sweeney, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., put it, his bald pate gleaming under the spotlights, the battle is not about "Democrats or Republicans or about conservatives versus liberals" but about "the bottom versus the top," and "if you're a professor with tenure you're on the bottom." At that, the professors with tenure in the audience shifted appreciatively in their seats, relieved, at last, of the solitude of academia's burdens.

Betty Friedan spoke, standing on her tippy-toes, pulling the microphone down as low as it could go, and calling "all of us—women, blacks, gays"—to a common purpose. The Columbia law professor Patricia Williams riffed, brilliantly, on the meaning of work. Cornel West, of Harvard, remembered "brother Tupac Shakur" and the recent anniversary of the Attica prison uprising, and then let fly with a dazzling stem-winder that pulled together Eugene O'Neill, Mahalia Jackson, John Dewey, Billie Holiday, Rush Limbaugh, John Coltrane, the "gangsterization of culture," and the "grand avalanche of despair"—not to mention allusions to Nazism, Stalinism, European imperialism, the radical democratic tradition, and lesbians in a single, death-defying sentence. "Let us all go down fighting," West concluded, and the stress was on the "all."

The only discordant note was struck by the University of Virginia philosophy professor Richard Rorty, who pointed out just how it was that the labor movement and intellectuals got separated in the first place. It came about, he said, during the Vietnam War, when university students and college professors began engaging in "stupid and self-defeating anti-American" behavior, like

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WHAT IT TAKES

"We were at eight thousand feet. David was asleep, and I was just cruising along," Jimmy Carter recalled recently. "All of a sudden, both engines just stopped. They just went dead." Carter, at the time a Georgia gubernatorial candidate, shouted at David Rabhan, the Cessna 310's owner and official pilot, to wake up as the plane nose-dived toward the Okefenokee Swamp. Rabhan let Carter think they were doomed. Then, as his practical joke ran its course, he flipped two fuel switches and got the engines going again. Carter was furious.

Jimmy Carter

But grateful. Eager to cultivate the black vote, Carter had enlisted Rabhan—a rich Jewish businessman from Savannah, with impeccable civil-rights credentials, including close ties to Martin Luther King, Jr.—for the use of his airplane. Although Carter was a moderate integrationist, in 1970 he was running a populist campaign as a conservative peanut farmer on the long, if racist, coattails of Lester Maddox, the incumbent. (Limited to one term, Maddox was running for lieutenant governor.) Rabhan ferried the candidate to Appalachian folk festivals, Lions Club meetings, and Baptist revivals. If, as Carter bragged during the campaign, he shook nearly every hand in Georgia, it was because Rabhan flew him everywhere to do so.

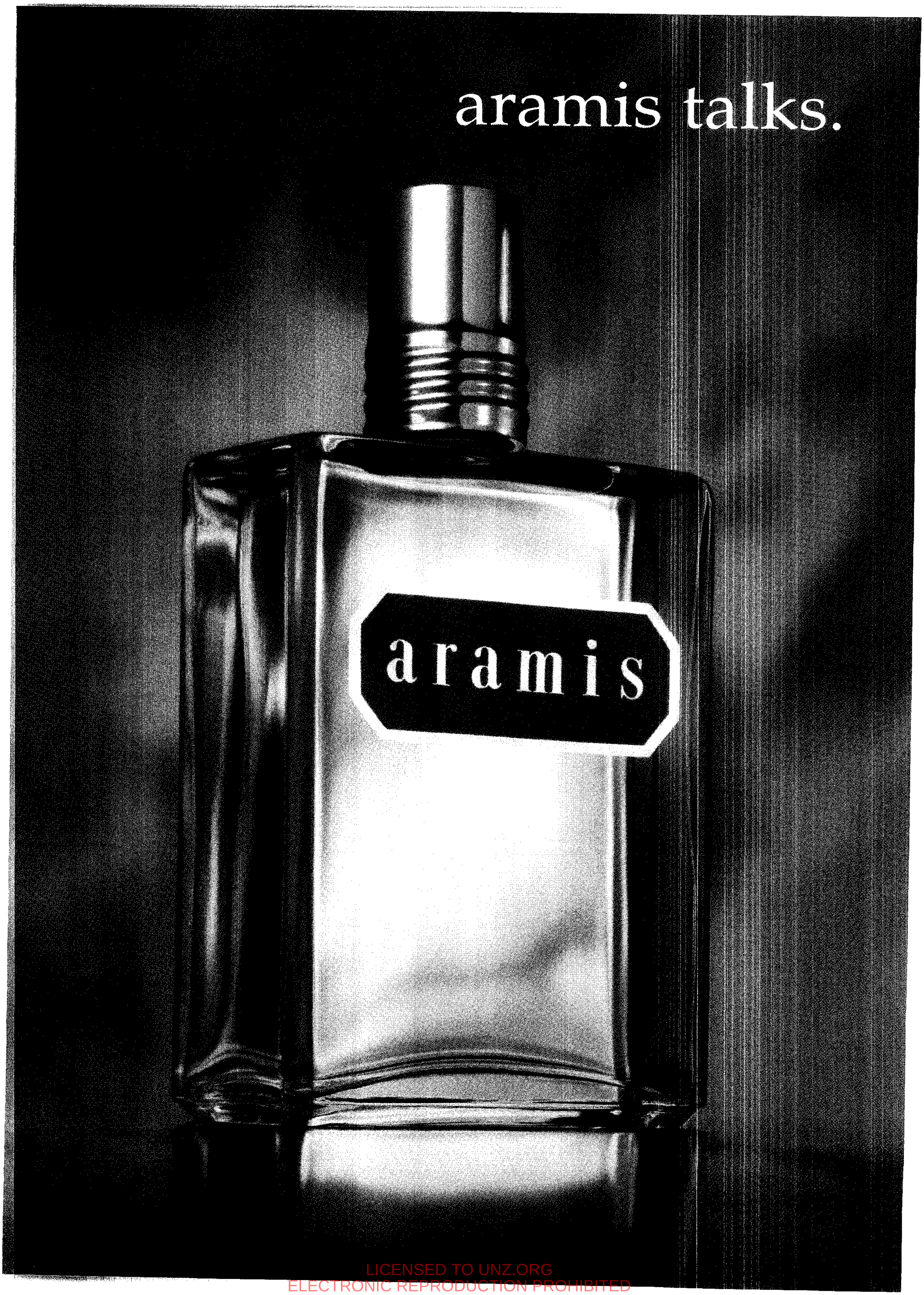
But Carter's Georgia advisers—among them Charles Kirbo and Bert Lance—were skeptical about Rabhan. The flying entrepreneur had a shaved head, wore a tattered blue jumpsuit to Atlanta fund-raisers, and, worst of all, had more black friends than white. When it began to look as though Carter might actually win, Kirbo recalled, "I told Jimmy to make a deal and get rid of that loon Rabhan." Carter, who hated to disown a loyal friend, promised to find out what favor Rabhan wanted and make a deal.

The opportunity came after Rabhan's high-altitude prank. "You've never asked me for anything," Carter declared. "If I become governor, what can I do for you?" Initially, Rabhan demurred, but then he said, "I want you to say in your inaugural address that the time to end racial discrimination in the South is upon us."

At first, Carter dismissed the request; after all, he would be sworn in on the capitol steps with Lester Maddox right beside him. But Rabhan held firm. "I got an old copy of an aerial map of Georgia that we were using," Carter said. "And I wrote on the back, 'I've travelled this state as much as any human being. I know the Georgia people. I say to you quite frankly that the time for racial discrimination is over.' I signed it, and I gave it to him." When Kirbo caught wind of the agreement, he was livid. "From my perspective, it was political suicide," he said.

In fact, the opposite proved true. Carter easily won the election. On January 12, 1971, he delivered a twelve-minute inaugural address that became known as "the Speech" for its audacious declaration: "I say to you quite frankly that the time for racial discrimination is over." The Speech brought Carter national attention, notably on the front page of the next day's *Times*. Editorial writers praised him as a champion of "the New South," and on May 31st *Time* put him on the cover, proclaiming in its pages, "New Day A'Coming in the South." Even the old-boy network paid attention: the *Time* article led David Rockefeller to place the forty-eight-year-old Georgia governor on the prestigious Trilateral Commission. There Carter developed the relationships with the political, corporate, and media élites that it takes to run for the Presidency—and win it.

—DOUGLAS BRINKLEY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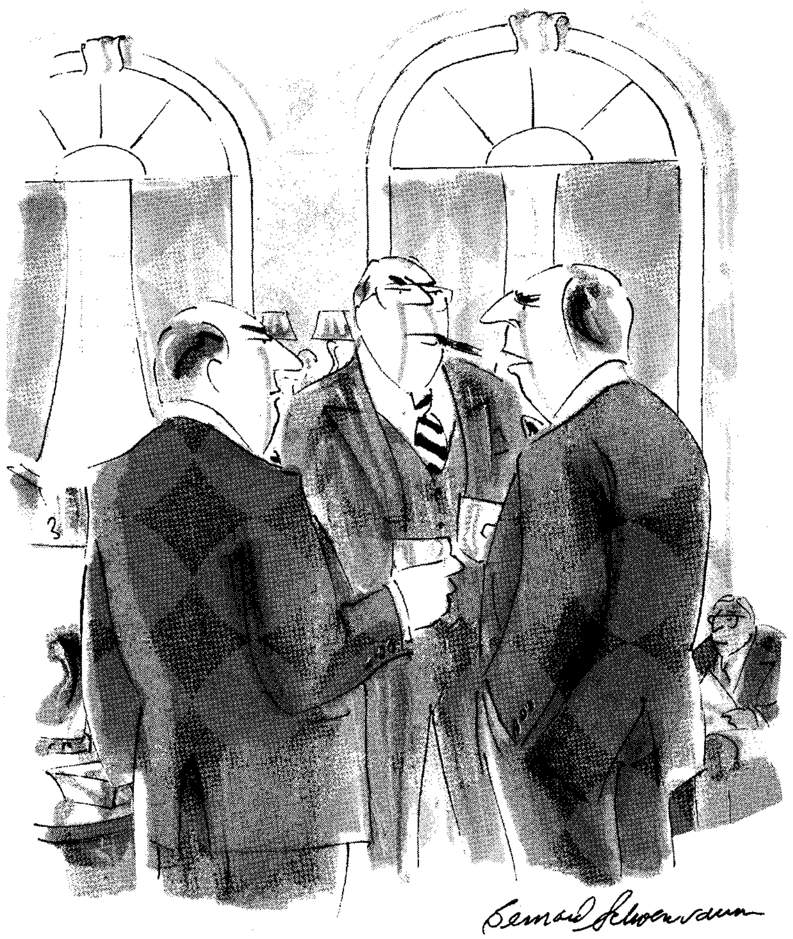


"On the other hand, it's Dole who feels our pain."

spitting on returning American soldiers, burning the flag, and "spelling America with a 'K' "—acts that served only to alienate the rank and file in the labor movement. The antiwar protesters "did more damage to the American left than they cared to realize," Rorty said, and as he looked up from his text, blinking, he was greeted with earnest tittering and, finally, a prolonged hiss that, if only for a moment, shook the evening's concerted attempt at warmth and fuzziness. Suddenly, solidarity did not seem so attractive—or, at least, the sacrifices necessary to bind together the working and learned classes seemed a little more considerable. But that was only for a moment. Afterward, the moderator rushed to the podium and promised that these things would be "talked about." By the end of the evening, as the students and the tenured professors marched out into the night, arm in metaphorical arm, all was forgiven.

• •

THE JIM CARREY OF POLITICS

THE Second Stage Theatre, on the Upper West Side, has carved out a niche: it has made itself the performing salon of left-leaning irony. A couple of years ago, the San Francisco-based monologuist Josh Kornbluth performed his droll memoir of a Communist boyhood, "Red Diaper Baby." ("My father, Paul Kornbluth, was a Communist," it began. "He believed there was going to be a violent Communist revolution in this country—and that I was going to lead it. Just so you can get a sense of the pressure.") More recently, another San Franciscan, Charlie Varon, came to town with his hilarious sendup of talk radio, "Rush Limbaugh in Night School."

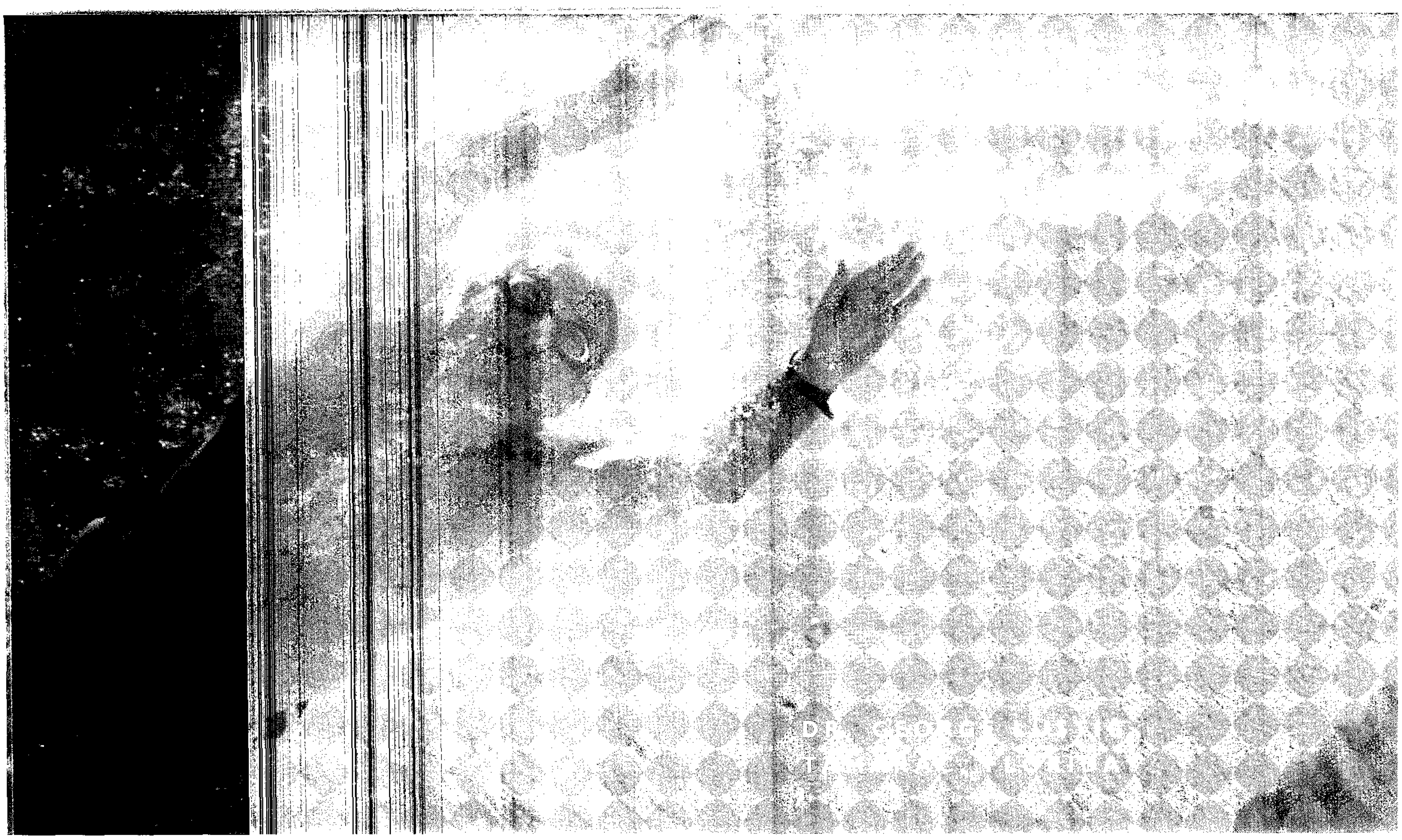
The latest visitor is Douglas McGrath, who performs a kind of dissection of an oleaginous and deeply weird right-wing Presidential candidate named Alister Farrell. Until now, McGrath has been an unknown face, though hardly an unknown. He wrote dozens of political-satire columns for *The New Republic*, co-wrote the screenplay for "Bullets Over Broadway," with Woody Allen, and wrote and directed the latest episode of Jane Austen's explosion as a celluloid hero, "Emma." As it happens, McGrath is a rubbery comedian, and were he to give up writing and directing and go straight for the really big money he might consider displacing the current emir of elasticity, Jim Carrey. At times, his expressions—the super-bugged eyes, the impossibly twisted smile—seem generated less by musculature than by computer technology.

In "Political Animal," which opened last week, McGrath evokes nearly every stock character in American political life: the industry spokesman, the candidate's peculiar relatives, the tobacco executive, the ripe young volunteer (Tiffany Bon Bon, in this instance), the sanctimonious liberal ("Hello, everybody. I'm a man, I'm white, and I'm sorry"). The high point of the comedy is when McGrath turns political speech into a high-speed song-and-tap-dance routine—about as apt a metaphor as we are likely to see this election season.

After a preview performance the other night at the McGinn/Cazale Theatre, the Second Stage's longtime home, McGrath walked down the street for a late supper at Ernie's. He said that where he grew up—in the conservative Texas oil town of Midland—reality was a far better teacher of political comedy than Mort Sahl. "I remember that when I was a kid there was a guy named Barefoot Sanders who ran for the Senate against John Tower, and his slogan was 'Texas Is Going Barefoot,' " McGrath said. Driving in the family car, McGrath and his father, Raynsford Searle McGrath, would thrill to the glorious conservative harangues of Paul Harvey. "Dad even hosted a dinner for Spiro Agnew," McGrath said. "We try to remind him of that once in a while."

"Political Animal" is a diversion from Hollywood, if only because politics offers so much evident material. "More often than not, political speech is about the complete denial of reality," McGrath said. "It's about putting a happy face on dark situations. So the possibilities for comedy are endless. Politicians are funny the way parents are funny: because they're not supposed to be." ♦

"Living Down Newt Gingrich," John Heilemann; "Labor Love-In," Malcolm Gladwell; "The Jim Carrey of Politics," David Remnick.



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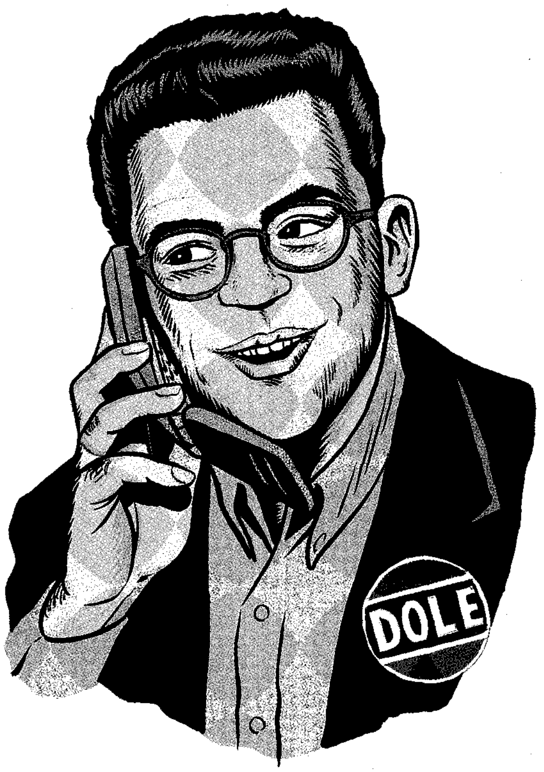
BY MICHAEL KELLY

ACROSS the street from the statehouse in Columbus, Ohio, stands a small, shabby office building, the ground floor of which is occupied by a Taco Bell. Eight stories up, the elevator opens into an office suite of nine rooms. The suite has a determinedly generic feel to it. The receptionist sits facing the elevator, on a gray metal chair like the other gray metal chairs in the office, at a gray metal desk like the other gray metal desks in the office. The rooms are painted in an off-white that is more off than it once was, and carpeted in a thick rug of a chocolate-brown. The space speaks of the sort of enterprise that might be obliged to leave town in a hurry—perhaps one of those brokerages that make their money from cold calls to people gullible enough to invest their savings with strangers on the phone. In fact, it is the space of a permanent floating political campaign. Republicans have been renting these rooms and others in the building as campaign headquarters for decades, one campaign following the next, moving in during the spring, covering the walls with posters of the candidate and maps of the counties and the wards, filling the storeroom with placards and palm cards, setting up the sparse work spaces for the manager and the deputy manager and the press secretary and the advance man and the coalitions coördinator and the volunteers, moving out in the fall. The 1990 gubernatorial campaign for George Voinovich operated out of this office, and the 1992 campaign for George Bush was run out of a similar set of offices on the fourteenth floor. Now the space is filled by the Ohio campaign for Bob Dole, which is run by a man named Douglas Preisse.



Douglas Preisse: *"If you do everything—absolutely everything—that you should, you'll win."*

MARK ZINGARELLI

Like most people who practice his craft, Doug Preisse (it is pronounced "price") got into the business of running campaigns more or less by accident. He was born in Akron, the youngest of three children. His parents were both teachers, and his father was later a principal and a superintendent in the school system. On his father's side, the family came from the Appalachian hills of West Virginia, and on his mother's side from Albania. Both of his grandfathers ended up in Akron by the nineteen-twenties, working for the rubber factories. The family Preisse grew up in was conservative in a fundamental sense—immigrant values, factory-worker values. "My father was always a very practical guy who believed in self-reliance," Preisse said. "His philosophy was that you worked very hard in this life, and you did not expect to get much out of it except

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what you could earn." So when Preisse went off to Ohio State University, he was settled as a conservative, but he was not much of an ideologue, and he was not particularly planning on a political career. "One afternoon, I saw a flyer at the Student Union advertising the Republican Club, and I thought I would go. Well, it turned out there were only about a half a dozen members of the Republican Club at O.S.U., and a month later I was the president." Thirteen years later, Preisse still lacks a college degree, and he still isn't entirely sure what he intends to do with his life, and he has yet to get married, and somewhere along the way he has become a professional runner of campaigns. He holds the title of director of constituent affairs in Governor Voinovich's office, but he's on leave, and running campaigns is what he really does. The Dole Ohio campaign is his ninth or tenth campaign, and the fifth one he has managed.

He is now thirty-four years old, which is approaching too old in his line of work. (Bill Clinton was twenty-six when he co-managed the Texas for McGovern campaign in 1972.) But Preisse wears the years well. Campaign field work, with its long hours and fast food, tends to put weight on people, and most of the professionals over the age of thirty are at least a little bit fat. Preisse is still reasonably fit. He is one of those men who are always doing small physical things to burn off energy—drumming his fingers on the gray metal desk, snapping them, whistling, stretching. Once, as I was sitting on the sofa in his office, watching him standing and talking on the telephone, he suddenly began doing deep knee bends, bobbing up and down as he spoke. He did a dozen of them and then an equal number of standing pushups off his desk, talking all the while.

Energy is the essential quality in a campaign manager. Running a campaign combines both the exhausting quality of novelty and the tedium of familiarity—both one damned thing after another and the same damned thing over and over again. Most of the tasks are small and not in themselves very interesting, and they are the same tasks that had to be performed the day before, and last week, and in the last campaign—except that today's set of circumstances and today's cast of characters are not the same as yesterday's. Preisse is very good at coping with this. He has a system, which is that every time he talks to someone—in his office or on the phone—he makes a note about what needs to be done about the situation under discussion, writing with a pencil on a white legal pad. He tends to write only one note on a page, in big, black block letters, which he underlines or boxes. Then he tears the page off and folds it neatly in half and hands it to someone to deal with, or makes a telephone call to deal with it himself. When he has handed off the note, or finished the phone call, he sometimes celebrates by flicking his pencil up in the air so that it spins over and over. The trick is to make the pencil travel straight up and straight down, so that it falls back into the same hand that flicked it, which looks very neat when it works. It works about half the time.

It is a truism of modern politics that the people who matter in a national election are all, in one way or another, packagers (pollsters and admen and spinners and strategists)—the sort of people who produced the national conventions of 1996. This isn't really so. What you actually need to get elected President is someone like Doug Preisse. The question of who gets to be President is decided in places like Ohio. No Republican has ever been elected President without winning Ohio, and the loss of the Solid South means the state is also vital for any Democratic nominee. And it is impossible to win Ohio by mere media manipulation from afar; the state's vote is too evenly divided between the Democrats, in the heavily populated industrial north and east, and the Republican rest of the state. To win Ohio, a Republican candidate like Bob Dole must hold the margin of victory in the Democratic stronghold of Cuyahoga County to one hundred thousand votes. If he does, the Republican vote in the rest of the state will overcome Cleveland, to give him a tight win in the end. In other words, to win Ohio (and the Presidency) a candidate has to run the sort of campaign that isn't supposed to happen anymore in national races: a campaign of transactional, every-vote-counts politics—retail politics.

In 1992, Preisse ran Ohio for Bush, and lost by just under two percentage points. Now, sitting again above the Taco Bell, with Dole lagging in the state by ten or twelve points, he obsesses the details, trying to figure every angle he can to move a vote here, suppress a vote there. In the corner of the office sit boxes of big fake greenbacks, with Dole's face on them and the number 1,609 in the corners. "These are great," Preisse says. "See, one thousand six hundred and nine dollars is the amount of money the average Ohio family will get under the Dole-Kemp tax cut. We've got a quarter-million of these printed up, and we'll have them out around the state by the fifteenth of October." Thomas Ratcliff, the campaign's special-interest coördinator, comes in to report on his efforts to encourage local lodges of the Fraternal Order of Police to break away from their national organization and endorse Dole. The lodge in Hamilton, near Cincinnati, is promising an endorsement tomorrow night. This small news is greeted with great enthusiasm. The campaign's press secretary, Jim Lynch, drops by with the latest intelligence on when Bill Clinton and Al Gore are coming to the state; arrangements will have to be made to "bracket" them with "truth squads" and volunteers dressed up in costumes to attract the attention of the press. "There are the Gore trees," the press secretary says. "They're very good." The Gore trees are volunteers dressed up as trees; the idea is to remind voters that Al Gore is a tree-hugger. "Or, what about the empty cops?" Thomas Ratcliff says. "We used them in Cincinnati and it was great. We can get some more of them." The empty cops are stuffed police uniforms, mounted on the sidewalk. They are meant to demonstrate the hollowness of Clinton's boast that he has put a hundred thousand police officers on the street.

And there is much more to do: a Dole bus tour to be planned for next week through the farm country in southern and western Ohio, an Elizabeth Dole luncheon in Cincinnati, Presidential-debate-watching parties in all the major media markets. It is all detail work. Everything has a hundred moving parts; everything has to be thought of from ten different angles. At a staff planning meeting for the Dole bus tour, suggestions for stops are thrown out. How about Lancaster? Nice town, pretty. "Wait a minute, didn't Sherman come from Lancaster?" someone says. "Well, that would really ener-

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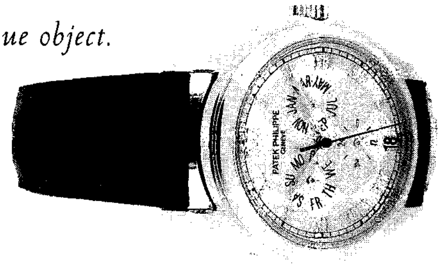
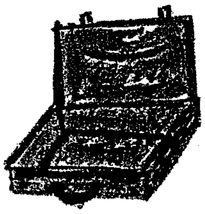


gize the Georgia vote," Preisse says, dryly. "With all respect to William Tecumseh Sherman, I think we'll pass on his homestead." He proposes a stop for a second day of the bus tour. "There's a suburb of Toledo called Whitehouse. How about that? Somebody want to check that out? Might be cute." A demurral from Eric Parks, the campaign's public-relations man, and an old hand with the media: "You go to a town called Whitehouse, and the automatic response you are going to get in the press is that that's about as close as Bob Dole is ever going to get to the White House."



On Tuesday, October 1st, Bob Dole made a routine speech at Lakeland Community College, in Kirtland, a town on the outskirts of Cleveland. An hour before Dole was due to arrive, Preisse was in the gymnasium where the speech was to be given, going over the details a last time. A stage had been built for the speakers, and a press platform had been put up for the television cameras. The sound system had been tested. Five big sacks of red, white, and blue balloons had been rigged up for the balloon drop. A backdrop of balloons had been arranged behind the podium, the balloons spelling out "DOLE" and "OHIO" in Scrabble fashion, so that the "O" in "DOLE" was also an "O" in "OHIO." Four compressed-air confetti guns had been set up and aimed to shoot their charges over the heads of the audience directly in line between the cameras and the candidate, and two Show Mist Pro Foggers had been positioned similarly. A giant chart, "The Dole-Kemp Tax Plan: What It Means to You," full of white numbers on a blue background, had been hung on the stage to Dole's left. Rope lines had been established throughout the gymnasium, dividing the floor space into various areas or, as event parlance has it, Areas: the Speaking Platform, and a small Buffer Area in front of it; the Camera Platform and Media Area; the Preferred Viewing Area (directly in camera line, for the most important and most photogenic guests); a Staff Viewing Area, to stage left; and a Disabled Viewing Area, to stage right. On the bleachers along the sides of the room, volunteers had arranged tricolor pompoms; big yellow circles printed with "15%" in black; and both professionally printed signs—"Trust Dole" or "Dole-Kemp"—and hand-lettered jobs meant to appear homemade: "Working People for Dole" and "Dole Served His Country" and "What Gender Gap?" The crowd that would fill the bleachers, consisting largely of invited guests, was already waiting outside. (The great increase in recent years in the practice of infiltrating opposition events with hecklers has nearly killed off honest rallies in national campaigns; virtually all such events are now restricted, at least in the areas within sight of the cameras and the candidate, to invited guests.)

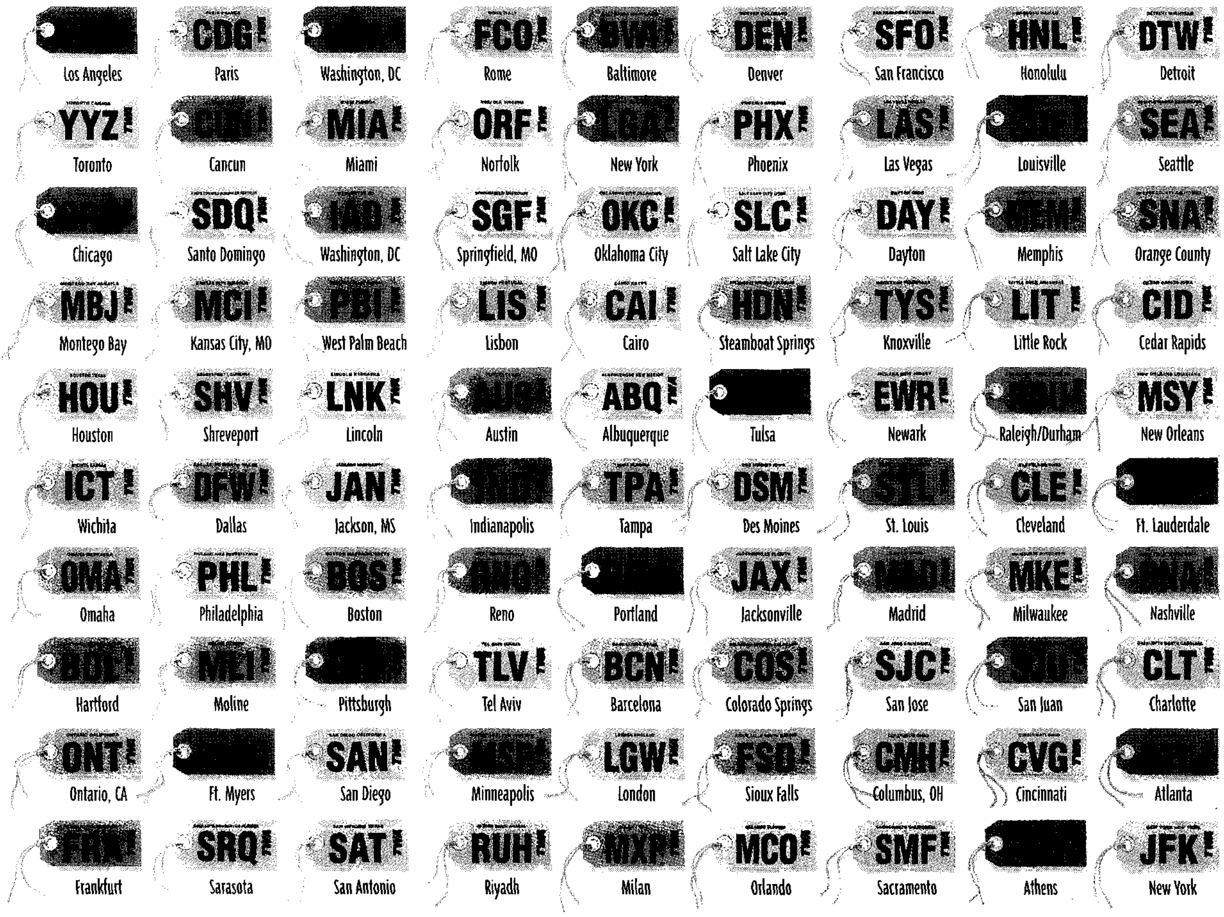
In addition to his general responsibility, Preisse was specifically responsible for what is called the pre-program—the lineup of local politicians and Party leaders who precede the candidate. The pre-program is one of politics' more ambivalent creations. To the national campaign staff, it is stunningly unimportant, except when it goes badly wrong. To the state staff, though, the pre-program matters very much, because it matters very much to the local politicians upon whose good will the state campaign greatly depends. "These are the people who are going to make it happen for us before Dole comes to Ohio and after he leaves," Preisse says. "Tomorrow, or next week, when I need fifty volunteers, these are the people I am going to call who are going to help me get them. And they are going to be a lot more inclined to help me if I have done right by them here today."

There were nine people in the pre-program lineup, with the local congressman, Steven C. LaTourette, serving as the master of ceremonies. Preisse and Beth Hansen, the Midwest regional director for the Dole campaign, ran the speakers through a brief drill and coaching session in the Holding Area, a white canvas structure just inside the door where Dole would enter the building. On one of the canvas walls were two maps. One map showed who would stand where on the stage. The other showed the layout of all the various Areas in the room and also traced the line of Dole's progress through the room: a convoluted squiggle that took him from the entrance onto the stage to greet the pre-program speakers lined up with their toes on their tape marks, then to the podium for his speech, then to the front rope line to meet and greet the crowd in the Preferred Viewing Area, then to the Disabled Viewing Area for more of the same, then to the exit door. "It's like when you got married," Hansen said to one nervous speaker. "Remember when the Trumpet Voluntary starts you just go? It's like that. When you hear Congressman LaTourette begin to introduce you, you just start walking slowly to the stage and mount the steps and walk straight to him. By the time you get to the podium, he'll be saying your name."

The pre-program went well enough. At one point, LaTourette, in an apparent effort to cheer up those in the room feeling depressed about Dole's poll figures, recalled his favorite movie, "Animal House," and did an impression of John Belushi rallying the despondent fraternity brothers to a last fight: "Was it over when Germany bombed Pearl Harbor? No! And it's not over now!" Dole took the stage at eleven-twenty-nine, to decent applause, and delivered a pretty good Clinton-bashing speech, competently. He worked the rope lines swiftly and well, and by twelve-twenty-two was out the door.

Later, it developed that a number of things had in fact gone wrong with the event. Two motorcycle police officers had crashed into each other as they tried to close a ramp for Dole's motorcade on the way to the college and had been injured. One of the balloon bags had failed to drop on time. An overeager volunteer had fired off the confetti guns two minutes too soon. One volunteer had got involved in a mildly physical altercation with a gate-crashing Clintonite heckler, who had complained to the police and the press. But none of these problems were serious. Indeed, as Preisse happily noted the next morning, the motorcycle accident had actually resulted in a gain—an extra article in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* mentioning Dole's flying visit to the injured cops in the hospital on his way out of town.

That evening, relaxing for a minute, Preisse reflected on the day. "I know it seems silly, a lot of this," he said. "But you remember Robert Caro's book on L.B.J., remember what he said Johnson's philosophy was? If you do everything—absolutely everything—that you should, you'll win. I figure if I do all of this, every single thing, maybe I'll move one per cent, two per cent of the vote. Well, you remember—two per cent is what we lost by last time." ♦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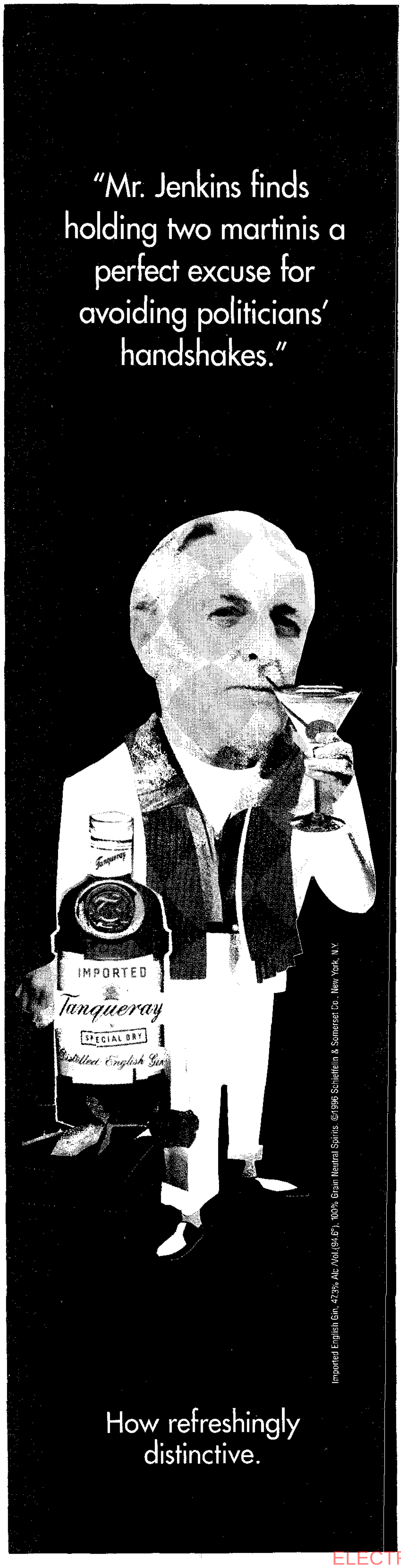
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ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

THE ROAD TO SARAJEVO

The author remembers the accident that killed three colleagues during the effort to bring peace to Bosnia.

BY RICHARD HOLBROOKE

THE first time I saw Sarajevo, I placed my feet for a moment in the footprints that had been pressed into the concrete sidewalk on the spot where Gavrilo Princip stood when he fired the bullets that killed Archduke Franz Ferdinand and triggered the First World War. This was in the summer of 1960. I was hitchhiking across Yugoslavia with a friend, and I was nineteen years old. A guide appeared, and offered to translate the words engraved in Serbian on the wall above the footprints. I can still recall my astonishment: it was my first encounter with the different meanings that history can hold for different people. "Here, in this historic place," the plaque read, "Gavrilo Princip was the initiator of liberty . . . the 28th of June, 1914."

"Initiator of liberty"? What was this all about? How could anyone regard the assassination as heroic? Every high-school student knew that the Archduke's murder had started Europe's slide into World Wars, Communism, and Fascism.

That first brush with extreme nationalism came back to me vividly when Yugoslavia fell apart, in the early nineteen-nineties. By the time I saw Sarajevo again, thirty-two years later, Bosnia-Herzegovina had become the site of a vast failure on the part of the Western powers to stop the destruction of the Muslim people by their Serb neighbors in a vicious war that had given the language an appalling new phrase: "ethnic cleansing."

In 1992, with Bosnia on the brink of collapse, I made two trips to the region as a private citizen for the International Rescue Committee. On the second trip, in December, I returned to Sarajevo, travelling across Serb lines in a Danish armored personnel carrier. No longer a dazzling mixture of Muslim, Catholic, and Eastern Orthodox cultures, the city had turned into a desperate hellhole, with no heat and little water—a place where children gathered twigs for firewood and people piled shattered buses into makeshift barriers against the constant threat of snipers.

Sarajevo was then under heavy mortar and artillery attack by the Serbs, and the trip was far more dangerous than I had realized when I started out. After finally reaching the city, I ran into an old friend—John F. Burns, of the New York *Times*—and asked if we could visit Princip's footprints in the pavement. Impossible, he said with a laugh: they had been destroyed by the Bosnian Muslims and Croats. But the spirit of the fanatical Serbian nationalism that had lain behind those footprints and the inscription on the wall was still alive—murderously so.

I had spent a year as Ambassador to Germany when, in the summer of 1994, President Clinton and Secretary of State Warren Christopher asked me to return to Washington to become Assistant Secretary of State for European and Canadian Affairs. Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott made it clear that difficulties with our situation in Bosnia had led to the reassignment.

The first ten months that I spent in Washington were filled with more disasters on the Bosnia front. The Bosnian Serbs continued to ignore international mediation efforts and to defy the United Nations. In the summer of 1995, the worst war crimes committed in Europe since the Holocaust—the massacre of thousands of people whom the Serbs had rounded up—took place at two Muslim enclaves in eastern Bosnia that had been designated U.N. "safe areas," Srebrenica and Zepa, while U.N. peacekeepers stood by helplessly.

With Bosnia apparently poised for the last act of a terrible drama, President Clinton instructed his foreign-policy team to make a concerted peace initiative. By the end of August, military action—in the form of massive NATO air strikes—would finally be added to the mixture, greatly aiding the diplomatic efforts. But at the beginning of the month, when Anthony Lake, the National Security Adviser, and Peter Tarnoff, the Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, launched the American diplomatic offensive with a trip to the major European capitals the Administration had not yet made airpower part of its strategy.

I met Lake at the American Embassy in London on August 14th for what the bureaucrats call a "handoff" meeting: he would brief me on his talks with our allies and the Russians, and I would proceed to the Balkans with a small interagency team to begin negotiations that we hoped would end the war.

Our meeting was quietly emotional. Tony Lake and I had entered the foreign service together in 1962, had served in Vietnam and Washington in five Administrations, and had been linked through close personal and professional ties ever since. "This is the kind of thing we dreamed of doing together in Vietnam," Tony began, in a low, intense voice. We discussed the American peace initiative, which was not a detailed plan but, rather, a starting point for our negotiating efforts. Then Tony headed back to Washington, and our team boarded a small military jet for the Balkans.

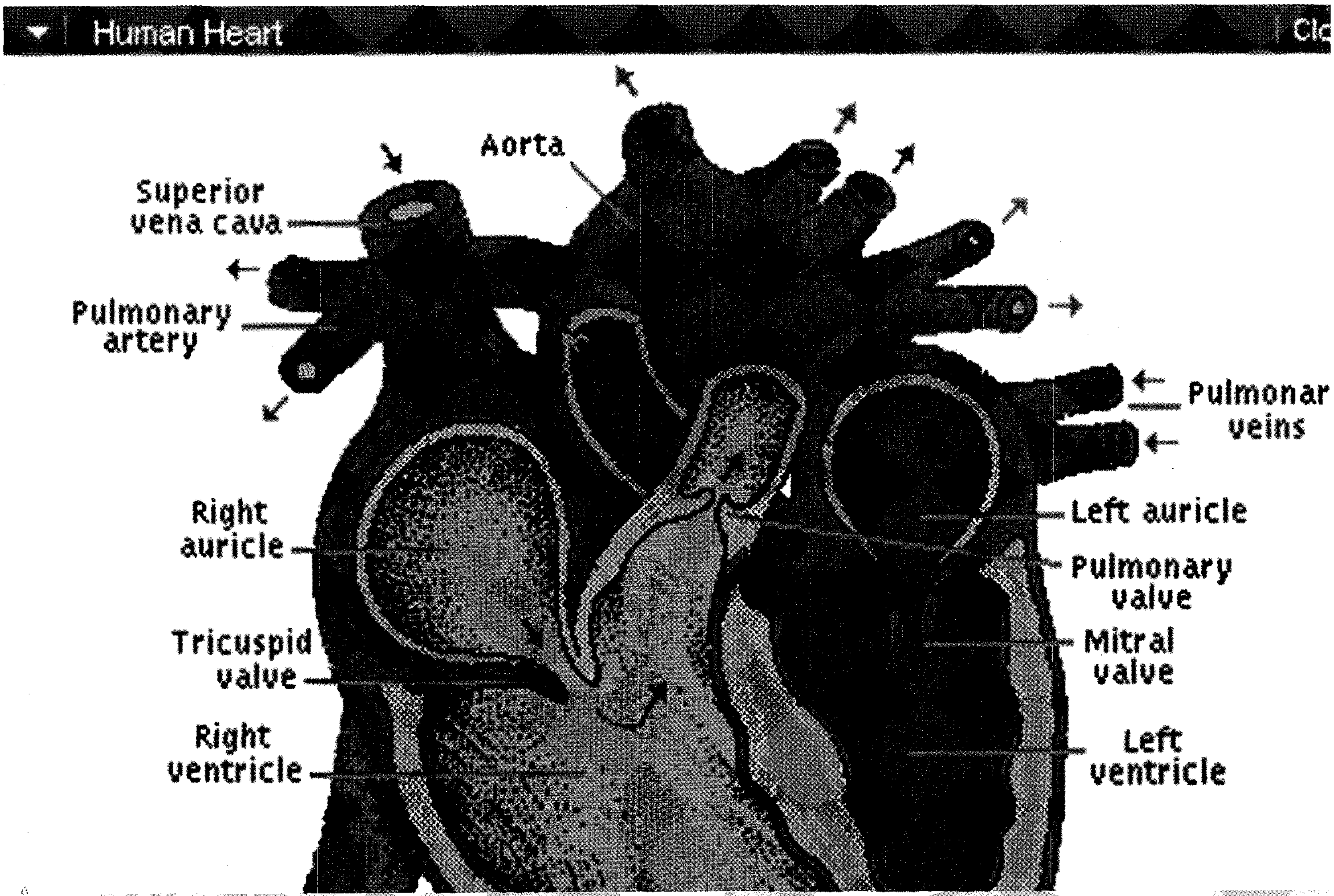
THE Mt. Igman route to Sarajevo, a narrow, winding dirt track originally created for farmers and shepherds, had often been described as the most dangerous road in Europe. Since the Sarajevo airport had been closed by Serb artillery, the Igman road was the only way to reach Bosnia's capital without crossing Serb checkpoints, where hostages had been taken and people killed. Still, parts of the route lay directly in the line of fire of Serb machine gunners, who often shot at vehicles as a reminder that, if they wanted to, they could cut Sarajevo off entirely from the outside world. The roadbed itself had little foundation and no reinforcement along the sides; in several places it was virtually impossible for two vehicles to pass each other. All in all, it was a road to avoid. But our negotiating team had to get to Sarajevo, because we wanted to begin our mission by consulting with the main victims of the war. Our plan was to go by helicopter from the Croatian coastal city of Split to a U.N. landing zone high on Mt. Igman, then transfer to armored vehicles for the two-hour drive to Sarajevo.

On August 15th, we made our first attempt to reach Sarajevo. Because we were unable to find a break in the heavy clouds over the landing site, our helicopter circled for two extremely unpleasant hours before returning us, frustrated and tired, to Split. With darkness approaching, we decided to fly to Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, where, the following day, we met with the Croatian President, Franjo Tudjman. Then, after a few hours, we flew on to Belgrade for talks with the most important protagonist in this phase of the drama, Slobodan Milosevic, the President of Serbia. This was to be my first encounter with the man who, in my view, bore the heaviest responsibility for the war in Bosnia, and I approached it nervously. Over the past months, my deputy, Robert C. Frasure, who carried the additional title of the President's special envoy for Bosnia, had spent many hours with Milosevic in unproductive talks.

Our first meeting with the Serbian leader, on August 17th, lasted five hours and produced no indication that he had changed any of his positions. Milosevic was smart, tricky, and evasive; we thought he was playing games—verbal jousting devoid of serious content. I felt dissatisfied with the exchange, and thought that perhaps I had not been blunt enough, so I asked for another meeting. Early the next morning, Frasure, Nelson Drew of

Holbrooke, with a French honor guard, accompanies the casket of one of the American diplomats. "In Vietnam, I had been exposed to combat and seen its consequences, but this was much closer—more personal."

CHRIS HELGREN/REUTERS/ARCHIVE PHOTOS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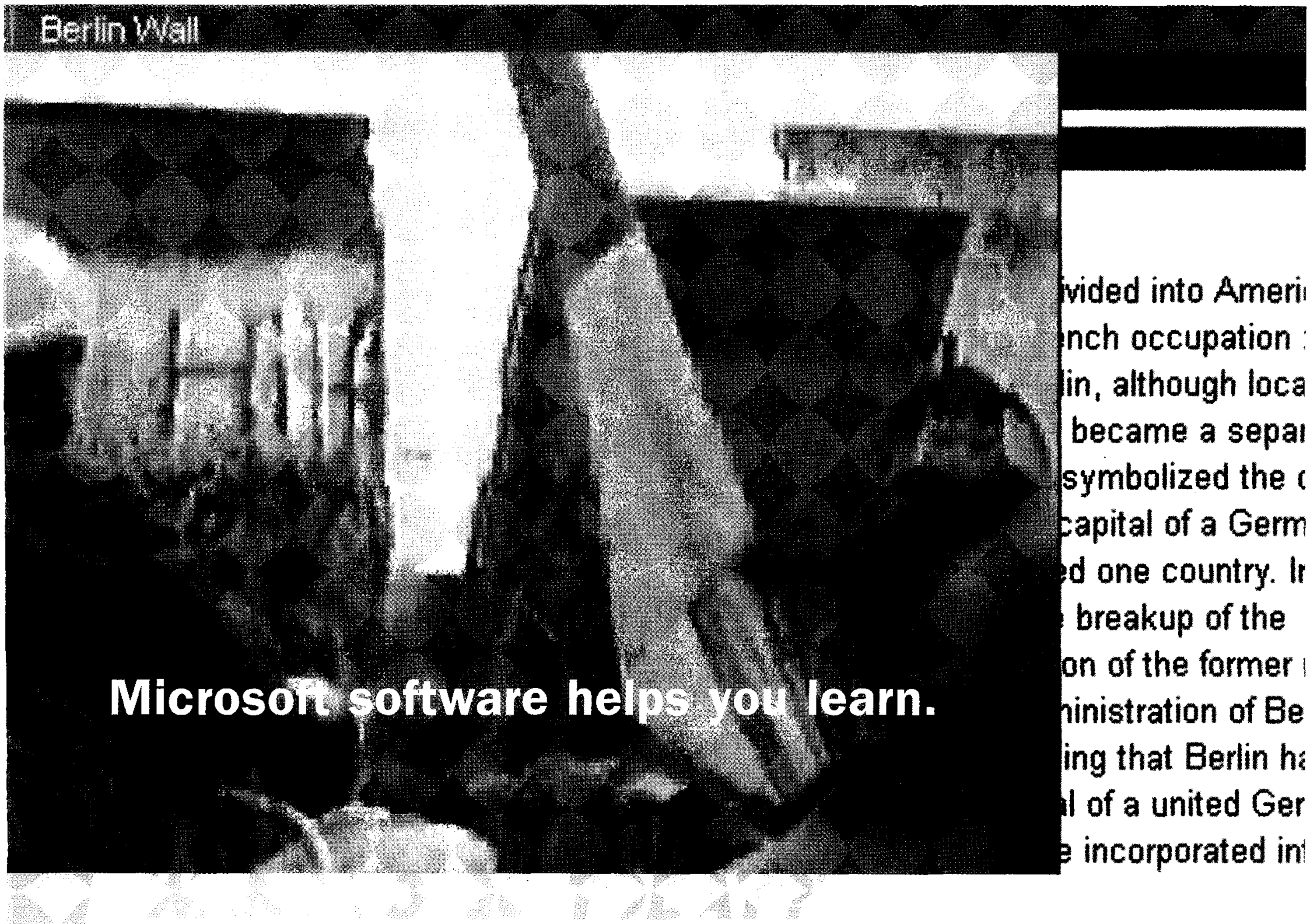
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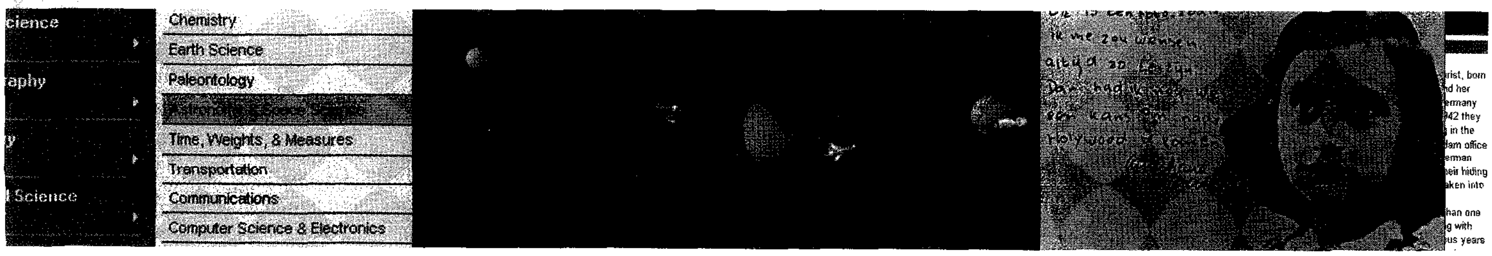
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the National Security Council staff, and I were ushered for a second time into the spacious meeting room in the Presidential Palace in Belgrade. As was true of so many official chambers in Communist and former Communist countries, from Beijing to Bratislava, the architects had tried to make up for a lack of charm with drab gigantism. Milosevic seated himself in an armchair a few feet from my place at the end of the sofa, where Bob and Nelson also sat. His Foreign Minister, Milan Milutinovic, faced us from another soft chair, and Goran Milinovic, Milosevic's loyal aide, sat nearby, taking notes. It was a room whose every detail I came to know well during the next seven months.

Milosevic had a penetrating gaze. His small eyes were highly focussed, and his face, which was oddly cherubic, was not without a sort of brutal charm. He was a forceful presence with a quick and retentive mind. Because of his success in stirring up Serb fanaticism, he was widely regarded as an extreme nationalist, but in fact he had no deep commitment to nationalism: he had merely exploited it to gain power. This was in sharp distinction to the motives of his sometime allies—the genuinely racist Bosnian Serb leaders, who rained mortar and artillery rounds down upon Sarajevo. Still, we held Milosevic accountable for the aggression. As the most powerful Serb in the former Yugoslavia, he had used his authority to promote war against the Croats and the Muslims in the hope of uniting the Serbs in all parts of the region under a single flag.

That morning, it was obvious that nothing had changed. Thinking of the difficulties we faced in trying to reach Sarajevo, I said, "Mr. President, it's demeaning to the United States that our peace mission, sent by our President, must travel to Sarajevo over the most dangerous road in Europe. You claim to want peace. Will you arrange for us to fly directly to Sarajevo without any interference from the Bosnian Serbs?"

In his excellent English, Milosevic said, "You're right. I'll try," and turned to his aide. When Milinovic had left the room, Milosevic said, "I'm sending a message to General Mladic." We noted with fascination this evidence of a direct link between Milosevic and Ratko Mladic, the commander of the Bosnian Serb forces in Bosnia, whom the International War Crimes Tribunal had indicted as a war criminal. Twenty minutes later, Milinovic returned and handed a note to his boss. "Mladic says the airport is too dangerous," Milosevic said. "He cannot guarantee that you won't be shot down by Muslims or Croats."

I smiled at this transparent sophistry. Everyone knew, I said, that the only danger at the Sarajevo airport came from the Serb gunners who ringed the hills around it.

But Milosevic was not finished. "Mladic says you can fly to Kiseljak and go in by road from there," he added. "You will be completely safe."

I knew that route. It was safer only in terms of terrain. But it ran through Bosnian Serb territory—what Bob Frasure called "Indian country." That was the road I had travelled in 1992, huddled in the forward seat of the Danish armored personnel carrier (A.P.C.) and trying to appear inconspicuous under a U.N. helmet. We had been stopped half a dozen times by Serbs, who had waved machine guns around while checking our I.D. cards. Two weeks later, on that very road, the Serbs had killed a Bosnian Muslim deputy prime minister during a search of a French A.P.C.

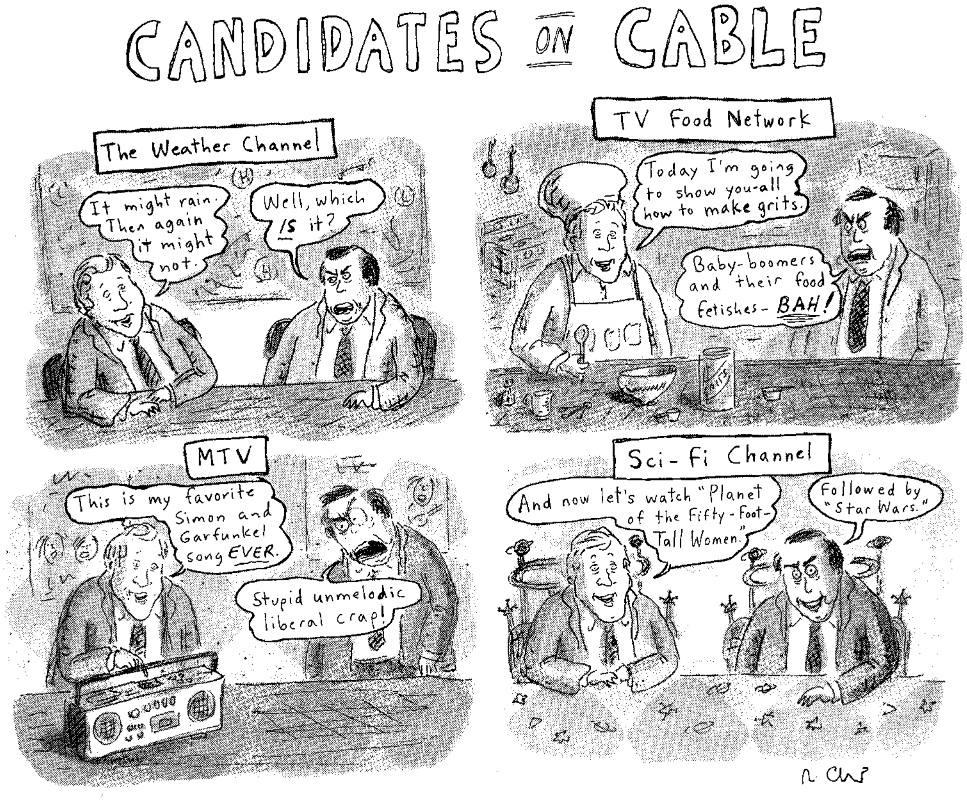
I told Milosevic this story and said, "We can use that road only if you give us your personal guarantee that we won't be stopped by any Bosnian Serbs."

"I can't guarantee that," Milosevic said, "but I'll ask Mladic."

"That's out of the question, Mr. President," I said. "We will never accept any guarantees from Mladic."

Bob Frasure leaned over to me and whispered, "We have no choice except Igman."

That afternoon, we flew to Split. On the bus to the hotel, Frasure and Joseph Kruzel, a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, improvised a reggae-rap song. Its refrain went something like "Goin' up Mt. Igman, mon, tryin' to make da peace, mon." It wasn't much to listen to, they admitted, as they danced in the aisle.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Sci-Fi Channel
And now let's watch "Planet of the Fifty-Foot-Tall Women."
Followed by "Star Wars."
R. Chast

MY teammates were four men who represented different parts of the national-security bureaucracy. Each brought his own strength and style to the diplomatic effort. Bob Frasure, who had been the first American ambassador to Estonia, was a fifty-three-year-old, craggy, cynical professional diplomat who loved his work while grumbling about it continually. At the end of 1994, as the situation in Bosnia continued to deteriorate, Secretary of State Warren Christopher, who greatly admired Frasure's unusual combination of cool detachment and fierce loyalty, added to his responsibilities by naming him chief Bosnia negotiator. Bob had enormous energy as well as a keen strategic sense. His reports of negotiating with Milosevic over lengthy dinners of lamb and plum

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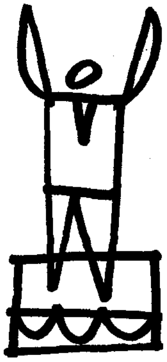
brandy were widely read for their conciseness and humor. He had a gift for metaphor: "We're trying to sit still on a rockslide," he would mutter—or, after things had changed slightly for the better, "the ledge we're clinging to just got a couple of inches wider." Bob's greatest joy was to retreat to his farm in the Shenandoah Valley. By the summer of 1995, he was visibly worn out, and we'd agreed that after this trip he would return to Washington to act as our primary backstop.

Joe Kruzel, fifty, had a steel-trap mind notable for combining theoretical and practical ability. He often wore his eyeglasses on the lower part of his nose and peered over them in a manner that evoked his academic background. He was equally proud of having spent his undergraduate days at the United States Air Force Academy and of having received a Ph.D. from Harvard. Like Frasure, Kruzel had a highly developed sense of irony and a biting wit, which found expression in word games. In Split, Joe stayed up well past midnight rewriting our presentation for Sarajevo. Reading his paper the next morning, I saw that he had slipped in a joke, perhaps to see if I was paying attention: "We will need a mini-Marshall Plan (you know Minnie Marshall—George's sister)."



Lieutenant General Wesley Clark, representing the Joint Chiefs of Staff, held a complicated position on our team. A West Pointer, a Rhodes Scholar from Arkansas, and a decorated Vietnam veteran, he had been one of the fastest-rising officers in the U.S. Army. He had a personal relationship—it was not clear how close—to another former Rhodes Scholar from Arkansas, who was now Commander-in-Chief. At fifty, with three stars on his shoulders, Clark was at a critical point in his career: either this assignment would lead him to a fourth star—every general's dream—or he would have to retire. Being part of a negotiating team was hazardous duty, because it could put him in career-endangering situations with senior officers. Clark's boyish demeanor and charm masked an extraordinary intensity. Great things were expected of him, and he expected them of himself. (In the end, he got his star.)

Samuel Nelson Drew, a forty-seven-year-old Air Force colonel who had recently joined the staff of the National Security Council, was a short, solid man with a serious air about him. Out of uniform, he had none of the aura of a military officer; at bottom, he was an impressive intellectual who happened to specialize in military intelligence. For the previous four years, at NATO headquarters, he had worked primarily on Bosnia, but this was his first trip to the region.

AUGUST 19, 1995. The helicopter taking us to Split had room for only six passengers. Counting my assistant, Rosemarie Pauli-Gikas, and General Clark's aide, Lieutenant Colonel Daniel Gerstein, we were seven, so Rosemarie offered her seat to Gerstein, saying she would wait for us to return to Split. We landed in a soccer field on Mt. Igman, where two vehicles were waiting for us. One was a French armored personnel carrier, a large, heavy vehicle, painted in U.N. white. The other was a United States Army Humvee, a relatively new replacement for the ancient and storied jeep.

General Clark said to me, over the roar of the helicopter, "Have you ever been in one of our new Humvees? You ought to see how much better it is than what you were used to in Vietnam." I told him that I was looking forward to the experience, then walked with Frasure, Kruzel, Drew, and Gerstein to the A.P.C. Kruzel and I speculated about what the attitude of the Pentagon and NATO would be toward American military involvement in Bosnia if such a thing became necessary. "They won't like it," he said, laughing. "It would disrupt their training schedule."

Waiting at the A.P.C. was an American who introduced himself as Pete Hargreaves. As a member of the security detail in our Embassy in Sarajevo, he would accompany my colleagues in the A.P.C. The back doors of the vehicle swung open, and Frasure, Kruzel, Gerstein, Drew, and Hargreaves climbed in. "Think hard about how we make the presentation," I said to Frasure. He gave a sardonic laugh, and the doors closed.

The Humvee was heavily armored, and the windows, which did not open, were almost two inches thick. Even so, Wes Clark insisted we buckle our seat belts and put on flak jackets and helmets. As it turned out, our colleagues in the A.P.C. did not take the same precautions.

The first section of the road wound through seemingly peaceful woods. We passed French construction units and tanks from a new and powerful Rapid Reaction Force, which President Jacques Chirac had created to show the Serbs that at least one European nation would not be pushed around. After a while, we reached the steep incline above Sarajevo. The road hugged the mountainside, presenting a nearly vertical wall on our left and a sharp drop on our right. We were approaching an area in which we would be directly exposed to Serb machine gunners, but in such a well-armored car I felt safe. It was nine-thirty in the morning.

As we rounded a corner, an approaching French convoy pulled over against the inside wall to let us by. We started to pass it on the outside, moving slowly but steadily. As we passed the last vehicle, a soldier began yelling. I got out, and understood him to be saying that a vehicle behind us had gone off the road. Behind us was—nothing.

Wes Clark and I ran back about fifty yards to a place where the edge of the road seemed to have broken off. Below, we saw nothing except some fallen trees. We could hear voices in the woods, and we realized that somewhere down there lay the A.P.C., with our colleagues. In our heavy flak jackets and helmets, we jumped the road edge and started down the steep incline. Suddenly, two enormous explosions went off below us, and then small-arms fire broke out. We heard soldiers yelling in French, "Mines! Get back on the road!" We scrambled back, pulling ourselves up by tree roots, and regrouped.

As we stood there, a French corporal came up and explained that the A.P.C. was farther down the mountain than we'd imagined. It had fallen below the next turn in the road. At that moment, we realized just how horrible the situation was.

Wes and I started running. We rounded the hairpin turn and continued for a kilometre. Finally, we reached a group of French vehicles, clustered at the spot where the A.P.C. had *bounced over* the road and tumbled down the mountain. The trees had been flattened as if a plow had levelled them. The French soldiers were trying to deal with the situation. In addition to the five Americans, three of their own men were missing.

It started to rain. The shooting died down. We established a scratchy radio contact with the Embassy in Sarajevo, but because we did not know exactly what had happened I asked Sarajevo not to report anything to Washington just yet. It was

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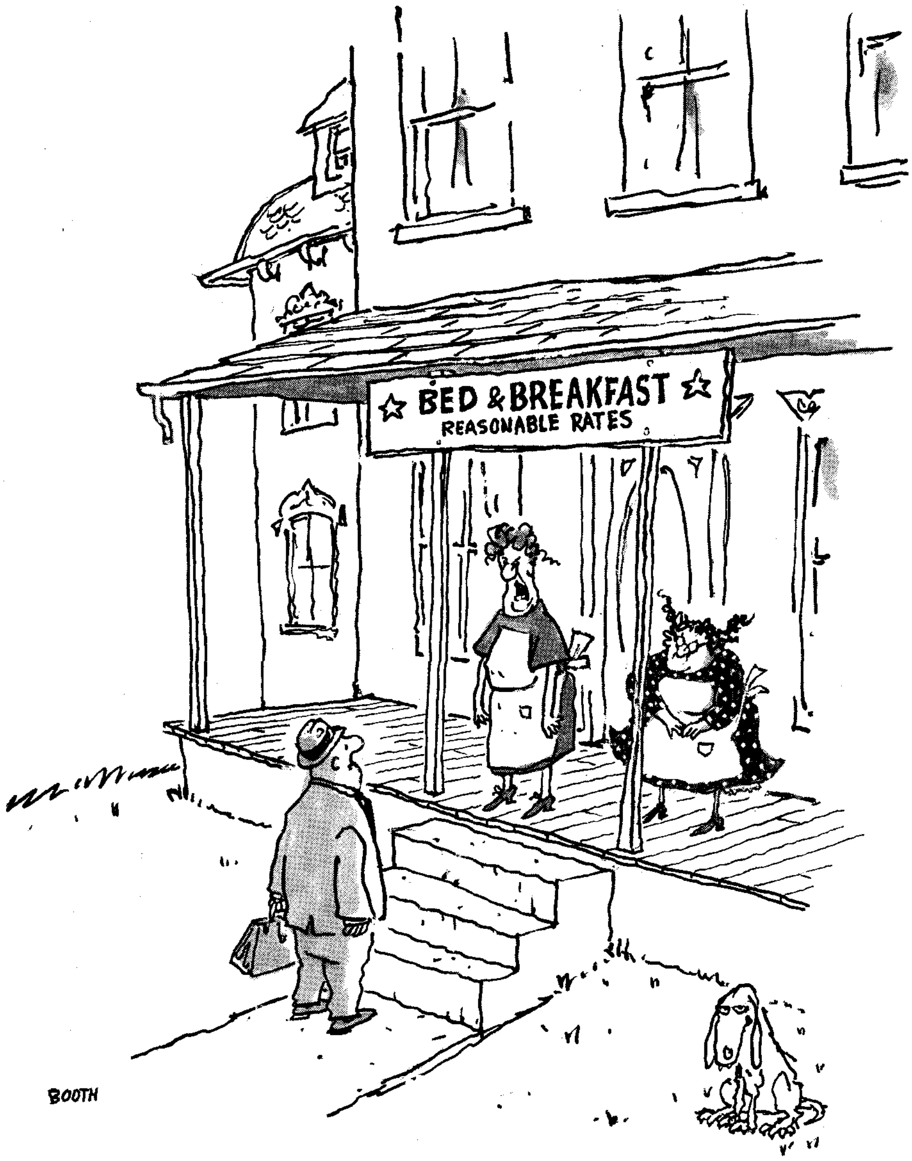

"If you are a Democrat, Mrs. Hooper-Smith does the Macarena during your pancakes."

only about four in the morning there, and at that hour there was nothing Washington could do.

I stayed on the road to help the French while Wes searched for our comrades. We anchored a rope around a tree stump so he could descend. After a while, I heard Wes yelling through his walkie-talkie that he needed a fire extinguisher. I looked around, in vain.

A French jeep arrived, and I spotted a figure sitting upright in the back seat. Covered in blood and bandages, he was unrecognizable. I asked him who he was. "Hargreaves," he replied. "Your security officer, sir." He said that he wanted to lie down. Two French soldiers helped me ease Hargreaves out of the jeep and onto a cot by the roadside. I got down on my knees and asked him what had happened.

He was having difficulty speaking, but said he should have saved people; it was his fault; he thought his back was broken. "Frasure!" I almost shouted. "Where is Ambassador Frasure?"

"He's dead."

In my years as a civilian in Vietnam, I had been exposed to combat and seen its consequences, but this was much closer—much more personal.

"Joe Kruzel," I said. "What about Kruzel?"

"Don't know. Think he made it."

"Nelson Drew?"

"Gone. Didn't make it." Hargreaves started to cry. "I tried . . ."

"It's not your fault," I said. "There was nothing you could have done." Even though he was badly injured and in shock, his first thoughts—typical of a highly responsible security officer—were of those in his charge.

Wes Clark struggled up the hillside. "It's the worst thing you've ever seen down there," he said. The A.P.C. had caught fire after the live ammunition it was carrying exploded. Bosnian soldiers had reached the scene first, and had taken two of the Americans, tentatively identified as Kruzel and Gerstein, to the nearest field hospital. Clark had seen the remains of two other men inside the A.P.C. He was all but certain that they were Bob Frasure and Nelson Drew.

Another jeep arrived, and out of it stepped a tall, thin French officer. This was General Jean-René Bachelet, the French commander of U.N. forces in Sarajevo. Behind him were three American security officers from our Embassy in Sarajevo. They reported that journalists had picked up our frantic radio communications and had begun to broadcast a garbled version of the accident around the world. Leaving Clark in charge, I climbed into Bachelet's jeep and headed for Sarajevo.

THE American Embassy in Sarajevo occupied a villa next to the United Nations military headquarters. The American in charge, a young United States Information Agency officer named John Menzies, who was then awaiting final Senate confirmation to become the Ambassador to Bosnia, had already alerted Washington to the tragedy. Now, shortly after 2 P.M. in Sarajevo, the State Department Operations Center set up a conference call with Tony Lake; his deputy, Sandy Berger; Strobe Talbott; and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General John Shalikashvili. I reported that Bob Frasure and Nelson Drew had apparently died inside the A.P.C., and that Joe Kruzel had survived the crash and was on his way to a field hospital. We did not know where Colonel Gerstein was.

The response was grim.

I suggested that the people designated to tell the news to Mrs. Frasure and Mrs. Drew not confirm their husbands' deaths yet but prepare them for the worst. Finally, I asked that someone call my wife, Kati, whom I had married three months earlier, and tell her the news, so that she would not hear an inaccurate report when she woke up.

Wes Clark arrived from the site of the accident. We called General Shalikashvili

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again to discuss arrangements for bringing the dead and the injured home. As I was talking to him, Menzies came into the room. "Kruzel is dead," he said. "Didn't make it to the hospital. Massive head injuries."

The thought of Joe—sardonic, wise Joe—dying on the way to the field hospital was too much. After asking Shalikashvili to tell the others in Washington, I turned the telephone over to Clark.

A short time later, President Clinton called—from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where he was taking a three-week-long vacation. I did not realize then that it was his forty-ninth birthday. With Strobe Talbott listening in, the President spoke of how terrible the loss was, both personally and for the nation. Then he asked what effect I thought the tragedy would have on the negotiations, and whether we would be able to continue the mission. I said that after bringing our colleagues home we would be ready to resume.

"That's fine," the President said. "Come home as soon as you can, but make it clear that our commitment to the peace effort will continue."

Talking to the press from Jackson Hole a few minutes later, he said of the dead diplomats that they would have wanted to "press ahead, and that is what we intend to do."

We found Gerstein alive, in a makeshift French hospital in a basement in Sarajevo, banged up but otherwise in surprisingly good shape. He told us how the A.P.C. had started to slide over the edge; how no one had had time to speak; how he had grabbed a metal pole above his head and pressed his face hard against the outer walls of the vehicle as it tumbled—he estimated twenty or thirty times—four hundred metres down the mountain; how it had come to a stop, and how he had climbed out through the hatch on top; then, hearing Pete Hargreaves moaning, he had gone back in to help Pete out.

He told us that he and Hargreaves had pulled Kruzel out through the hatch as the ammunition started to go off, just before the A.P.C. exploded. (These were the explosions that the French had mistaken for mines.)

We wanted to leave Sarajevo that evening, but the only way to do so was by air. This time, with dark irony, the permission to use the airfield which had been denied by the Bosnian Serbs—the very authorization that would have prevented the accident—materialized, having been arranged swiftly by the French with Mladic.

By six o'clock, the light had begun to fade and the weather was deteriorating. At the airfield, we stood at attention in a light drizzle while a French honor guard escorted three unvarnished wooden coffins, each one draped in an American flag, onto a helicopter. The rain intensified, and the clouds seemed to descend upon us, obscuring the mountains that ringed the airfield. I turned to Wes Clark and said, "We've had enough for one day. Let's try again tomorrow." That night we slept, fitfully, on Army cots in the Ambassador's office, in a city still under siege.

The following morning, Sunday, August 20th, we set out once again by convoy for the airport. The coffins were placed on a French helicopter and the injured men were carried on stretchers to a British helicopter. Suddenly—irrationally—I began to feel scared. As I started toward the British chopper, Clark stopped me. "We should go with the coffins all the way," he said. He was right, of course,

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and we boarded the French chopper. With my knees pressed against one of the coffins, I tried to read a John le Carré novel, "The Secret Pilgrim," but couldn't focus on the words.

After an overnight stay at the Ramstein Air Base in Germany, we landed at Andrews Air Force Base shortly after noon on August 21st. There, we walked into a silent crowd of colleagues, friends, and family—Warren Christopher, William Perry, Strobe Talbott, Tony Lake, Madeleine Albright, Peter Tarnoff, Sandy Berger, and my wife, Kati, among others—who were sitting behind a velvet rope. Under a blazing sun, Christopher, Perry, and Lake spoke movingly of the tragedy.

The families of Bob, Joe, and Nelson had chosen Arlington National Cemetery for the burials. The first of the funerals, held on August 22nd, was for Bob Frasure, and it was made particularly heartwrenching by the eloquent anguish of his sixteen-year-old daughter, Sarah, who spoke from the altar above her father's casket. "Now I will never wake to hear him making pancakes on a Sunday morning," she said in a breaking voice. "One question I will always ask myself is 'Why?' "

Putting a flower on Bob's casket, I said goodbye, and turned back toward Washington.

A WEEK later, things in Bosnia had changed drastically. In an action that combined brutality and stupidity, the Bosnian Serbs had slammed a mortar shell into the marketplace in Sarajevo on August 28th, killing thirty-seven people and wounding more than eighty others. The attack angered President Clinton, and he told the U.N. and our NATO allies that we would wait no longer; it was time to "hit the Bosnian Serbs hard." His determination led to the start of the massive NATO air campaign. Consulted before the bombing, I told Talbott that our team unanimously favored a strong military response. Since I had long favored air strikes against the Bosnian Serbs, my position was no surprise to Washington. But coming from negotiators, who would normally oppose military action during delicate talks, it now carried weight.

Over the next eight weeks, we were engaged in talks of extraordinary intensity. We were able to shift gears quickly and show up within a few hours anywhere in Europe thanks to our "eighth member"—a military jet provided by Secretary of Defense Perry. However, shuttle diplomacy, no matter how dramatic or productive, has its limits. In the end, an all-out push for peace would require that the three Balkan presidents gather in a single place, preferably in the United States. We decided to delay such a high-risk event in order to give the Croat-Muslim offensive time to gain more ground against the Bosnian Serbs. Meanwhile, we would continue to try to narrow the differences between the sides through partial, interim agreements.

We announced two such agreements at meetings of the foreign ministers of the three countries—the first in Geneva, on September 8th, and the second in New York, on September 26th. These accords established a single Bosnian state consisting of two entities, one Serb and the other Muslim-Croat. We knew that the agreements were anything but airtight, and we made sure that our announcements spelled out their weaknesses and limitations. This continued to be our approach to public statements: never overstate the achievement; always assume the worst about the behavior of the parties; and re-

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After Geneva, we returned home. We had been in the field for thirteen days, visiting eleven countries, and we felt that the momentum had finally begun to shift toward peace. Yet the fighting throughout Bosnia was very heavy, Sarajevo was still under siege, and NATO air strikes and missiles were pounding the Bosnian Serbs.

We had been back in Washington just three days when, with the fighting intensifying in western Bosnia, Christopher asked us to return immediately to Belgrade. We announced that we were dedicating our mission to the memory of Bob Frasure, Joe Kruzel, and Nelson Drew; then, the following day, we left—exhausted—for what turned out to be the most dramatic meeting of the shuttle.

THE reconstituted team was of high calibre. It consisted of Christopher Hill, the State Department officer responsible for the Balkans, who was passionate and argumentative; Brigadier General Donald Kerrick, an unflappable intelligence officer who represented the National Security Council; James Pardew, the head of the Pentagon's Balkan Task Force, who brought valuable skepticism to every unexamined assumption; and Roberts Owen, a distinguished Washington lawyer. He had been added to the team at the suggestion of Warren Christopher, who felt that we lacked the legal expertise that would be essential if the negotiations became technical. With Wes Clark, Rosemarie Pauli-Gikas, and me as holdovers, this superb team would remain intact throughout the negotiations.

As we flew to Belgrade, two issues became particularly worrisome. The first concerned the question of how long the Allied bombing would continue. Most NATO military planners wanted to end the air strikes as soon as possible. They were pleased with their accuracy and effectiveness but concerned that prolonged bombing would draw us into the conflict too deeply. The military feared what they called "the slippery slope" or "mission creep"—two phrases that evoked past disasters. When they talked about Bosnia, they often thought of Vietnam or Somalia.

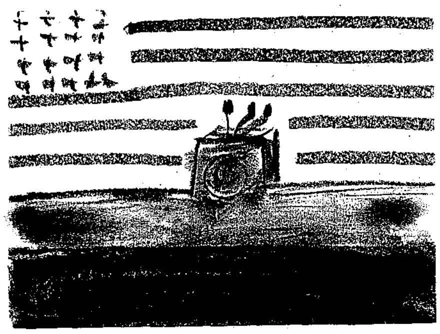
Shortly before we returned to the region, U.S. Admiral Leighton Smith, the commander of the bombing campaign, told us that his pilots were running out of the targets that had been authorized by NATO. He said that in a few days he would be able to keep the bombing going only by attacking targets that had already been hit—or, as he put it, in his best, salty-old-seadog style, by "cleaning up a few stray cats and dogs."

These conversations profoundly affected our strategy for the next meeting with Milosevic. Returning to old targets was potentially more risky than the initial strikes, since the Serbs could have moved surface-to-air missiles to more effective sites as they learned to "decode" NATO's targeting strategy. In addition, we were under increasing pressure from our European allies to stop the bombing.

The second issue was what to do in the event that Milosevic asked us to meet with the leaders of the Bosnian Serbs—their so-called President, Radovan Karadzic, and General Mladic. Although both Karadzic and Mladic had met in the past with Western mediators, including former President Jimmy Carter, those contacts had led nowhere. Warren Christopher and I had concluded that we should negotiate only with Milosevic, holding him accountable for the actions of the Bosnian Serbs. Both Karadzic and Mladic had recently been indicted as war criminals. The question was: Should we meet with them?

I was influenced by the examples of Raoul Wallenberg and Folke Bernadotte, two legendary Swedes who had negotiated, respectively, with Adolf Eichmann and Heinrich Himmler in 1944 and 1945. Wallenberg and Bernadotte had dealt directly with these Nazi murderers in order to save lives; their decisions had resulted in the rescue of tens of thousands of Jews. As we descended toward the military airport in Belgrade, everyone agreed that we should meet with Karadzic and Mladic if it would help the negotiations.

TWO hours after landing, on September 13th, we met Milosevic at a hunting lodge outside Belgrade. I was struck by a change in his tone. The bombing was obviously having an effect.



Milosevic was in a rush to see it ended. Not for the first time, we knew that our chances for a viable peace would improve if the bombing continued, at least for a while. But we didn't know how much time was left.

Milosevic loved to keep people off balance with sudden changes of position or mood. On September 13th, after we had talked for nearly an hour, he sprang a surprise. "Karadzic and Mladic are in another villa about two hundred metres away," he said. "Why don't we ask them to join us?"

"Mr. President," I said, wanting to slow things down, "we're ready to meet with them under two conditions. First, they must be part of your delegation; you must lead the discussions, you must control them. Second, they must not give us a lot of historical bullshit, as they have done with others. They must be ready for serious discussions."

"They will agree," Milosevic said.

Minutes later, two Mercedes sedans pulled up in the driveway. Two men stepped out. As they approached through the trees in the light of the early September evening, we saw their unmistakable silhouettes: Karadzic tall, with a shock of wild hair, and wearing a suit; Mladic short, with a burly frame, dressed in combat fatigues and walking as though he were wading through a muddy field.

I said to Milosevic, "We'll take a walk while you explain the ground rules. Then we'll return." We waited in the woods behind the villa, until an aide came to tell us that the President and his guests were ready.

I did not shake hands, although Karadzic and Mladic tried to get me to. Some of my team did, others did not; the choice was theirs. We all sat down at a long table on the patio facing one another. Immediately, Karadzic, speaking partly in English and partly in Serbian, started calling the bombing unfair. He said that he was ready to see an end to hostilities, but it became clear that he was referring to arrangements that would lock in the existing division of the country and result in its partition, with the Serbs controlling much more than the forty-nine per cent of the land already agreed to in a previous plan. The other Bosnian Serbs sat silent. Glancing at Mladic, I found myself thinking that if Hollywood wanted to cast a war criminal, it could hardly do better than this. The general said nothing; he simply

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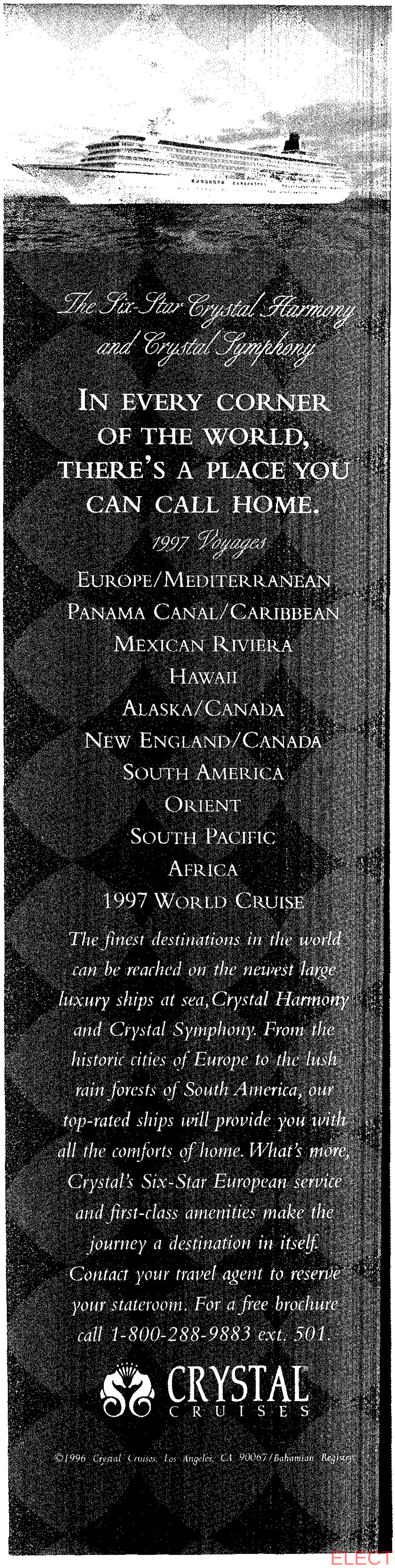

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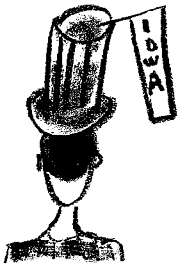
glowered as he engaged each of us, one by one, in a staring contest.

Karadzic, by contrast, was on his best behavior. He showed no sign of the sinister qualities that had led even so judicious an observer as Warren Zimmermann, the last American Ambassador to Yugoslavia, to label him the Himmler of his generation. He revealed his true nature only once, when he launched into a self-pitying diatribe against NATO and the Muslims, whom he wildly accused of mortaring their own marketplace on August 28th in order to lure NATO into the war. After a few minutes of this, I turned to Milosevic, ignoring Karadzic. "Mr. President," I said, "you assured us that this would not happen. If it continues, we are prepared to leave immediately."



Karadzic responded heatedly. "If we can't get anything done here, I will call President Carter," he said. "I am in regular contact with him." Karadzic started to rise, as if to go to a telephone. We knew, of course, that he had asked the former President to get involved again before the bombing started. We had asked Carter to stay out of the process, and, as far as we knew, he had done so.

For the first time, I spoke directly to Karadzic. "Let me tell you something," I said, my voice rising. "President Carter appointed me Assistant Secretary of State for East Asia. I worked for him for four years. Like most Americans, I have great admiration for him. But he is now a private citizen. We work only for President Clinton. We take orders only from President Clinton. That is all there is to it."

Karadzic sat back. Milosevic spoke quietly to him, and Karadzic then proposed that the Americans present an agreement that would end the bombing and stop the fighting around Sarajevo. I agreed, and asked Clark, Owen, Hill, and Pardew to draft a document that would end the siege of Sarajevo.

For the next half hour, as the team hunched over pads of paper, Milosevic and I walked around the garden. "Those guys," he said, meaning the Bosnian Serbs, "are so cut off they think Carter can still make American policy."

We watched from a distance as Wes Clark, standing between the Bosnian Serbs, began to read his draft out loud, pausing for translation. The booming voice of the interpreter drifted toward us. "We better join them right away," Milosevic said. "They are getting into trouble."

Although everyone else was standing, Milosevic pulled up a chair and sat down. I did the same to establish a rough equality. Above us, Karadzic, clearly angry, was saying that our draft proposal was unacceptable. Suddenly, Mladic erupted. Pushing himself to the center of the group, he began an emotional diatribe: the United States could never destroy the spirit of the Serb people; the bombing was a criminal act; and so on. Then a memorable line: "No one can give away a metre of our sacred Serb soil!" This was the real Mladic—the one who could unleash his troops on murderous rampages. I stood up and faced Milosevic, deliberately turning my back on Mladic and Karadzic. "Mr. President," I said, "this behavior is clearly not consistent with our agreement. If your 'friends' "—I said the word with all the sarcasm I could muster—"do not wish to have a serious discussion, we will leave now."

Milosevic paused, perhaps to gauge whether I was bluffing. Then he spoke sharply to his associates. As the Serbs began to argue, I motioned for my colleagues to withdraw to the other end of the patio, and we waited there, listening to the sounds of an acrimonious debate. It was over in less than ten minutes.

OUR draft document required that the Bosnian Serbs "cease all offensive operations" in the Sarajevo area and remove all heavy weapons from that area within a week. They were to open two land routes out of Sarajevo to unimpeded humanitarian road traffic, which was broadly defined to include the transport of such items as glass, shoes, and radios. The Sarajevo airport was to be reopened within twenty-four hours. In return, NATO would cease the bombing for seventy-two hours, reserving the right to resume it if there was no compliance.

I called Washington from an adjoining room to alert the State Department to report what was going on. Afterward, Milosevic said that I had insulted Mladic by not shaking his hand. This, he said, would not make subsequent negotiations easier. "So be it," I replied. "We are expecting you to make this process work."

It was past midnight before the text was close to final form. The Bosnian Serbs had objected to nearly every word, but we obtained what we wanted: after

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four years, a lifting of the siege of Sarajevo. For our part, we would "recommend" to NATO that the bombing be suspended.

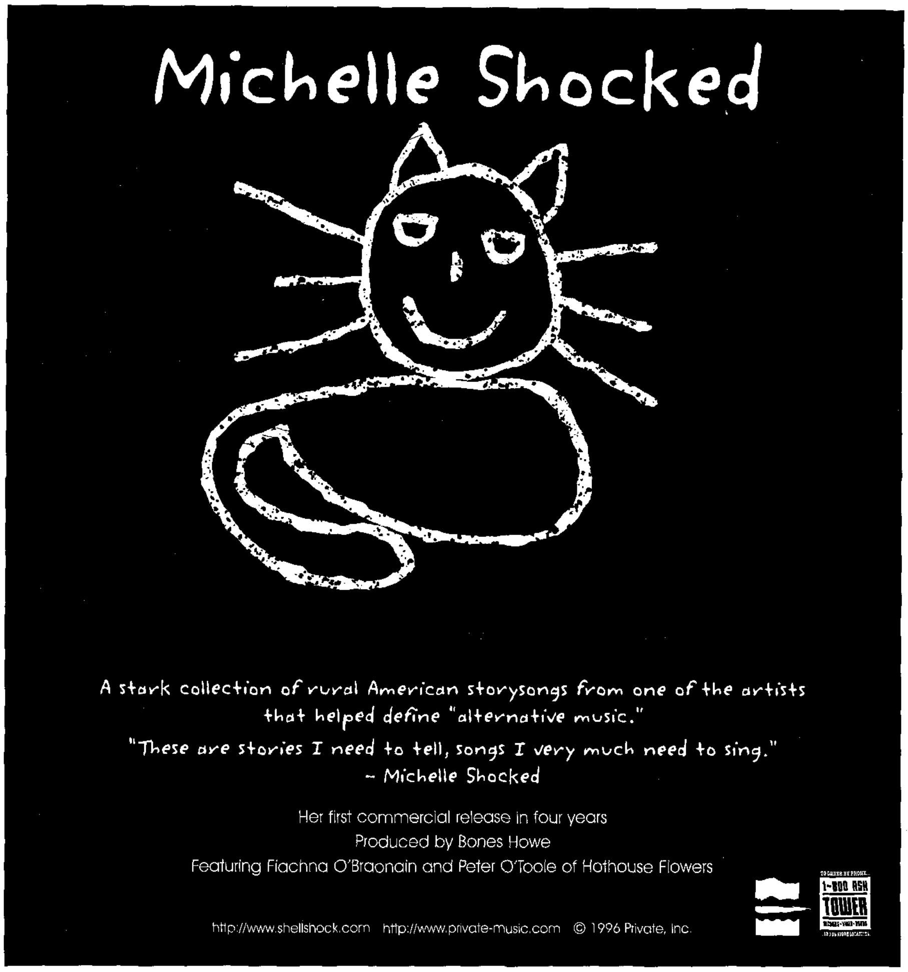
There was still one important procedural matter to resolve. The Serbs demanded that I sign the document. I refused, explaining that we had no formal authority concerning the activities of NATO or the U.N. The only document we would accept was one whose only signators were the Bosnian Serbs, with Milosevic as a witness. It was an unusual structure for such an agreement—one, as far as we knew, without diplomatic precedent. The Bosnian Serbs protested vigorously, but after another lengthy argument they agreed to our format.

AT 2:15 A.M. on September 14th, after more than ten hours of negotiations, the Bosnian Serbs signed the document, one by one: first, Karadzic, who signed without hesitating; then Nikola Koljevic, the "Vice-President of Republika Srpska," a diminutive Shakespeare scholar who had taught in Michigan, and who had spent much of the evening quoting the Bard and trying to buttonhole me about his commitment to eternal Serb-American friendship; then Momcilo Krajisnik, the hard-line speaker of the Bosnian Serb parliament. Mladic was the last to sign. He sat slumped on a couch, away from the rest of his colleagues. A Milosevic aide carried the paper to him. He grabbed the pen, scrawled his name on the document without looking at it, and sank back into the sofa. He seemed utterly spent, and, in fact, he checked into a hospital the following day for what was described as a kidney-stone problem. I was beginning to get a sense of these men: they were headstrong, given to grandiose statements and theatre, but they were essentially bullies. Only force, or its credible threat, worked with them.

We got up to leave, carrying the precious original with us. Karadzic grabbed my hand. "We are ready for peace," he said, in English. "Why did you bomb us?"

"You know the answer to that," I said.

Two days later, we finally flew into Sarajevo. Coming into the city from the airport, past overturned buses and shattered buildings, we drove through streets crowded with pedestrians for the first time in months. By the time we reached the Presidential offices, several hundred people had gathered across the street. As we got out of our cars, they applauded. The siege of Sarajevo was over. ◆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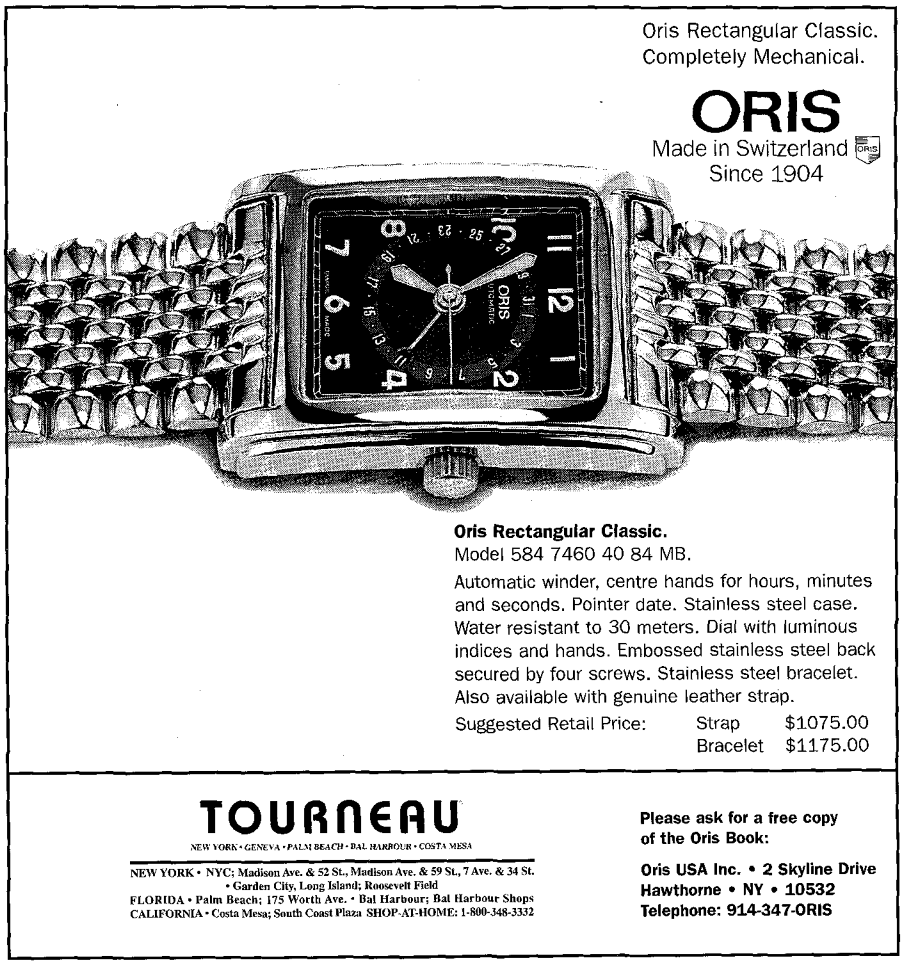
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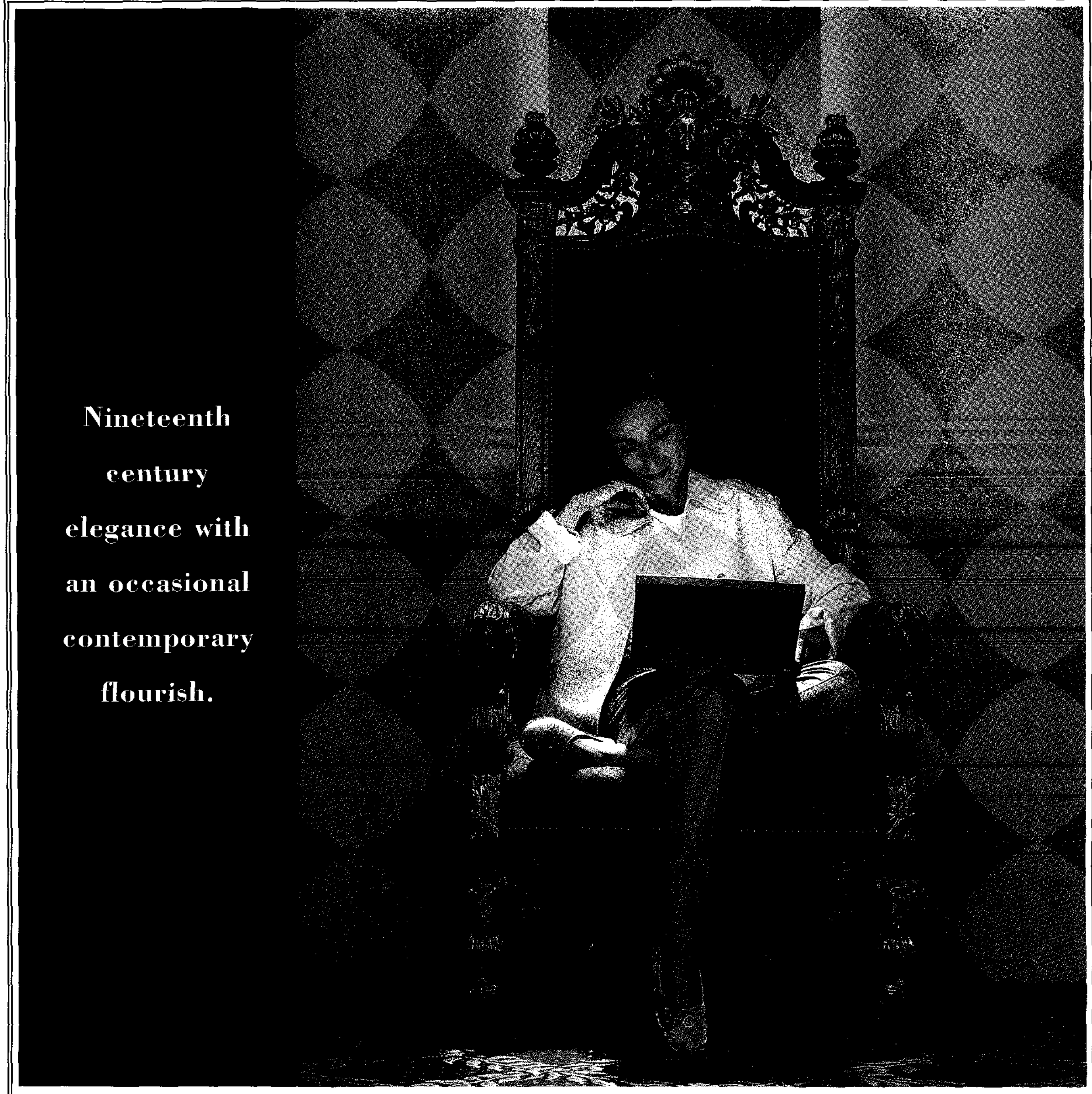
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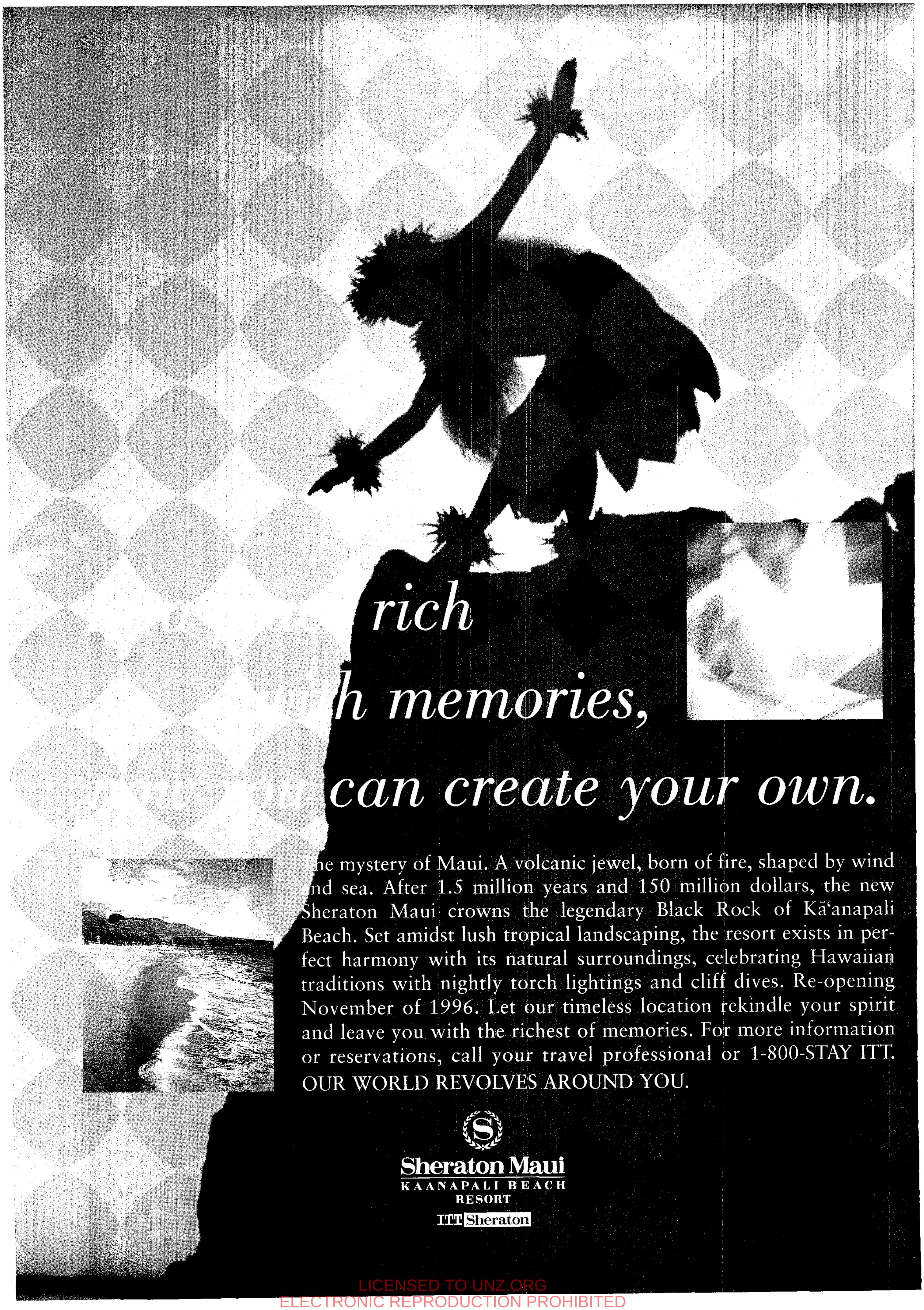

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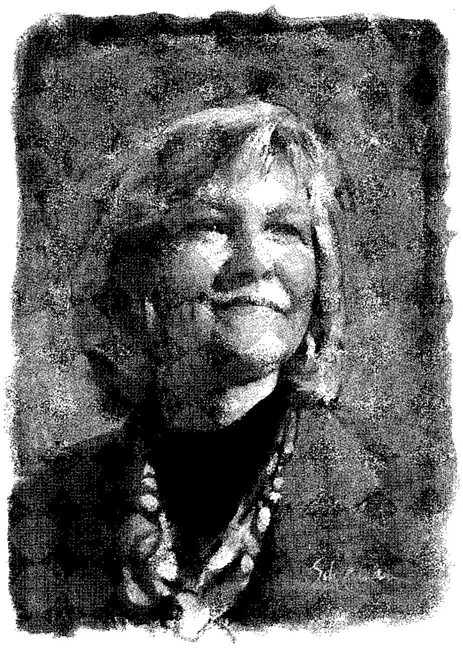
THE OUTSIDER

Is dropping out becoming a better way to get things done?

BY JANE MAYER

IN 1984, when Ronald Reagan won reelection with the claim that his Presidency had restored morning in America, far away, on the plains of Oklahoma, the sun was setting on another, far smaller political career. In that ending, however, something new was born, and a decade later it would rattle elected officials all over the country.



Cleta Mitchell: A rising state legislator turned antipolitical activist.

BURT SILVERMAN

Until the middle of 1984, Cleta Deatherage Mitchell, a state legislator representing the university town of Norman, had been poised as nimbly as any young elected official for conventional stardom in public life. She was in her early thirties, blond, and immensely likable, with the wholesome good looks of a state-beauty-pageant contestant. More important, in clubby, conservative Oklahoma, a state where good old boys dominate the state legislature as surely as its famous derricks towering over the capitol's front lawn, Cleta Mitchell, a liberal Democrat, had outmaneuvered many of the entrenched powers.

By the age of twenty-nine, when she was midway through her second term, she had become the chairman of the legislature's most powerful committee, Appropriations and Budget. Her bright, self-deprecating manner masked what others came to realize were the instincts of a political natural. "You don't survive in a man's world doing that unless you are tough, really tough," says Eddie Mahe, a Republican political operative who, like Mitchell, won a 1981 fellowship at Harvard's Institute of Politics, where they met.

Mitchell was the first woman to join the leadership of the Oklahoma State Legislature, an achievement that was all the more remarkable in view of her background. She was one of six children of an alcoholic father. Her mother had supported the family on a secretary's salary, and Mitchell had put herself through both college and law school by winning scholarships and working at odd jobs. Then, in June of 1984, she did an extraordinary thing: With no announced opponents—and after she had already kicked off her fifth reëlection campaign with an ice-cream social—she decided to walk away from politics. Her conversion began when she found herself for the first time in an emotional state that she says is all too rare among professional politicians: she had suddenly grown happy in her private life.

The decision, as Mitchell recalls it today, was meant to be the end of her political life. But instead it has turned out to be the perfect calling card for a new one, very much attuned to the nineties—a decade that seems especially marked by disaffection and antipathy toward government. Twelve years after Cleta Mitchell resolutely left what Theodore Roosevelt called "the arena" for life in the private sector, she has found herself the ideal spokeswoman for a potent new kind of grassroots activism—not political activism so much as antipolitical activism.

MITCHELL, at forty-six, is as fresh and funny as she has always been, with a hint of country in her voice. Her lack of pretentiousness makes her a particularly effective messenger for the crusade she has come to lead: the move-

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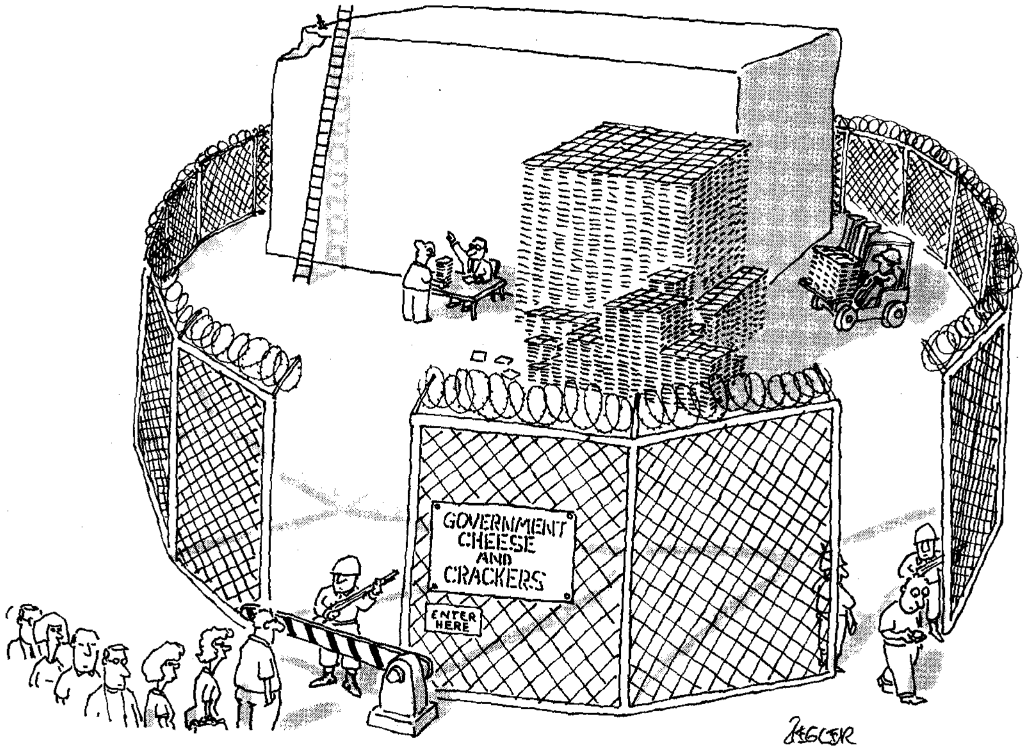

ment to impose term limits on members of Congress, a kind of procedural panacea that reflects populist anger and has captured the support of nearly three-quarters of the American electorate. Not surprisingly, the idea has won quite a bit less support in Congress, where it was the only major measure of House Speaker Newt Gingrich's Contract with America not to make it through the House of Representatives. Nonetheless, over the last seven years Mitchell has helped to turn the movement from a mere impulse into a sophisticated campaign in many states. As the director of and general counsel to an organization called the Term Limits Legal Institute, she has even moved to the nation's reviled capital in order to make her case against full-time politicians full-time.

When we met for lunch not long ago at Union Station, Mitchell tried to explain how she went from being a state political insider to being a leading national voice of the decade's outsider politics. She said that during her years as a successful legislator she had been unhappily married and then divorced, but by 1984 she was remarried, and, "all at once," she recalls with a smile, "I had the possibility to have a life." Most politicians "substitute adulation from an audience for personal happiness," she speculates. "But if you're satisfied with your emotional life you don't really need that." She says a political consultant in Washington once told her that the worst thing that can happen to a candidate is for him to "become happy at home."

She recalls that as she approached her fifth term in office "something was bothering me." Her pastor, she says, had preached a sermon entitled "The Price Tags of Life," warning of the perils of struggling all one's life to succeed at what in the end could turn out to be an unworthy pursuit. She had gone to see him afterward, filled with doubt about her political career. He told her to imagine not running, and when she did, she said, "I had this immediate sense of peace."

A year later, instead of constituents to look after, Mitchell had a baby daughter, and she had a new job as a general counsel in the same bank in which her second husband worked. Nonetheless, in 1986, when her daughter was a year old, Mitchell still felt the tug of some "unfinished business," and that feeling led her to run her first—and last—statewide race: an unsuccessful bid to become lieutenant governor. She lost to Robert Kerr III, the grandson of one of Oklahoma's best-known governors and United States senators. For Mitchell, the contest came to seem like a clash with the state's dynastic governing class, which, she told me, still made her angry. "After that," she recalled, "I said, 'I quit—No more politics.'" But, having first walked out, and then been forced out, Mitchell's view of politics quickly changed.

WHAT she came to realize first was that her own political life had been abnormal, and she concluded that the lives of federal officeholders were bound to be even more so. For instance, she realized that in the Oklahoma legislature, "I never knew what we'd done that day until we'd adjourned and I was grocery shopping, because I'd be standing over the lettuce and someone would say, 'You know that bill you passed? Well, let me tell you what it really did.'" Since, as Mitchell put it, "right there over the cottage cheese I got my best information," she began to wonder about congressmen and senators, who, far from shopping for groceries in the same stores as their constituents, mostly don't shop at all.

"How can they represent us if they don't buy their cottage cheese in the same Safeway?" she asked herself. Moreover, she began to wonder how they could stay in touch when their children did not attend the same schools, and their lives were led hundreds of miles away, in Washington. Over time, she said, she came to believe that members of Congress had become "like noncustodial parents in a divorce," in that "they visit us on weekends and holidays, and they send us money, but they don't really know us."

The Constitution places very few restrictions on whom voters may choose to represent them in Congress, but among the requirements is residency in the state. "You're supposed to be an inhabitant of the state at the time of your election," Mitchell said, with some indignation, "and it doesn't say at the time of your *first* election." The permanently transplanted political class in Washington, many of whose members maintain only a token pied-à-terre in their home districts, "flies in the face of what the Founding Fathers meant," she argued. "They didn't say 'Buy your own cottage cheese,' but that's what they meant."

Mitchell also found herself becoming increasingly dismayed by what she saw as a widening financial distance between the governing class and the governed. She was furious when the former Democratic

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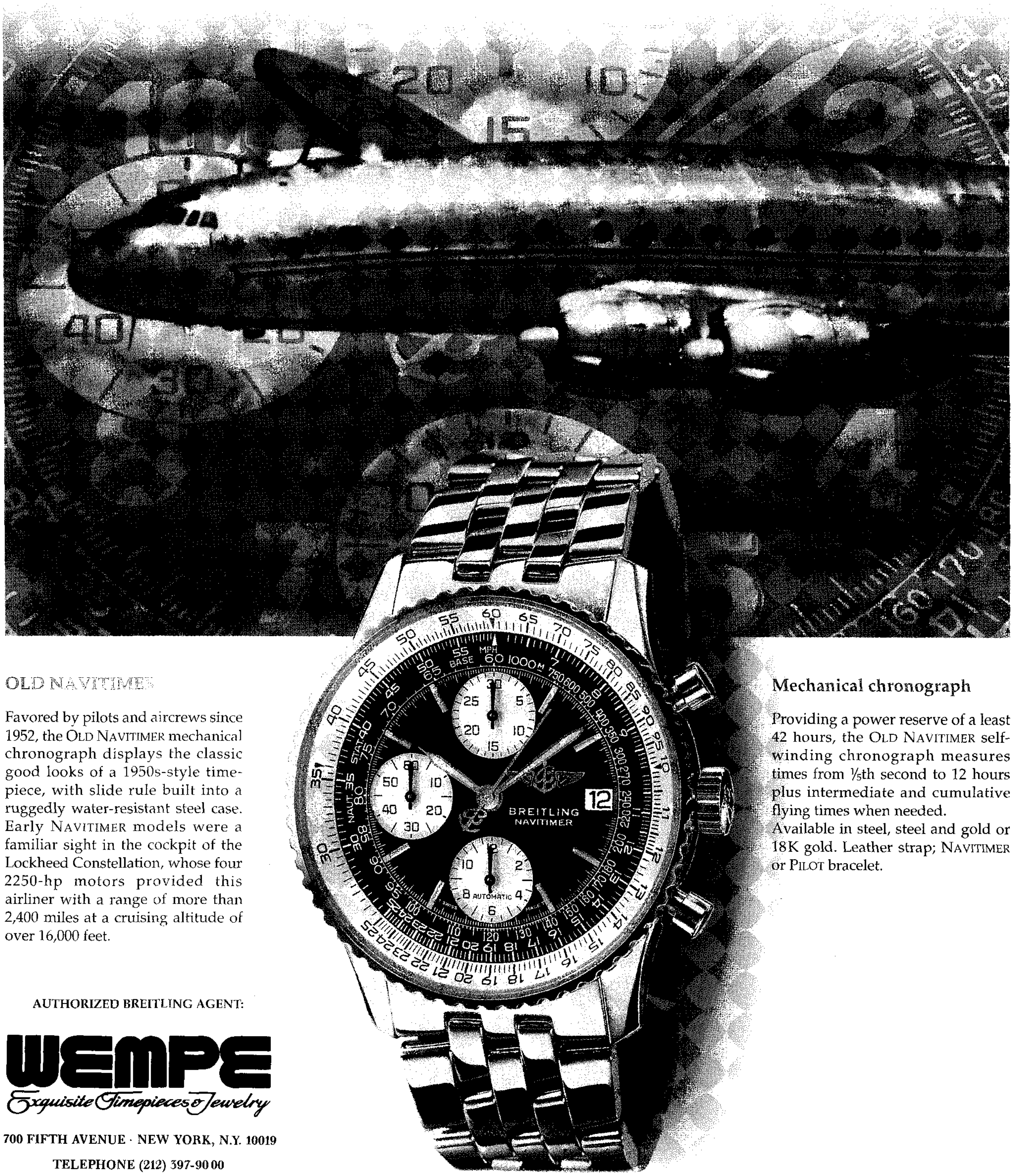

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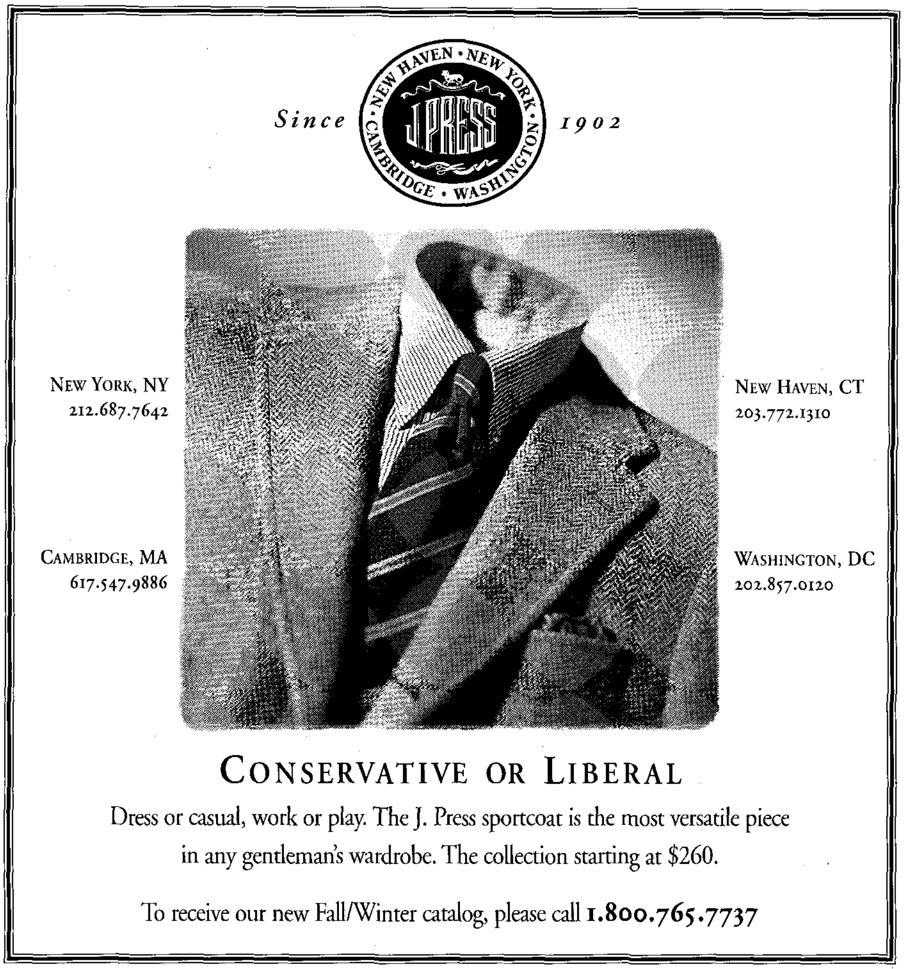
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House Speaker Tom Foley described as "slight" the pay raise he received upon becoming Speaker. "I looked it up," Mitchell recalled. "The increase was thirty-seven thousand nine hundred dollars. The median household income for his own home district was twenty-five thousand dollars—and that was for a whole household." Such longtime officeholders, she concluded, had "lost touch with us."

After she left office, she began to reconsider her own political views, too. As a liberal on social policy, she says, she used to "sit in the state capitol thinking of all the good things I could do with other people's money," but once she had to earn that money herself she found she was a bit less generous. Indeed, she began to apply principles she relied on at home to the world at large, and found that her view of human nature contradicted her view of politics. When she was at home, she stressed the value of hard work and self-sufficiency to her children. Her stepson wanted a car, and, to his consternation, her husband outlined a two-year savings plan for him, requiring that most of his spare time go into earning the necessary down payment. Why, she wondered, shouldn't the same work requirements be expected of the poor? Thus was born what she calls her "stepmother theory of government," which holds that the government can't make people self-sufficient. "This flew in the face of all my liberal ideas," she said, for she now believed that, "however well-intentioned, our entitlement mentality had been detrimental."

Mitchell's homespun nostrums sometimes make her sound like the Erma Bombeck of political discourse, but, in a complicated age, they are nothing if not easy to grasp. She began to wonder, for instance, whether the government might not work better if it were staffed by politicians who were forced to live as normally as she now lives, and this was where she carried the somewhat nostalgic idea of the "citizen legislator" to its next level: "Why not take turns in office, like jury duty?" After all, the Founding Fathers couldn't really have expected anyone to stay in Washington the year round, she joked, because "there was no air-conditioning here."

As Mitchell brooded about these issues following her 1986 defeat, she stayed away from politics and pursued a private law practice in Oklahoma City. Her law

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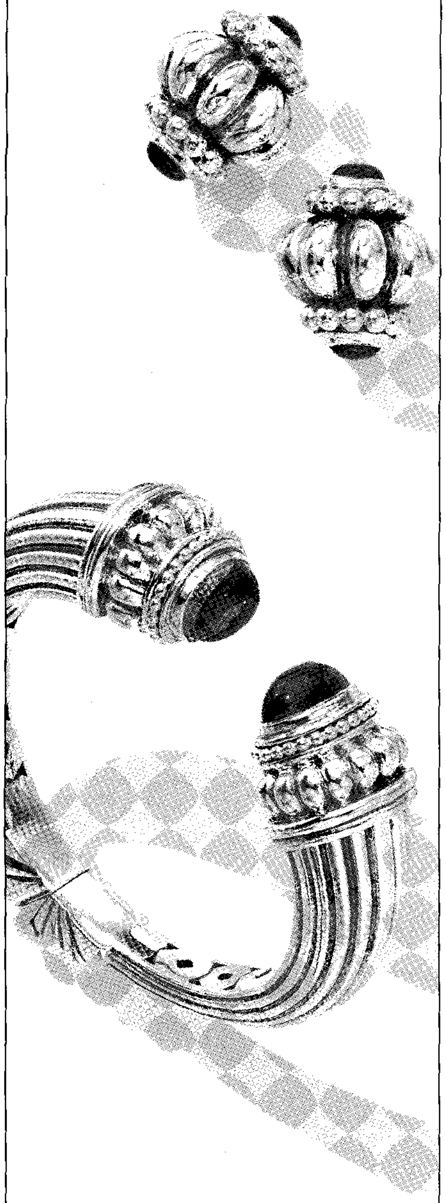

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firm was set up in such a way that she was paid only for the hours she could personally bill, and that situation, she says, left her so financially insecure that she had no time for volunteer work. And any residual good feeling that she might have harbored toward the government was in the end very probably expunged by her husband's experience as the nineteen-eighties drew to a close. The bank he had chaired until 1985, Citizens National Bank and Trust, like many of Oklahoma's financial institutions, Mitchell explains, had been badly hurt by the drop in oil prices. In the aftermath of his bank's collapse in 1986, he was investigated, charged, and, finally, in 1992, he was convicted of bank fraud. He was fined and sentenced to five years' probation.

"My husband is the most honest person I've ever known," she said to me. That he could have become a target of federal law-enforcement officials, she went on, was a truly eye-opening experience, convincing her that "overreaching government regulation is one of the great scandals of our times."

In 1989, three years after Mitchell left politics for the second time, Eddie Mahe, her former colleague at Harvard's Institute of Politics, called her. He told her that he was looking for a Democrat to help organize and bring ideological balance to a national term-limits movement. Mitchell recalls that her first words were "Where do I sign?"

SEVEN years later, the term-limits issue remains popular among voters. Twenty-one states have now passed laws limiting the number of terms their state legislators can serve: Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming.

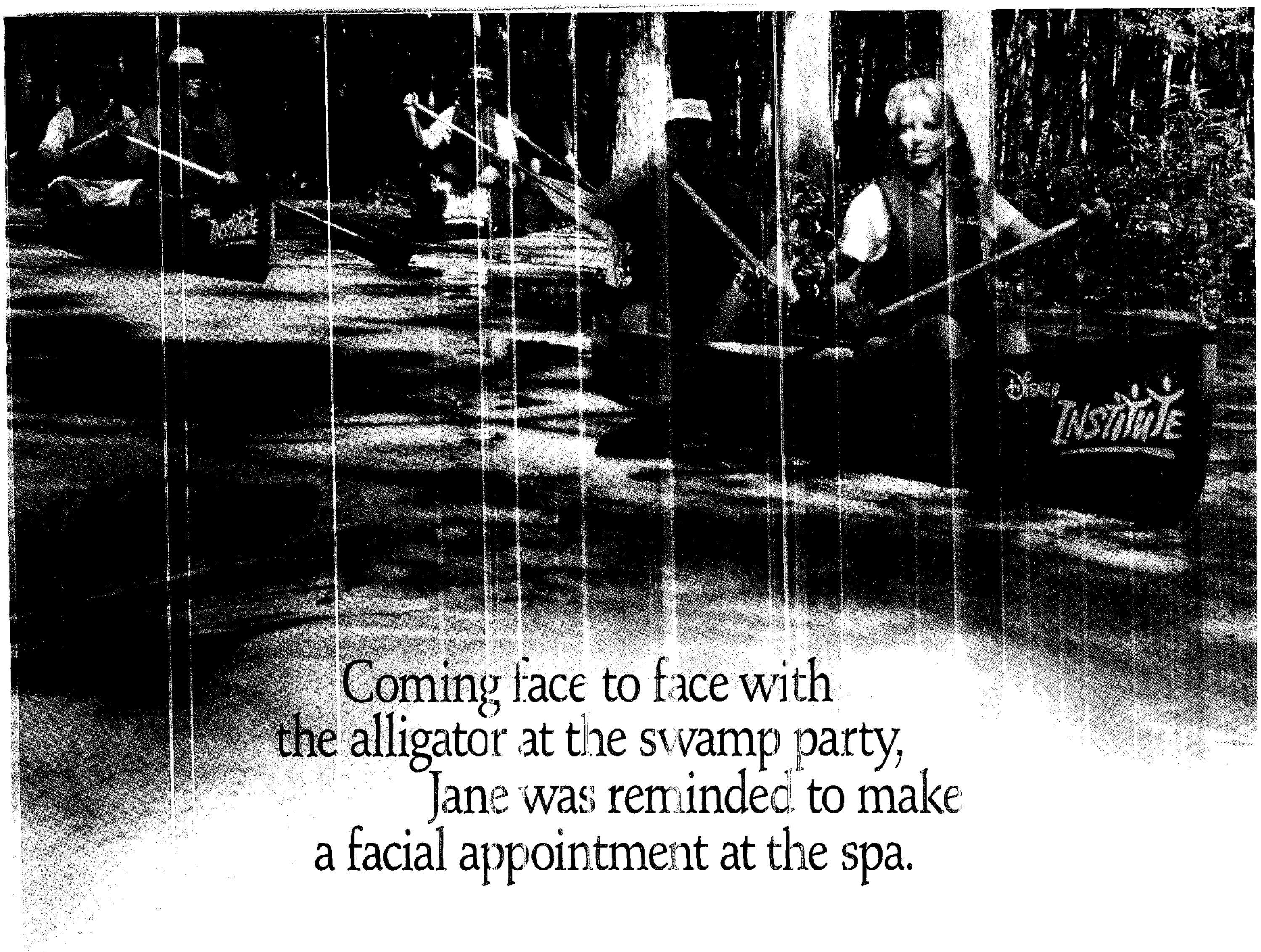
But at the national level, the attempt to limit the terms of federal officeholders has been stymied by the courts. Mitchell has played a major role in this legal fight. In Washington state, for instance, where in June of 1993 Speaker Foley challenged the state's newly passed term-limits statute in federal court, it was Mitchell who recruited Griffin Bell, the former Carter Administration Attorney General, to argue the landmark case. It turned out to be a contest between two celebrated lawyers, with Lloyd Cutler, the former White House counsel, successfully arguing the other side. Mitchell personally litigated a second major test case—on a similar congressional statute—in Arkansas, a case that, on appeal, eventually reached the United States Supreme Court.

To Mitchell's great disappointment, however, in May of 1995 the Court, voting five to four, held congressional term limits to be unconstitutional. As a result, the movement's only recourse is to amend the Constitution—a process that looks particularly bleak in light of last year's defeat of the issue in the House.

Mitchell summed up the battle this way: "When we won it at the ballot box, the powers that be went for a second opinion in the courts. How can you argue for term limits in front of people with lifetime tenure? And then people wonder why voters are angry and disillusioned?" Mitchell herself was so angered by the failure of Congress to pass term-limits legislation—the initiative went down to defeat in the spring of 1995, largely because it was overwhelmingly opposed by Democrats—that she soon switched her own party affiliation to Independent. (One hundred and sixty-three House Democrats voted no, along with forty Republicans.) Speaker Newt Gingrich has promised that the issue will be the first one he takes up in the next Congress, but, with support dwindling even among Republicans, its prospects are muddy.

Weakening the chances of success further is a sort of civil war over tactics which has broken out among rival term-limits groups. Mitchell, who was a veteran of Oklahoma's unsuccessful efforts to pass the Equal Rights Amendment in the nineteen-seventies, told me that after that experience she'd sworn that she'd never again get involved in issue-based movement politics. "I must be schizophrenic to have taken this on," she said. "Does all this make me tired? Yeah." Then, as if to cheer herself up, she added, "It's a marathon, not a sprint." A little later, however, she conceded, "It's a mess right now."

Nor were her spirits particularly lifted by an attempt to inject the term-limits issue into the Presidential campaign. President Clinton, like most Democratic officeholders, has consistently opposed the issue from the start. Bob Dole is on record as supporting it. Yet Mitchell couldn't help noticing that Dole, a thirty-



Coming face to face with the alligator at the swamp party, Jane was reminded to make a facial appointment at the spa.

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five-year veteran of Congress, "seemed to grimace" whenever he talked about the issue. She therefore called his campaign headquarters and suggested to an aide that the candidate's handlers might tell him to look a bit happier the next time he spoke of his support for the initiative. "They hung up on me," Mitchell recalls with a laugh.

Despite such occasional rebuffs, Mitchell's foray into antipolitics has brought her not only to the geographic center of America's power structure but into the embrace of many of the permanent establishment's most influential figures. Perhaps this is just the capital's way of recognizing political talent, which Mitchell clearly has in abundance. Nevertheless, there is something disconcerting about her journey, for what began as a citizen's crusade against the power structure is now supported by, and in some ways beholden to, it. For instance, the umbrella organization for which she has worked, Americans Back in Charge, has been backed financially by the conservative and eminently powerful John M. Olin Foundation, and by the Carthage Foundation, which is controlled by a Mellon-family heir, the even more conservative Richard M. Scaife. In addition, Americans Back in Charge was once chaired by Bruce Benson, a conservative multimillionaire oilman, who broke state records in 1994 by spending nearly four million dollars of his own money in an unsuccessful bid to become the governor of Colorado.

Among the many friendships that Mitchell has struck up in her new home is her friendship with George Will, another term-limits enthusiast and a member of the permanent pundit class. Earlier this month, Mitchell, who is devoted to baseball, watched a playoff game with Will from a box at Baltimore's Camden Yards—a place that, although it is some thirty miles from the Beltway, is nevertheless about as cozily inside the capital's culture as it is possible to be.

Mitchell, who continues to work for term limits from an office on Capitol Hill, still protests, "I'm here—but I'm not of here." But Cleta Deatherage Mitchell, lately of Oklahoma, has arrived. Inadvertently, perhaps, she has stumbled on the lesson that politicians from Jimmy Carter to Ronald Reagan and on to Bill Clinton have learned: appealing to the discontent of those outside the system may be the surest path to becoming an important player inside it. ◆

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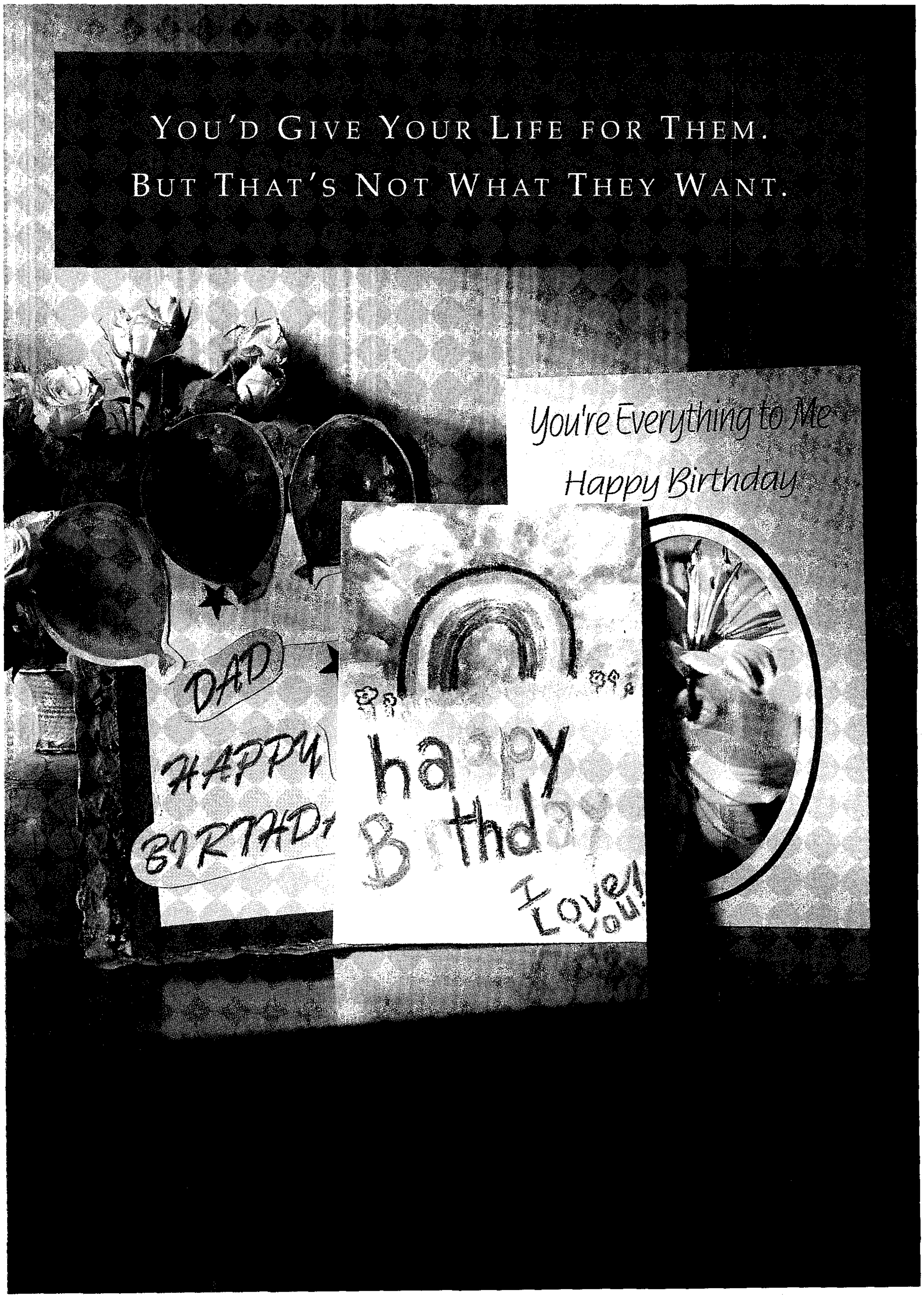

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CONTRAINDICATIONS: Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication. Active liver disease or unexplained, persistent elevations in liver function tests (see **WARNINGS**). *Pregnancy and lactation.* Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and other products of *cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including* synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol *synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol,* they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in nursing mothers. **Pravastatin should be administered to women of childbearing age only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards.** If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this class of drug, therapy should be *discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.* **WARNINGS: *Liver Enzymes* —** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. Increases of serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values to more than 3 times the upper limit of normal occurring on 2 or more (not necessarily sequential) occasions have been reported in 1.3% of patients treated with pravastatin in the US over an average period of 18 months. These abnormalities were not associated with cholestasis and did not appear to be related to treatment duration. In those patients in whom these abnormalities were believed to be related to pravastatin and who were discontinued from therapy, the transaminase levels usually fell slowly to pretreatment levels. These biochemical findings are usually asymptomatic although worldwide experience indicates that anorexia, weakness, and/or abdominal pain may also be present in rare patients. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed before the initiation of treatment, at 6 and 12 weeks after initiation of therapy or elevation in dose, and periodically thereafter (e.g., semiannually).** Patients who develop increased transaminase levels should be monitored with a second liver function evaluation to confirm the finding and be followed thereafter with frequent liver function tests until the abnormality(ies) return to normal. Should an increase in AST or ALT of three times the upper limit of normal or greater persist, withdrawal of pravastatin therapy is recommended. Active liver disease or unexplained transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of pravastatin (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). Caution should be exercised when *pravastatin is administered to patients with a history of liver disease or heavy alcohol ingestion* (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics/Metabolism**). Such patients should be closely monitored, started at the lower end of the recommended dosing range, and titrated to the desired therapeutic effect. **Skeletal Muscle — Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with pravastatin and other drugs in this class.** Uncomplicated myalgia has also been reported in pravastatin-treated patients (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). Myopathy, defined as muscle aching or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values to *greater than 10 times the upper normal limit, was rare (< 0.1%) in pravastatin clinical trials.* Myopathy should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Pravastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected. Pravastatin therapy should also be temporarily withheld in any patient experiencing an acute or serious condition *predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis, e.g., sepsis; hypotension; major surgery; trauma; severe metabolic, endocrine, or electrolyte disorders; or* uncontrolled epilepsy.** The risk of myopathy during treatment with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is increased with concurrent therapy with either erythromycin, cyclosporine, niacin, or fibrates. However, neither myopathy nor significant increases in CPK levels have been observed in three reports involving a total of 100 post-transplant patients (24 renal and 76 cardiac) treated for up to two years concurrently with pravastatin 10-40 mg and cyclosporine. Some of these patients also received other concomitant immunosuppressive therapies. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant *patients receiving cyclosporine. Further, in clinical trials involving small numbers of patients who were treated* concurrently with pravastatin and niacin, there were no reports of myopathy. Also, myopathy was not reported in a trial of combination pravastatin (40 mg/day) and gemfibrozil (1200 mg/day), although 4 of 75 patients on the combination showed marked CPK elevations versus one of 73 patients receiving placebo. There was *a trend toward more frequent CPK elevations and patient withdrawals due to musculoskeletal symptoms in* the group receiving combined treatment as compared with the groups receiving placebo, gemfibrozil, or pravastatin monotherapy (see **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). **The use of fibrates alone may *occasionally be associated with myopathy. The combined use of pravastatin and fibrates should be* avoided unless the benefit of further alterations in lipid levels is likely to outweigh the increased risk of this drug combination. PRECAUTIONS: General —** Pravastatin may elevate creatinine phosphokinase and transaminase levels (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). This should be considered in the differential diagnosis of chest pain in a patient on therapy with pravastatin. *Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia.* Pravastatin has not been evaluated in patients with rare homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia. In this group of patients, it has been reported that HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are less effective because the patients lack functional LDL receptors. *Renal Insufficiency. A single 20 mg oral dose of pravastatin was* administered to 24 patients with varying degrees of renal impairment (as determined by creatinine clearance). No effect was observed on the pharmacokinetics of pravastatin or its 3α-hydroxy isomeric metabolite (SQ 31,906). A small increase was seen in mean AUC values and half-life ($t^1/_2$) for the inactive enzymatic ring hydroxylation metabolite (SQ 31,945). Given this small sample size, the dosage administered, and the degree of individual variability, patients with renal impairment who are receiving pravastatin should be closely monitored. **Information for Patients —** Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, *particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever.* **Drug Interactions —** *Immunosuppressive Drugs, Gemfibrozil, Niacin (Nicotinic Acid), Erythromycin:* See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle**. *Antipyrine:* Since concomitant administration of pravastatin had no effect on the clearance of antipyrine, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same hepatic cytochrome isozymes are not expected. *Cholestyramine/Colestipol:* Concomitant administration resulted in an approximately 40 to 50% decrease in the mean AUC of pravastatin. However, when pravastatin was administered 1 hour before or 4 hours after cholestyramine or 1 hour before colestipol and a standard meal, there was no clinically significant decrease in bioavailability or therapeutic effect. (See **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: Concomitant Therapy**.) *Warfarin:* In a study involving 10 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and warfarin concomitantly for 6 days, bioavailability parameters at steady state for pravastatin (parent compound) were not altered. Pravastatin did not alter the plasma protein-binding of warfarin. Concomitant dosing did increase the AUC and Cmax of warfarin but did not produce any changes in its anticoagulant action (i.e., no increase was seen in mean prothrombin time after 6 days of concomitant therapy). However, bleeding and extreme prolongation of prothrombin time has been reported with another drug in this class. Patients receiving *warfarin-type anticoagulants should have their prothrombin times* closely monitored when pravastatin is initiated or the dosage of pravastatin is changed. *Cimetidine:* The $AUC_{0-12\text{ hr}}$ for pravastatin when given with cimetidine was not significantly different from the AUC for pravastatin when given alone. A significant difference was observed between the AUC's for pravastatin when given with cimetidine compared to when administered with antacid. *Digoxin:* In a crossover trial involving 18 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and digoxin concurrently for 9 days, the bioavailability parameters of digoxin were not affected. The AUC of pravastatin tended to increase, but the overall bioavailability of pravastatin plus its metabolites SQ 31,906 and SQ 31,945 was not altered. *Cyclosporine: Some investigators have measured* cyclosporine levels in patients on pravastatin, and to date, these results indicate no clinically meaningful elevations in cyclosporine levels. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. *Gemfibrozil:* In a crossover study in 20 healthy male volunteers given concomitant single doses of pravastatin and gemfibrozil, there was a significant decrease in urinary excretion and protein binding of pravastatin. In addition, there was a significant increase in AUC, Cmax, and Tmax for the pravastatin metabolite SQ 31,906. Combination therapy with pravastatin and gemfibrozil is generally not recommended. In interaction studies with *aspirin, antacids* (*1 hour prior to* PRAVACHOL), *cimetidine, nicotinic acid,* or *probucol*, no statistically significant differences in bioavailability *were seen when* PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) was administered. *Other Drugs:* During clinical trials, no noticeable drug interactions were reported when PRAVACHOL was added to: diuretics, antihypertensives, digitalis, ACE inhibitors, calcium channel blockers, beta-blockers, or nitroglycerin. **Endocrine Function —** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and lower circulating cholesterol levels and, as such, might theoretically blunt adrenal or gonadal steroid hormone production. Results of clinical trials with pravastatin in males and post-menopausal females were inconsistent with regard to possible effects of the drug on basal steroid hormone levels. In a study of 21 males, the mean testosterone response to human chorionic gonadotropin was significantly reduced ($p < 0.004$) after 16 weeks of treatment with 40 *mg of pravastatin. However, the percentage of patients showing a* ≥ 50% rise in plasma testosterone after human chorionic gonadotropin stimulation did not change significantly after therapy in these patients. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on spermatogenesis and fertility have not been studied in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, of pravastatin on the pituitary-gonadal axis in pre-menopausal *females are unknown. Patients treated with pravastatin who display clinical evidence of endocrine* dysfunction should be evaluated appropriately. Caution should also be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor or other agent used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (*e.g., ketoconazole, spironolactone, cimetidine*) that may diminish the levels or activity of steroid hormones. **CNS Toxicity —** CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhage and edema and mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular spaces, were seen in dogs treated with pravastatin at a dose of 25 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced a plasma drug level about 50 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking 40 mg/day. Similar CNS vascular lesions have been observed with several other drugs in this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion starting at 60 mg/kg/day, a *dose that produced mean plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans* taking the highest recommended dose (as measured by total enzyme inhibitory activity). This same drug also produced vestibulocochlear Wallerian-like degeneration and *retinal ganglion cell chromatolysis in dogs* treated for 14 weeks at 180 mg/kg/day, a dose which resulted in a mean plasma drug level similar to that seen with the 60 mg/kg/day dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility —** In a 2-year *study in rats fed pravastatin at doses of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg body weight, there was an increased incidence* of hepatocellular carcinomas in males at the highest dose ($p < 0.01$). Although rats were given up to 125 times the human dose (HD) on a mg/kg body weight basis, serum drug levels were only 6 to 10 times higher than those measured in humans given 40 mg pravastatin as measured by AUC. The oral administration of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg (producing plasma drug levels approximately 0.5 to 5.0 times the human drug levels at 40 mg) of pravastatin to mice for 22 months resulted in a statistically significant increase in the incidence of malignant lymphomas in treated females when all treatment groups were pooled and compared to controls ($p < 0.05$). *The incidence was not dose-related and male mice were not affected. A chemically similar drug* in this class was administered to mice for 72 weeks at 25, 100, and 400 mg/kg body weight, which resulted in mean serum drug levels approximately 3, 15, and 33 times higher than the mean human serum drug concentration (as total inhibitory activity) after a 40 mg oral dose. Liver carcinomas were significantly increased in high-dose females and mid- and high-dose males, with a maximum incidence of 90 percent in males. The incidence of adenomas of the liver was significantly increased in mid- and high-dose females. Drug treatment also significantly increased the incidence of lung adenomas in mid- and high-dose males and *females. Adenomas of the eye Harderian gland (a gland of the eye of rodents) were significantly higher in* high-dose mice than in controls. No evidence of mutagenicity was observed *in vitro*, with or without rat-liver metabolic activation, in the following studies: microbial mutagen tests, using mutant strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* or *Escherichia coli*; a forward mutation assay in L5178Y TK +/- mouse lymphoma cells; a chromosomal aberration test in hamster cells; and a gene conversion assay using *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*. In addition, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in either a dominant lethal test in mice or a micronucleus test in mice. In a study in rats, with daily doses up to 500 mg/kg, pravastatin did not produce any adverse effects on fertility or general reproductive performance. However, in a study with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, there was decreased fertility in male rats treated for 34 weeks at 25 mg/kg body weight, although this effect was not observed in a subsequent fertility study when this same dose was administered for 11 weeks (the entire cycle of spermatogenesis, including epididymal maturation). In rats treated with this same reductase inhibitor at 180 mg/kg/day, seminiferous tubule degeneration (necrosis and loss of spermatogenic epithelium) was observed. Although not seen with pravastatin, two similar drugs in this class caused drug-related testicular atrophy, decreased spermatogenesis, spermatocytic degeneration, and giant cell formation in dogs. The clinical significance of these findings is unclear. **Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category X. —** See **CONTRAINDICATIONS.** Safety in pregnant women has not been established. Pravastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg daily or in rabbits at doses of up to 50 mg/kg daily. These doses resulted in 20x (rabbit) or 240x (rat) the human exposure based on surface area (mg/meter^2). However, in studies with *another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, skeletal malformations were observed in rats and mice. There has* been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (Vater association) in a baby born to a woman who took another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking PRAVACHOL (*pravastatin sodium*), *it should be discontinued* and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers —** A small amount of pravastatin is excreted in human breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking PRAVACHOL should not nurse (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). **Pediatric Use —** Safety and effectiveness in individuals less than 18 years old have not been established. Hence, treatment in patients less than 18 years old is not recommended at this time. **ADVERSE REACTIONS:** Pravastatin is generally well tolerated; adverse reactions have usually been *mild and transient. In 4-month long placebo-controlled trials, 1.7% of pravastatin-treated patients and 1.2% of placebo-treated patients were discontinued from treatment because of adverse experiences attributed to* study drug therapy; this difference was not statistically significant. In long-term studies, the most common reasons for discontinuation were asymptomatic serum transaminase increases and mild, non-specific gastrointestinal complaints. During clinical trials the overall incidence of adverse events in the elderly was not different from the incidence observed in younger patients. **Adverse Clinical Events —** All adverse clinical events (regardless of attribution) reported in more than 2% of pravastatin-treated patients in the placebo-controlled trials are identified in the table below; also shown are the percentages of patients in *whom these medical events were believed to be related or possibly related to the drug:*

	All Events		**Events Attributed to Study Drug**	
Body System/Event	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**
Cardiovascular				
Cardiac Chest Pain	4.0	3.4	0.1	0.0
Dermatologic Rash	4.0*	1.1	1.3	0.9
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea/Vomiting	7.3	7.1	2.9	3.4
Diarrhea	6.2	5.6	2.0	1.9
Abdominal Pain	5.4	6.9	2.0	3.9
Constipation	4.0	7.1	2.4	5.1
Flatulence	3.3	3.6	2.7	3.4
Heartburn	2.9	1.9	2.0	0.7
General				
Fatigue	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.0
Chest Pain	3.7	1.9	0.3	0.2
Influenza	2.4*	0.7	0.0	0.0
Musculoskeletal				
Localized Pain	10.0	9.0	1.4	1.5
Myalgia	2.7	1.0	0.6	0.0
Nervous System				
Headache	6.2	3.9	1.7*	0.2
Dizziness	3.3	3.2	1.0	0.5
Renal/Genitourinary				
Urinary Abnormality	2.4	2.9	0.7	1.2
Respiratory				
Common Cold	7.0	6.3	0.0	0.0
Rhinitis	4.0	4.1	0.1	0.0
Cough	2.6	1.7	0.1	0.0

*Statistically significantly different from placebo.

In the Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study (West of Scotland Coronary Prevention Study) (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Clinical Studies**) involving 6595 patients treated with PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) ($N = 3302$) or placebo ($n = 3293$) the adverse event profile in the pravastatin group was comparable to that of the placebo group over the median 4.8 years of the study. The following effects have been reported with drugs in this class; not all the effects listed below have necessarily been associated with pravastatin therapy: *Skeletal:* myopathy, rhabdomyolysis, arthralgia. *Neurological:* dysfunction of certain cranial nerves (including alteration of taste, impairment of extra-ocular movement, *facial paresis*), *tremor, vertigo, memory loss,* paresthesia, peripheral neuropathy, peripheral nerve palsy, anxiety, insomnia, depression. *Hypersensitivity Reactions:* An apparent hypersensitivity syndrome has been reported rarely which has included one or more of the following features: anaphylaxis, angioedema, lupus erythematous-like syndrome, polymyalgia rheumatica, dermatomyositis, vasculitis, purpura, thrombocytopenia, leukopenia, hemolytic anemia, positive ANA, ESR increase, eosinophilia, arthritis, arthralgia, urticaria, asthenia, photosensitivity, fever, chills, flushing, malaise, dyspnea, toxic epidermal necrolysis, erythema multiforme, including Stevens-Johnson syndrome. *Gastrointestinal:* pancreatitis, hepatitis, including chronic active hepatitis, cholestatic jaundice, fatty change in liver, and, rarely, cirrhosis, fulminant hepatic necrosis, and hepatoma; anorexia, vomiting. *Skin:* alopecia, *pruritus. A variety of skin changes (e.g., nodules, discoloration, dryness of skin/mucous membranes, changes to hair/nails) have been reported. Reproductive:* gynecomastia, loss of libido, erectile dysfunction. *Eye:* progression of cataracts (lens opacities), ophthalmoplegia. *Laboratory Abnormalities:* elevated transaminases, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities. **Laboratory Test Abnormalities —** Increases in serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values and CPK have been observed (see **WARNINGS**). Transient, asymptomatic eosinophilia has been reported. Eosinophil counts usually returned to normal despite continued therapy. Anemia, thrombocytopenia, and leukopenia have been reported with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. **Concomitant Therapy —** Pravastatin has been administered concurrently with *cholestyramine, colestipol, nicotinic acid, probucol and gemfibrozil.* Preliminary data suggest that the addition of either probucol or gemfibrozil to therapy with lovastatin or pravastatin is **not** associated with greater reduction in LDL-cholesterol than that achieved with lovastatin or pravastatin alone. No adverse reactions unique to the combination or in addition to those previously reported for each drug alone have been reported. Myopathy and rhabdomyolysis (with or without *acute renal failure) have been reported when another HMG-*CoA reductase inhibitor was used in combination with immunosuppressive drugs, gemfibrozil, erythromycin, or lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid. Concomitant therapy with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors and these *agents is generally not recommended.* (See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** and **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**.) **OVERDOSAGE:** To date, there are two reported cases of overdosage with pravastatin, both of which were asymptomatic and not associated with clinical laboratory abnormalities. If an overdose occurs, it should be treated symptomatically and supportive measures should be instituted as required.

CAUTION: Federal (USA) law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

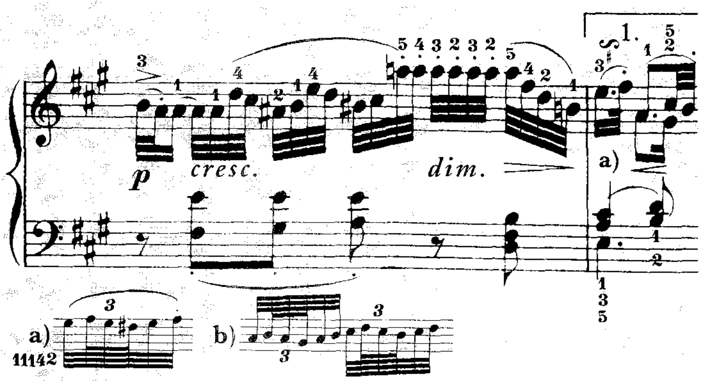
Consult package insert before prescribing PRAVACHOL® (pravastatin sodium).

Revised July 1996
D3-B001-7-96

J4-538D

[TANK FERMENTED]

[BARREL FERMENTED]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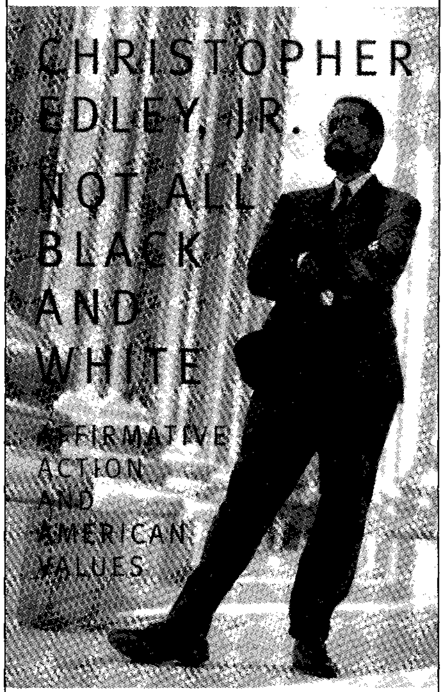

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MY SECRET RIGHT-WING CONSPIRACY

What did the author and his cohorts start in Wichita in the fall of 1967?

BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Sino-American Amity Fund
University of Arizona
J. Edgar Hoover Foundation
Educational Reviewer
Southwest University Texas
Harding College

Gaty's men: Barry Goldwater, Edgar Eisenhower, Strom Thurmond, Jack Shane, Frank Lausche, George Benson, Buckley, Louis Nichols, John Tower, and Clarence Manion.

STEVEN DANA

ON November 4, 1964, Barry Goldwater woke in his desert home, encircled by cactus and other asperities. He did not need to be reminded that half of the national press was waiting outside to hear him pronounce, after putting it off the night before, his surrender to Lyndon Johnson; and to hear him offer—if he felt like it (he didn't, but he went through the motions)—his congratulations to the political figure who had won the most sweeping electoral victory since Franklin Delano Roosevelt's demolition of Alfred Landon, in 1936. Goldwater was sore (though not, at that point, surprised) over the magnitude of his defeat. He divulged to his friends—and wrote about it in successive autobiographical accounts—that he was simply disbelieving that the positions he had taken before and during the campaign appealed to the majority of voters only in Arizona and a few Southern states.

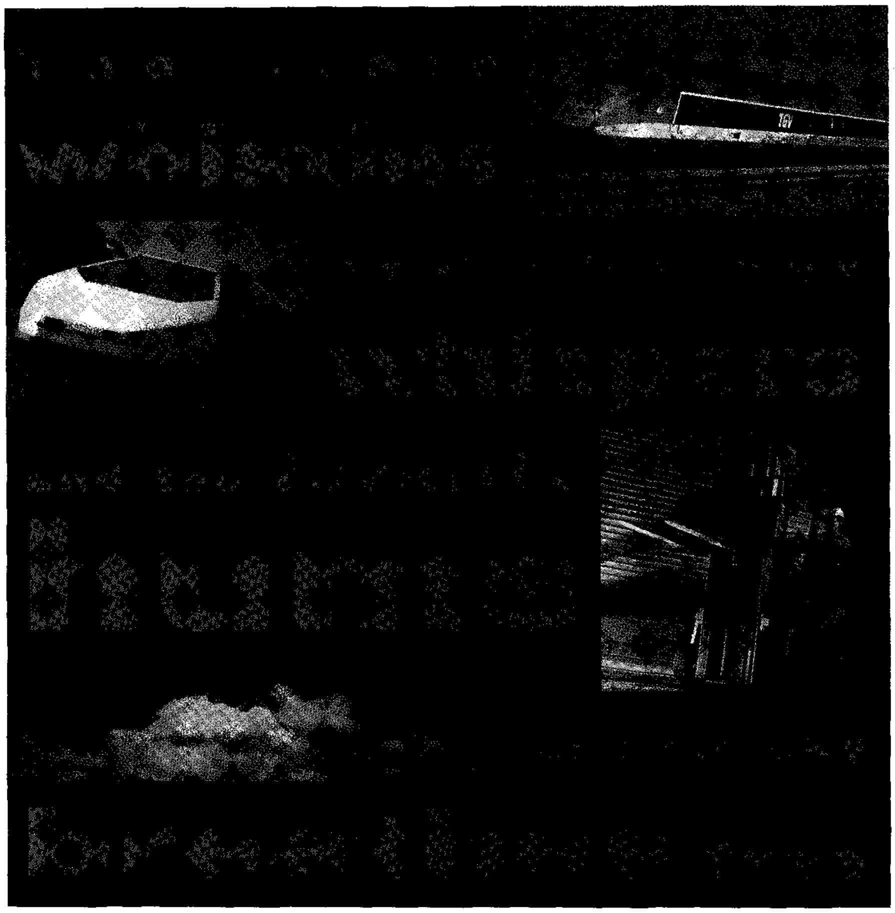
But that was the judgment of the establishment: The right-wing critique of American liberalism had now had a final exposure on the political auction block. The bitter-enders could now go back to their lairs and sing their tribal songs of nostalgia and recrimination, and maybe convene every now and again to hold testimonial dinners in honor of Barry Goldwater. History would record that he was the candidate returned by Lyndon Johnson to the parched earth of Phoenix, where dwelled only millionaires seeking dry air to breathe and the Indians that Goldwater could now resume photographing. But, of course, sixteen years later Ronald Reagan was swept into office on a platform indistinguishable from what Barry had been preaching.

What happened? On their little cat feet, the conservatives, with their myriad committees, seminars, assemblies, documentaries, scholarships, leaflets, and prayer and fasting, had crept back onto the scene and found themselves in the Oval Office. *What happened*?

My own explanation is: John P. Gaty.

I FIRST saw his name on quick-reading the first page of what I first judged to be merely a quaint letter, dated July 27, 1967. It came from one Jack Shane, senior vice-president and trust officer of the Fourth National Bank and Trust Company of Wichita, Kansas, and it advised me that I had been named one of nine trustees who were given the responsibility of disposing of the residual estate (amounting to about half the total estate) of the late John P. Gaty.

I read on. The letter included a four-



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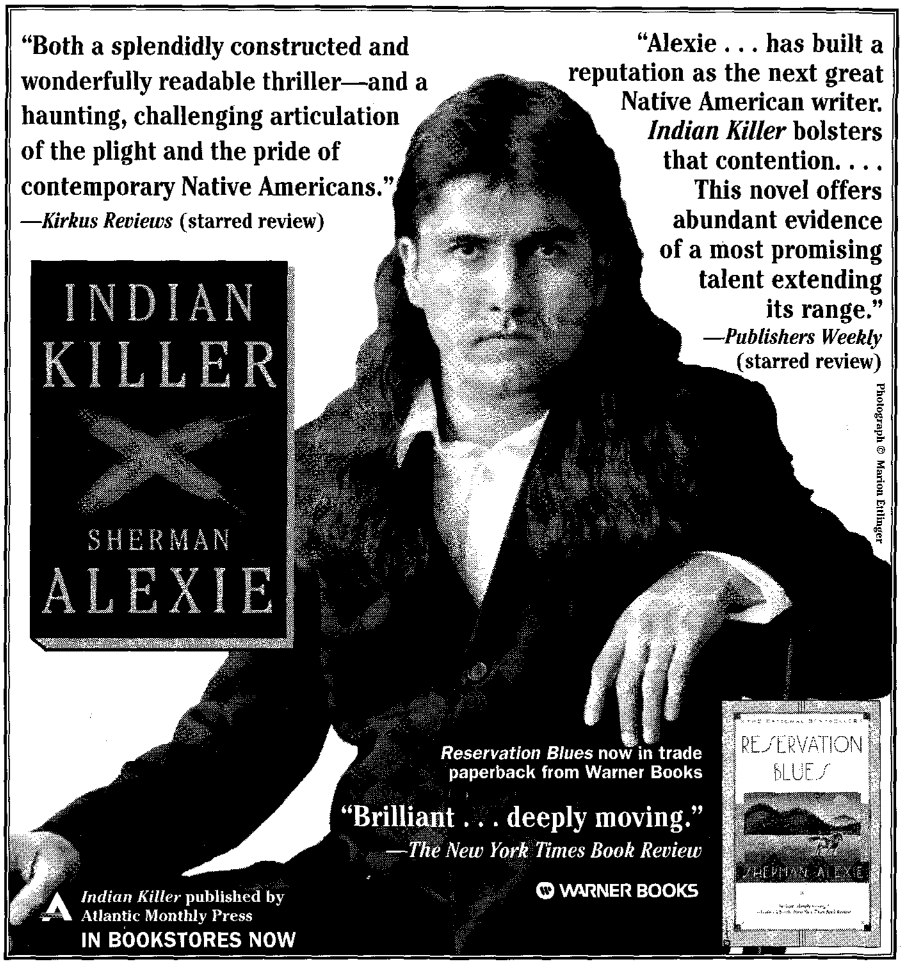

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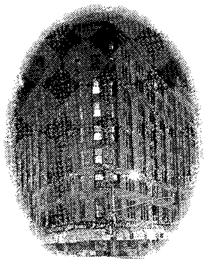

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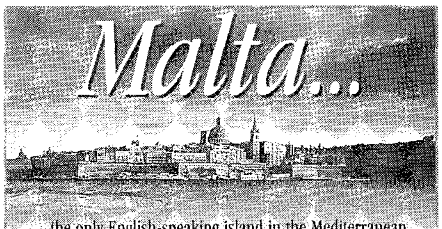

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page biography. John Gaty was a graduate of Cornell University, where he had studied mechanical engineering. He had been employed as the vice-president and general manager of the Beech Aviation Company, in Wichita. On the side, he had managed some modest oil explorations. He retired from Beech at age sixty, and at age sixty-one—in 1961—he contemplated a negative medical prognosis. He died in 1963. It was not easy (I would learn) to burrow in the private thoughts of the diffident bachelor, but we now know that he brought forth an extraordinary will.

The first part of it was conventional: bequests to individuals (a Mr. J. Arnold Dowd received one hundred thousand dollars "for his unflagging effectiveness in helping me accumulate my fortune") and to conventional charities. It was Article 23 that caught the eye: "My trustees are directed to distribute one-tenth (1/10) of the corpus and all of the income the first year, one-ninth (1/9) of the corpus and all of the income the second year"—and so on for ten years, after which the corpus would be exhausted. The money would go to such "religious, charitable, scientific, literary, or educational purposes as met the requirements for exemption under the present and future Internal Revenue Code of the United States." John Gaty then narrowed the focus of his design, specifying "*I request that in making such distribution my Trustees give special consideration to the purposes which will promote individual liberty and incentive as opposed to socialism and communism.*" He went on, in a separate memo, to name his selected trustees.

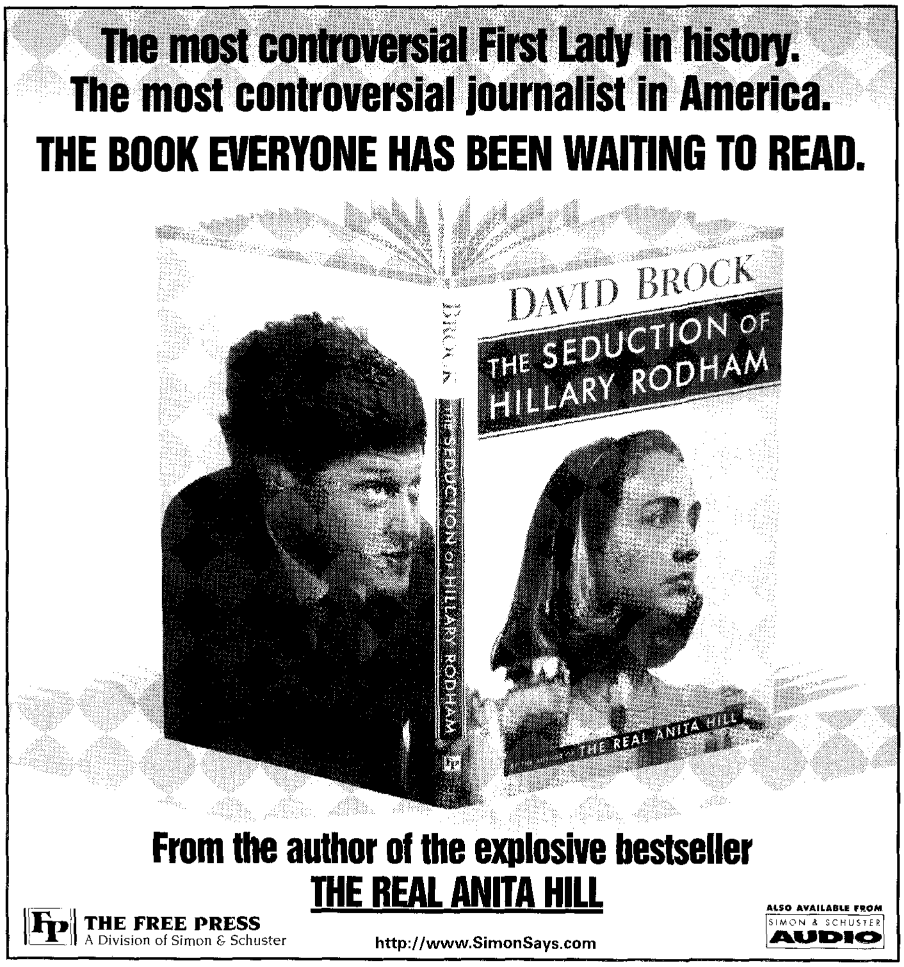
Any pool that sought in 1963 to list the twenty most conspicuous right-wing figures in the United States would have included the nine names given by John Gaty. His list of trustees included three United States senators, the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the founder and president of Harding College, the conservative publicist and former dean of the Notre Dame Law School, the oldest of the three Eisenhower brothers, and the founder and editor of *National Review*. What were they supposed to do, these guardians of the tablets?

The memo specified procedure. The trustees would meet once every year in Wichita. I blinked. Those nine . . . people, forgather on the same day? Every year for ten years? *In Wichita*? But John P. Gaty's artfulness unfurled: Every trustee would receive a stipend of a thousand dollars for attending the meeting (about five thousand dollars in today's money). And every trustee would have unimpeachable authority to distribute a total of ten thousand dollars (again, the equivalent of fifty thousand dollars today) to the recipient or recipients of his choice—and not only that, but to cast a vote on how to allocate the rest of the year's portion of the corpus.

A STROLLER with a trained political eye who happened on the intersection of Douglas and Market Streets in Wichita, Kansas, at 9 A.M. on the morning of Saturday, October 28, 1967, would have rubbed the eye in astonishment. *What was going on in Wichita?* It was surely hidden from general view. What was it that had brought these troglodytes to town: Barry Goldwater, the ranking national Republican; John Tower, the hard-line first Republican senator from Texas since Reconstruction; Frank Lausche, of Ohio, former governor, senator, and Democratic mugwump; Strom Thurmond, senator from South Carolina and sometime Presidential candidate on a states'-rights ticket; Clarence (Pat) Manion, sometime dean of the Notre Dame Law School and, from 1954 to 1979, weekly radio broadcaster delivering Catonic messages on the Communist threat; George Benson, of Harding College, full-time conservative evangelist and educator; Edgar Eisenhower, older brother of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, and the rightwardmost of the brothers; and then the ubiquitous Buckley. What were they up to? A putsch?

Our paths had, mostly, already crossed. I hadn't met Edgar Eisenhower—tall, stocky, partly bald, traces of freckles, formally dressed, his smile as magical as that of his Presidential brother. Several of us hadn't met George Benson, who was quiet and solemn, or else had forgotten that we had. The rest were old hat in the fraternity of the right.

There were eight of us, and we, accompanied by Shane, the trust officer, and two other executives of the bank, sat in an ornate boardroom, with pencils, yellow pads, water glasses, copies of the will, and folios on the Fourth National Bank at each place. The first order of business was the election of a chairman. Goldwater nominated Strom Thurmond, who was senior in rank, politically invincible, and also—it seemed even then—biologically evergreen. (A longtime widower, when he'd become sixty-six he would marry a twenty-two-year-old and sire—to be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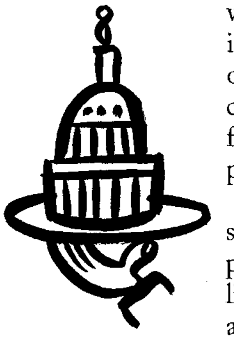
sure, after a decorous interval—a child.) Thurmond accepted his unanimous election and suggested that, before the meeting proceeded, a moment of prayerful reflection was in order. He bowed his head and spoke a few words in the melodious accents of the native South Carolinian.

We needed to replace J. Edgar Hoover, who declined to serve. I nominated Louis Nichols, who had served Hoover as a senior aide. Having retired, Lou Nichols was now an executive with Schenly, Inc., and was serving as president of the J. Edgar Hoover Foundation. Was he not a plausible substitute for the Prince? That motion carried, though John Tower, half smiling, reminded us that adding ten per cent to the board of trustees meant diminishing by ten per cent the loot at our disposal. By our votes, we scorned his fratricidal distraction, however ruefully.



Senator Thurmond then proposed that each of us should now speak, including in his remarks the name or names of the beneficiaries that he wished his inviolable ten thousand dollars to go to, reciting the recipients' qualifications. After that, we would discuss to whom, and in what amounts, we should send the rest of the money available for this year's distribution.

THE first man called was Clarence Manion, an engaging Irish-American who had retired as dean of the Notre Dame Law School fifteen years earlier to serve the Eisenhower administration. He had a considerable reputation as a spellbinding and witty right-wing orator and had struck gold in 1962, when he persuaded Barry Goldwater to write a book-length political testament. When assembled, "The Conscience of a Conservative" proved spectacularly popular, and its success had much to do with the Goldwater Presidential movement. Manion now presided over "The Manion Forum," a syndicated weekly broadcast devoted to forwarding the conservative and anti-Communist agenda.

Manion spoke in a voice—the voice of a litigator—that commanded instant attention. He said that it would be a good idea to consider half a dozen young conservatives competing for Congress. Why not give them a leg up—a few thousand dollars contributed to their campaigns? A soft but commanding harrumph from Trust Officer Shane, a faded, serious, high-buttoned executive in his fifties, whose private passion (I learned) was oil painting. He was seated behind the Chairman and flanked by the two other executives of the bank. Jack Shane was always deferential in addressing the trustees, but he said now most firmly that he did not believe it possible, under the Internal Revenue Code, to give money from the estate to a political candidate.

How could that be, Manion wanted to know. He had in hand a copy of a letter written by John Gaty himself in which he had said that one of the trust's purposes was to contribute to "the campaign fund of any of the participants" present at the annual meeting.

"I know, *I know*," Mr. Shane said, and then he patiently explained the law. It was not a light rebuke, handed down to a former dean of a law school, and in the presence of politicians whose every instinct was to clear the way for those willing to lighten the load of campaign contributors.

Pat Manion reassembled his thoughts and then turned to the Sino-American Amity Fund, which pleaded the cause of a Free China and American familiarity with Taiwanese affairs. George Benson, fluent in the exercise of mendicancy, then spoke, meticulously and passionately, about the National Education Foundation, which sponsored scholarships and activity not only at Harding College but at Oklahoma Christian College, two fundamentalist schools, with which he was especially associated.

Most of us had a cause close to the heart, and the hearth. Mine was my indigent magazine, *National Review*, and I spoke about the Educational Reviewer, a tax-deductible enterprise that contracted for educational research using the special facilities of the magazine. George Benson spoke further about Harding College and Oklahoma Christian College and their educational and religious tributaries. Lou Nichols, after he came on board, wanted to patronize the J. Edgar Hoover Foundation, which, in turn, patronized the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, which gave out (and still gives out) little prizes every year to encourage lively conservative editorial enterprise. Barry Goldwater soon settled on helping finance the Goldwater Chair at the University of Arizona and John Tower on doing the same for the John Tower Chair at Southwestern University, in Texas. Only Edgar Eisenhower had no specific beneficiaries in mind when he arrived, and, accordingly, he distributed his ration among several enterprises.

When we turned to selecting beneficiaries for the uncommitted portion of the estate, each of us—except Edgar Eisenhower—had a second recipient in mind. We spoke about these recipients, incidentally demonstrating our cosmopolitan knowledge of conservative activity. Circumspect horse-trading began.

We lunched on sandwiches and coffee and brownies at the same table where we had done business, and during the meal conversation turned to matters of general interest. Would Nixon easily sweep the Republican primaries next spring? How unequivocal would Lyndon Johnson, seeking reëlection next year, be on the progressively divisive question of South Vietnam? Exactly how far were the student protesters willing to go? What were the effective means of mobilizing counterprotests? Was there a growing acceptance in the academic community of such as Milton Friedman?

Edgar Eisenhower, sitting next to Pat Manion, sipped his coffee and touched down on "right-wing crazies." "Did you know, Dean Manion, that there's a fellow up in the Boston area"—his chuckle was one part mirth, one part indignation—"who thinks that Ike is a Communist agent?"

Manion's reaction was faultless: "You don't *mean* it?" He managed utter astonishment, but he caught my wink, and winked back. There was indeed such a fellow up in the Boston area, his name was Robert Welch, he had founded the John Birch Society, and Dean Manion was even at that moment a member of the society's national board.

Poor Pat. Like so many others, he had stayed on as a director of John Birch for no other reason than that he could not, as a matter of temperament, retreat under fire. He could never have given a moment's serious notice to the lunatic conclusion of Robert Welch, which had been explained in a Birch publication given only discreet publication. Goldwater looked on with pain. Two years before, he had signed a manifesto that I had written and published in *National Review* disavowing the society, but it had been difficult for him. For a season or two, in Phoenix in the early sixties, joining the John Birch Society was on

"It even saved our groceries."

"All right, we did lose one egg," admit both Patricia and Roger Steves. But considering the accident they were involved in, they don't seem to mind. You see, while on the way home from the grocery store one afternoon, they were rear-ended by a pickup truck and the front of their Saturn was pushed into the car in front of them. Luckily neither Patricia nor her husband was seriously hurt. They did, however, fear the worst for their parcels since the trunk was now "trying very hard to become part of the back seat." Imagine their surprise when they discovered that, with the exception of one unlucky egg, their groceries were as unharmed as they were.

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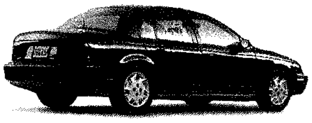

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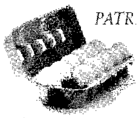

PATRICIA STEVES' 11-EGG FRITTATA RECIPE—Ingredients: 1 cup of diced onion, 1 cup of diced green pepper, 2 cups of diced ham, 11 eggs. Sauté onions and peppers until cooked, mix in ham, divide mixture in half and keep warm. Then beat 6 of the eggs with a fork, stir in half of the filling mixture and season to taste. Pour into preheated omelet pan. Flip into another pan when bottom of the frittata is set. Cook another 1 or 2 minutes. Repeat with other half of ingredients. Serves 6.

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the order of joining the local country club.

After lunch, John Tower, urinal to urinal, confided to me that the nascent Reagan for President Committee was preposterous. Not only was there no possibility that it would succeed in derailing Nixon but Reagan manifestly didn't have the "intellectual capacity" to serve as President.

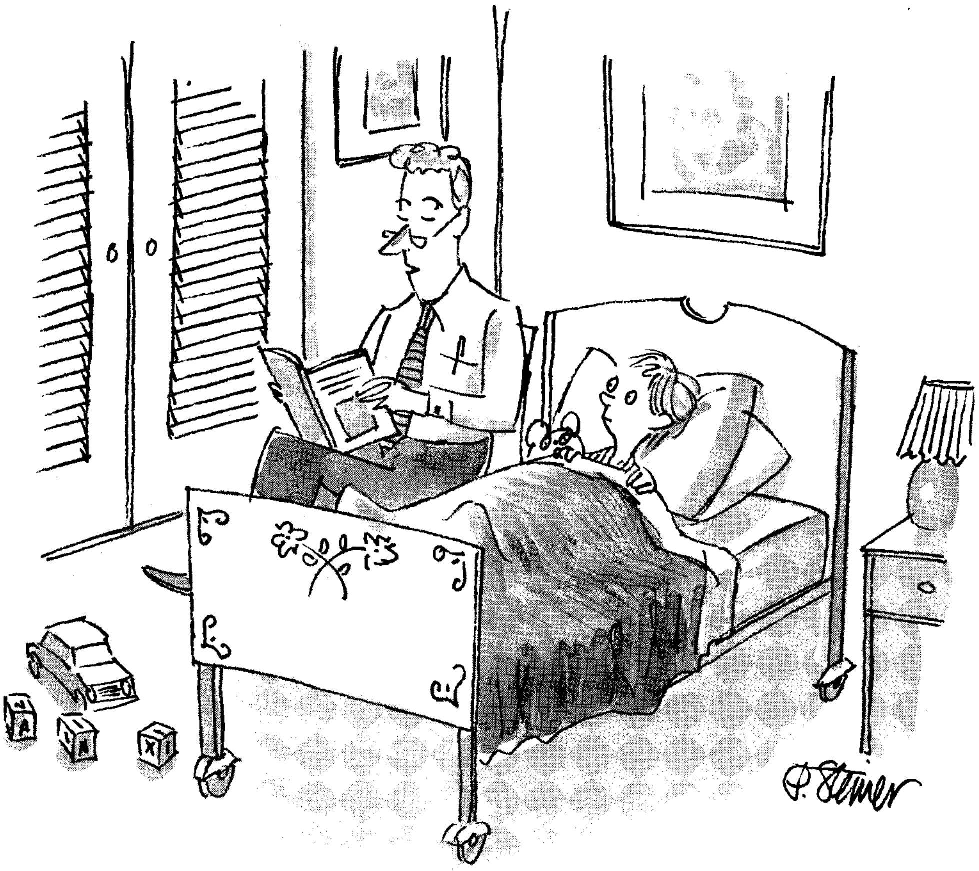
We disbanded. We had spent three hours at work, and that was gradually reduced to two hours, approximately, in the succeeding nine Wichita sessions. The Fourth National Bank completed the year's work gracefully, by sending each trustee individual checks made out to the charities of our choice, so that we could personally address them to the beneficiaries, Santa Claus for a day. One small step for mankind.

For seven years, full attendance at the annual meeting was unbroken. Whatever the hardship of the round trip (one needed to make connecting flights in Kansas City), none of us were going to pass up the guaranteed ten thousand dollars for our protégés—or for ourselves. There were distractions. In 1970, counsel for the bank sadly advised the Senate trustees that under the most recent revision of the Internal Revenue Code they were ineligible to continue to receive the thousand-dollar annual stipend; indeed, they'd have to return the payment for the preceding year. There was real indignation about this, especially from John Tower. The Senate had recently voted to prohibit senators from earning more than twenty-five thousand dollars per year in speaking fees, and Tower said he was feeling the pinch.

At one session, George Benson informed us, in his quiet, solemn voice, that he proposed to put every one of us on the Harding College Honor Roll, which was otherwise restricted to individuals who had donated a thousand dollars or more to Harding. I thanked him and declined the honor. The reason I gave was that every week or so I received requests from conservative organizations for gifts, and I regularly wrote out checks for twenty or thirty dollars, so if the solicitors spotted my name on a list of donors who had given a thousand dollars to Harding they would think me miserly for treating them to nickels and dimes. Goldwater, too, declined, "for the same reasons as Buckley." Other trustees nodded their heads. Dr. Benson withdrew his offer.

Beginning the third year, the bank gave a dinner on the Friday night preceding the meeting, in honor of the trustees, and invited forty or fifty local clients. The trustees, for their part, were called on after dessert and coffee to say a few words about the national scene. John Tower, who hated unpaid social functions unrelated to his own purposes, and regularly overconsumed at the cocktail hour, had faded away before dinner, to appear chirpily the following morning at meeting time. The rest did their duty and spoke, mostly in pessimistic tones appropriate to the beleaguered conservative minority that in 1964 had been instructed, in the public understanding, to go home and stop getting in the way of the nation's future. Meanwhile, we had had the reoccupation of Czechoslovakia by Khrushchev, Communist expansionism in Southeast Asia, mounting deficits and inflation at home.

George Benson came close as primary doomsayer, but the supreme pessimist was always Pat Manion, year after year. For him, it was something of a forensic challenge to create just the right admixture. He was the Irish eulogist undertaking at once to rescue the mourners from terminal grief and to validate their conviction that the loss of the deceased made inconceivable any prospect of a happy life. At long and vinous dinners, the competitive spirit is provoked, and I found myself, without objective grounds for doing so, predicting great sunrises ahead, not excluding the disintegration of the Soviet Union, the burial of socialist dogma, the quelling of the Woodstock Generation, and American triumph at the next Olympics. But the modest objective at hand was merely to repay the hospitality of the bank's executives by providing a little postprandial political theatre. Soon the good nights were said. We had work to do the next morning.



"The prince married the princess, the kingdom got most-favored-nation status, and they lived happily ever after."

In 1973, the Gaty trustees met a week after President Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre. That was when Richard Nixon had demanded the firing of the special Watergate prosecutor, had forced the Attorney General to quit for refusing to fire him, and had then dismissed the Deputy Attorney General for refusing to do it, and, finally, anticipating a negative decision by the Supreme

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Court, had gone on to release his suicidal tapes to the special prosecutor. After our work for the bank, Senator Goldwater and I were driven to the airport, he to fly back to Washington, I to New York. We sat quietly in a little coffee shop waiting for our flights to be called, but Goldwater's movements had been tracked by the local CBS television outlet, and five minutes after we sat down a camera and several reporters crowded around. What did Senator Goldwater think about President Nixon's prospects for surviving Watergate?

"I have no doubt that President Nixon will be completely exonerated, just a matter of time. Now that, gentlemen"—he raised his right hand to signal an adieu—"is absolutely all I have to say on the subject." They left reluctantly, and Goldwater addressed me. "There is absolutely no doubt Nixon is guilty." He put down his Coca-Cola and, with his hands, attempted to make his analysis graphically. "You know, if I had been beached ten years ago on an island cut off from the world, and a helicopter suddenly dropped down and the pilot described the mess in the White House, I'd say to myself, 'Richard Nixon has got to be the President of the United States!' "

Goldwater and I had been friends for a very long time. Every year, almost from the beginning of our trusteeships, he had voted five thousand dollars, at my special request, to the little Philadelphia Society. It had been founded in 1964 and had only one purpose: to bring together in different cities its members, mostly academics and journalists, to deliver papers and discuss substantive questions. I read to my fellow-trustees the themes of recent meetings, which included "Disorder in the House of Intellect," "Dimensions of the Protracted Conflict," and "Civil Disorder—Who Created the Urban Crisis?" (among the speakers, Gerhart Niemeyer, Hugh Kenner, Eric Voegelin).

A crisis arose shortly before I'd be leaving for Kansas. I learned almost by accident that Senator Goldwater would not be attending the seventh meeting. His absence could mean the end of the little subsidy for the Philadelphia Society, which, at the time, listed assets of forty-seven hundred dollars (mostly dues owed), and liabilities of ninety-one hundred dollars. (Our bequest to the society probably amounted to seventy-five per cent of its annual receipts; by contrast, the gifts to Harding and Oklahoma Christian College were, I'd guess, a small fraction of what they received from graduates and well-wishers.) I tried, before catching the flight, to reach Goldwater by telephone, but did not get through.

Sometimes you simply have to rely on mutual understanding. I took a deep breath and wrote out a telegram: "GENTLEMEN: DEEPLY SORRY INADVERTENT CONFLICT MADE MY PRESENCE IMPOSSIBLE. IF AGREEABLE TO YOU WOULD DEEPLY APPRECIATE YOUR VOTING FUNDS IN APPROPRIATE AMOUNTS TO THE SAME CHARITIES I FAVORED LAST YEAR. WARM REGARDS, BARRY GOLDWATER." I had it dispatched to every one of the trustees, in care of the Fourth National Bank of Wichita, including myself.

The next morning, Chairman Thurmond read out his telegram and said he assumed we had all got the identical request. We nodded. At least it can be said that I had promised myself I'd keep my mouth shut, leaving it to someone else to

How to talk to your child about drinking so he won't just hear

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move the adoption of Senator Goldwater's request, or to speak in favor of it—or against it. I would say *nothing*. An affirmative motion was made. It carried unanimously. The Philadelphia Society lived! In due course, I had word from Goldwater, thanking me for taking the initiative. I was glad to have this, and recalled that years before some lawyer, in some connection or other, had remarked that a forgery isn't actually a forgery if the counterfeiter has reason to suppose that the person whose name is being used would, if apprised of what had happened, ratify the act.

I did, however, feel a little pang about our benefactor. As has been noted, Gaty was a shy man, but in his will he had engaged in an act just a little bit exhibitionistic in character—summoning nine busy conservative leaders to Wichita every year for ten years. I didn't think it likely that he desired the physical union of the ten trustees on the ground that only by human interaction would their collaborative judgment bear fruit, through the descrying of hidden conservative enterprises that might otherwise have gone unnoticed and unpatronized. The allocations, I'd guessed, would not have been significantly different if we had made up our lists at home and voted by mail on one another's nominations in response to a request reading, "Please indicate on the enclosed list the order of your endorsement. Use '15' for your top choice, descending to '1.' " I did wonder whether the Goldwater precedent would bring on extensive absenteeism in the last two years, with telegrams flying about from everybody to everybody else, to request that the preceding year's allocations be honored.

This did not happen, however. Dear Edgar Eisenhower, the world's most genial man, had died in 1970. Senator Goldwater never reappeared, but there were no other absentees, and, on the tenth year, we voted the remainder of the funds. The John P. Gaty Trust ended its life. At the last meeting, Senator Thurmond gave thanks to Providence and bade us Godspeed.

So. Had the late John Gaty engendered the conservative victory of 1980? One seeks perspectives. In 1960, Norman Mailer explained that his essay in the *Village Voice* endorsing John F. Kennedy a few weeks before Election Day had made the critical difference, tipping the Presidential scales: correct. And John Gaty was responsible for the election of Ronald Reagan: *tout court*. We had sent funds to a total of fifty-six conservative enterprises—distributing how much money?

A million three hundred thousand dollars. O.K., that isn't Rockefeller-Ford-Carnegie-type money, especially spread out over ten years. And, yes, it requires ten—or a hundred or a thousand—times as much to pay for the battleships of the getting-and-spending world. But it's also true that the people who think up how to build battleships and what to put in them are paid peanuts compared with the cost of the ship itself. And almost always the people who are paid the very least are those who work on public opinion, which decides where battleships should go, what they should aim at, and whether they should fire. Millions of words were printed, spoken, and preached by recipients of Gaty money. Sweaty work, over a period of ten years, but then revolutions take time. ♦

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ANNALS OF VIETNAM

A FRIENDSHIP THAT ENDED THE WAR

How two heroes who came home on different sides of the war made their peace—and the nation's.

BY JAMES CARROLL

I—GUESTS AT THE HANOI HILTON

On Memorial Day in 1993, two United States senators were escorted through a prison in downtown Hanoi. It was a massive building, enclosed in a compound and occupying most of a block in the middle of the crowded city. The windows had bars, and some had louvred shutters. The Vietnamese name for the prison was Hoa Lo. The name given it by Americans was the Hanoi Hilton. During the war, the prison held captured fliers, whom the Vietnamese called "air pirates," and on this day one of them had returned, for the first time since his release: John McCain, now a Republican senator from Arizona. As a Navy bomber pilot, he had been held prisoner for nearly six years, from October of 1967, when he was shot down, until March of 1973. Most of that time he had spent at Hoa Lo, more than two years of it in solitary confinement. This past summer, a large television audience heard McCain refer to the experience when he placed Bob Dole's name in nomination at the Republican National Convention. "A long time ago, in another walk of life, I was deprived of my liberty," he said, with the understatement of a man who knows that his imprisonment is what distinguishes him.

When McCain returned to Hoa Lo in 1993, he was accompanied by John Kerry, a Democrat from Massachusetts. Kerry, another Navy war veteran, was the chairman of the by then disbanded Senate Select Committee on P.O.W./M.I.A. Affairs, while McCain was its leading Republican; committee business had brought them back to Vietnam. Recently, Kerry told me about the visit to the prison, describing the walk down a corridor toward McCain's old cell—"at the back end of the right-hand side as we walked in, around the corner. It was just this very small, dark, dank cell, with a little bed area, hardly fit for anybody."

Senators John Kerry and John McCain were attacked on the P.O.W./M.I.A. issue, but together their credibility became absolute.

STEVE BRODNER

In a recent interview with McCain, I asked him to describe the cell. "Nine or ten feet by seven feet," he said, "a little teeny window up at the top that was barred; a metal door that had what we used to call a peep door in it, where the guard can open it and look in at you."

McCain had communicated with the

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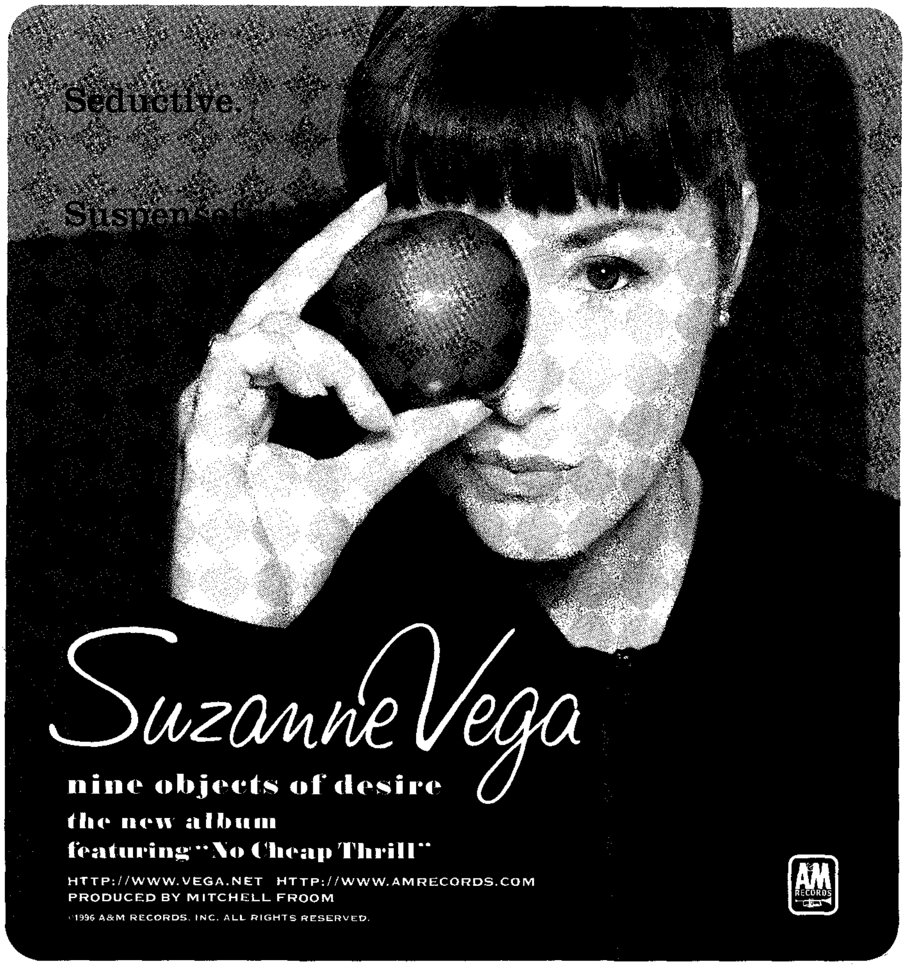
man in the next cell by tapping on the wall and listening to taps that came back. News passed along by this tap code included reports of antiwar activity at home. Peace activists like Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda showed up at the Hanoi Hilton during McCain's imprisonment. He always refused to meet with them; the prisoners hated the peaceniks. But then, more than three years into McCain's incarceration, in April of 1971, news came of an even more disturbing antiwar demonstration. Around a thousand American soldiers recently returned from Vietnam had gathered on the Mall in Washington to denounce the war. Led by a former Navy officer, they threw the medals and ribbons they had earned over a barricade at the Capitol.

The former Navy officer who led that veterans' protest and who "turned back" ribbons he'd won with one Silver Star, one Bronze Star, and three Purple Hearts was John Kerry. Kerry told me what it was like to stand on the threshold of the prison cell with McCain: "I remember a kind of silence, and I remember distinctly that we were alone. . . . We had other people around us, but they melted into the background at that moment, and we were just standing in this place. I remember being in awe, feeling a sense of awe for what I could feel this guy must have gone through in that place." Kerry himself was part of what McCain had gone through.

Standing with McCain at Hoa Lo brought Kerry face to face with the contradiction that had given shape to his life as surely as the prison had given shape to McCain's. Unlike the admirably direct McCain, Kerry is a man of many complications; the difference is reflected in their very different war histories. But now McCain's history was to the point. "It was a time for me to listen," Kerry told me. "I asked a few questions . . . and he talked a little about it. And he talked about the friend next door that he'd communicated with, and how they'd tap. . . . He told me that they knew that some veteran had stood up and said the war was wrong. They knew what was going on." They knew, that is, that a former Navy officer had betrayed them.

In 1984, thirteen years after that protest at the Capitol, John McCain, by then a United States representative from Arizona, went to Massachusetts to campaign against Kerry, a first-time Senate candidate. At a rally in the North End of Boston, McCain spoke in support of the Republican candidate, a businessman named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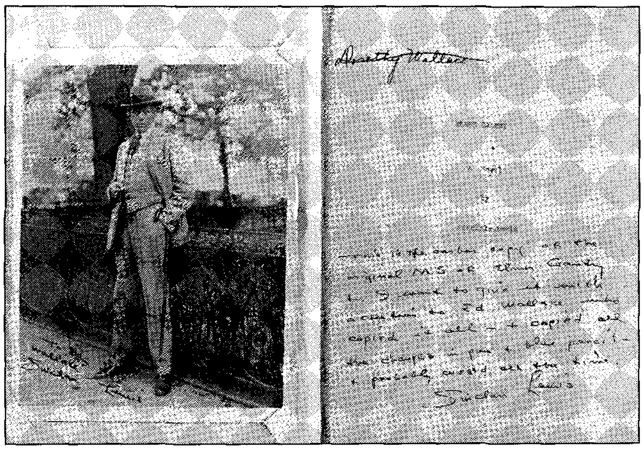

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Ray Shamie. "I hadn't met John Kerry," McCain told me. In Boston, conservative opponents had tagged Kerry as Ho Chi Minh's candidate. McCain, in his appearance for Shamie, talked about the events of April, 1971. "I said he shouldn't have thrown his medals on the steps, and that I heard about it while I was in prison."

John McCain has never changed his mind about Kerry's participation in that antiwar demonstration, but he has changed his mind about the man. Much sets the two apart. Kerry is tall and lean, with carefully coiffed dark hair, a sharp nose and chin, and a mouth that seems small for his face, which perhaps explains why his expression falls into a smile only with reluctance. He could be cast in any movie as the patrician senator. McCain looks more like a senator's friendly appliance repairman. He is stocky, with washed-out white hair and the slightly pasty skin of a man who has been through something. But a smile comes into McCain's face like a boat into its slip. McCain is the son and grandson of admirals, while Kerry's mother was a Boston Brahmin and his father a Foreign Service officer. Kerry, a liberal Democrat, is at ease in the role of Senator Edward Kennedy's junior partner; McCain is proud to hold Barry Goldwater's Senate seat. Kerry came out of Vietnam as a leading critic of the war, McCain as one of its few true heroes.

Nevertheless, their names have become linked, both through their surprising friendship and through their work together on the Select Committee. "Kerry-McCain" is said as if it were one word. It describes legislation they have co-sponsored, and defines an unusual place in the political landscape. This past June, for example, a Kerry-McCain measure provided millions of dollars in compensation for the "lost commandos"—covert agents from South Vietnam whom the C.I.A. had long ago cut loose. "Our relationship is now so easy," McCain told me, "this latest, on the commandos . . . was a two-minute conversation. We didn't have to explore each other's views or anything like that. We both thought alike, and we just did it." Last month, when a CNBC talk show wanted comments on the United States missile attacks against Iraq, Kerry and McCain appeared as a duo. Across the boundaries of ideology, the men have formed a potent bipartisan partnership, grounded in a common, if rarely articulated, experience of the loss, grief, and bitterness that marked the generation of Americans who fought the war in Vietnam and fought against it.

McCain has long since eaten the words he uttered for Ray Shamie in 1984, and it is a good thing for John Kerry that he has. This year, Kerry, up for reëlection, is being challenged by Massachusetts' popular Republican governor, William Weld. After two terms, Kerry has an impressive record nationally and locally, but in Massachusetts politics he is always overshadowed by Ted Kennedy, and now the contrast between his hyper-formality and Weld's self-mocking frivolity—this summer, Weld leaped into the Charles River fully clothed—has him in trouble: he is in a dead heat with Weld in the polls. Kerry's refusal—or inability—to play the role either of the breezy backslapper or of the sincere self-revealer seems to leave Clinton-era voters cold. At a time when the values of the sitcom and the soap opera prevail, Kerry's reserve may mean that his best hope for Novem-

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ber is pinned to the President's coattails.

Few things would benefit Weld as much as a repeat of McCain's anti-Kerry visit to Massachusetts in 1984. The Arizona senator, whose Convention role as Dole's nominator signalled his importance, is one of the Party's most sought-after campaigners. McCain is working hard to protect the Republican majority in the Senate, and he regards the liberalism of Democrats like Kerry as a danger to the nation's future. Nevertheless, when I asked McCain if he would be campaigning for Weld, he shook his head, an emphatic no. "I simply would not do such a thing. I couldn't do that. . . . I'm surprised you would ask. . . . Going to campaign against John Kerry is just something I wouldn't consider." McCain's devotion to Kerry is an anomaly in American politics, and it is a measure of Kerry's reticence that few of his home-state constituents know of it, or of the story that lies behind it.

JOHN MCCAIN and nearly six hundred other P.O.W.s returned home early in 1973, but the fate of more than two thousand Americans who never returned from Vietnam continued to haunt their families and the nation. Five Presidents failed to dispel the questions surrounding the missing Americans, in part because at least three of those Presidents exploited the issue shamelessly. In 1991, the matter was taken up by the Senate, and John Kerry and John McCain found themselves at the center of the effort to solve the mystery. Their struggle made of these two unlikely figures the most intimate of political friends. It would never be "I love you, man" between them, especially given Kerry's reserve, but events would show that their bond ran deep and wide. "I like him very much," McCain told me. "We get along very well together. The thing about the Senate is you don't socialize with anybody." But, he continued, "When we travel together to Vietnam . . . we talk."

It seemed oddly right that the man with McCain at the Hanoi Hilton in 1993 was John Kerry. For the previous two years, they had, in the words of a McCain staff member, "covered each other's backs" in a political combat over the missing Americans. Thomas Vallely, the director of the Indochina Program at the Harvard Institute for International Development and an organizer of its Vietnam Program, observed the work of the Select Committee closely. "During this period of time," he told me recently, "there is a

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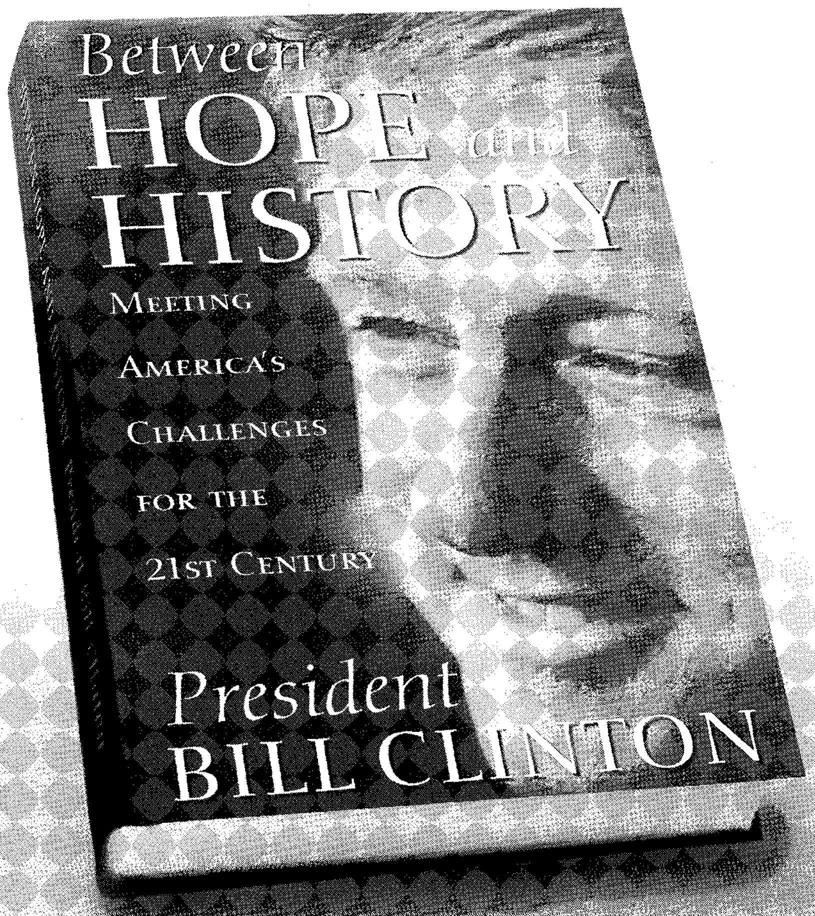

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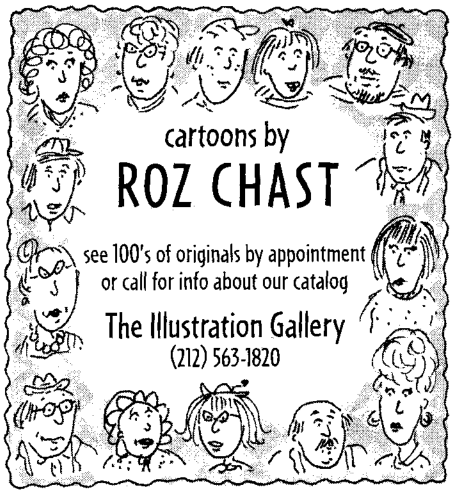
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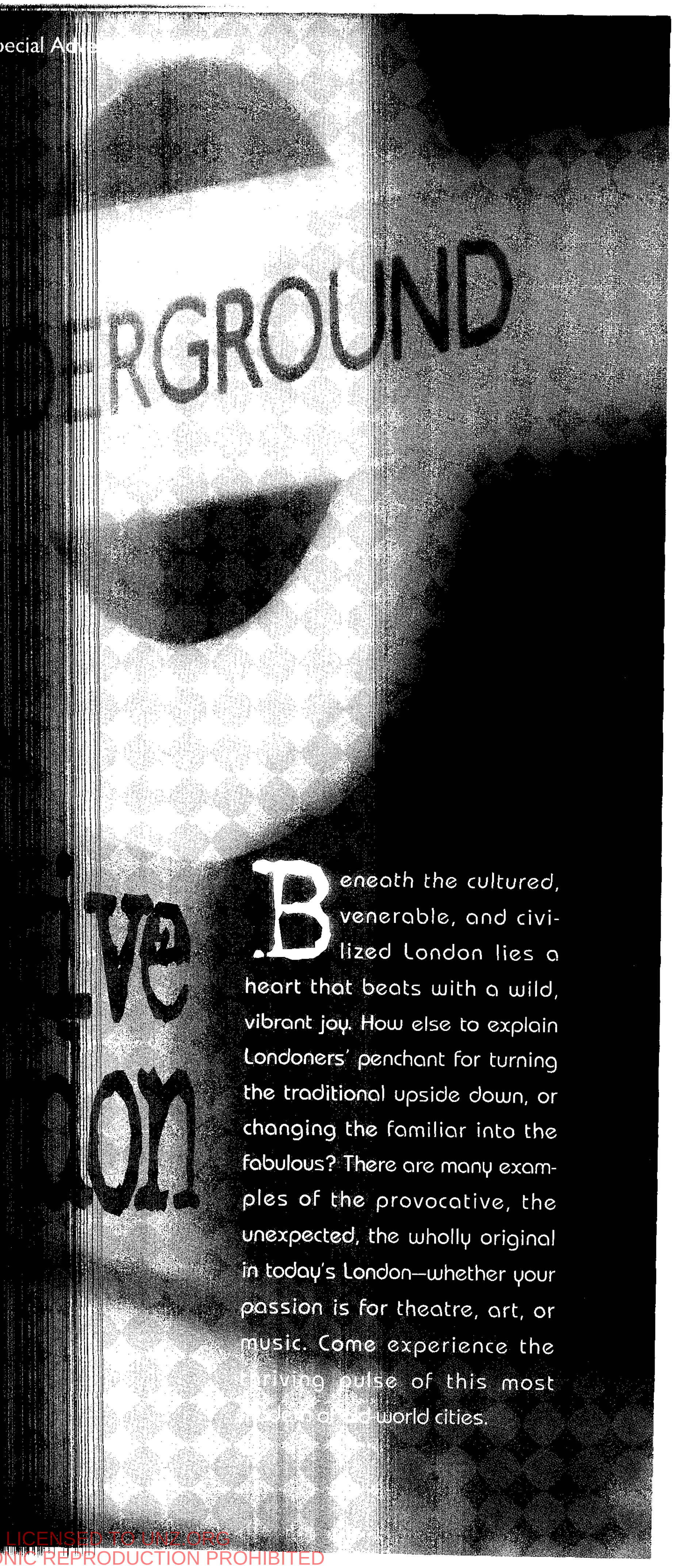

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THE PRIME MINISTER

It is a pleasure to contribute to another of *The New Yorker's* special features on Britain, with its particular focus this year on London, our capital city and one of the world's great cities.

Readers who have visited London before will know of its many attractions: its pageantry, its wonderful museums and historic buildings, its vibrant nightlife—not to mention its excellent shopping. All these attributes play a key role in making this city what it is. But they are only part of the picture. London, with New York and Tokyo, is also one of the three world centres for finance, insurance and all the other service industries which are playing an increasingly important and rapidly expanding role in everyone's lives.

The City of London, actually only one square mile in the whole conurbation that is London, has been at the forefront of international financial activity for centuries. It carries on that tradition today, at the centre of the vast and rapid financial flows, and the services associated with them, which are the lifeblood of international trade and the prosperity it brings to our two nations.

London shares another strand of life with New York: both are leading centres of the arts as well as commerce. Broadway and London's West End are for instance the two names most closely linked with a long and glorious tradition of theatre and musicals which continues to this day.

Many Americans are already familiar with some aspects of today's London. I hope many more will come to know of these; and that all of you will consider combining them. Many of you already come to London as tourists. But if you are coming to Britain for business, I hope that you will stay on for a while and enjoy some of the history, arts and culture that is also so much a part of the life of London. I hope that you will bring your families too: I am confident that they will not find themselves short of things to do and enjoy!

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John Major

Special Advertising Feature

A NEW SPIN ON THE WEST END

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Looking for a multicultural experience? How about a play written in French by a Middle Eastern playwright, which was performed to sell-out crowds in Paris, and now has an English adaptation opening in the West End? **"Art,"** by Yasmina Reza, is the story of three friends whose relationship is turned inside out when one of them purchases a work of modern art. It will star Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay (their chemistry was unmistakable in "The Dresser") in an adaptation by Christopher Hampton who wrote the screenplays for "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" and "Carrington." The production opens at Wyndham's Theatre on October 15th, and tickets can be purchased through March 9, 1997. For further information, call (0171) 369 1736.

Photo by Dee Conway

Esprit de corps: Swan Lake reinterpreted at The Piccadilly.

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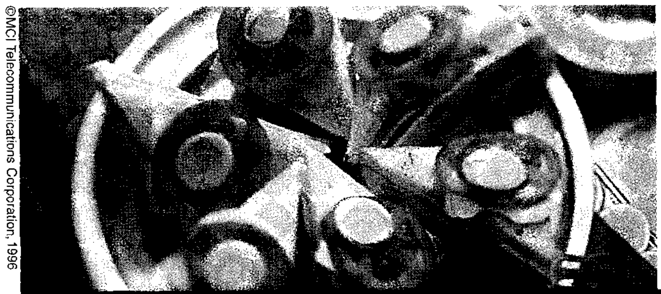

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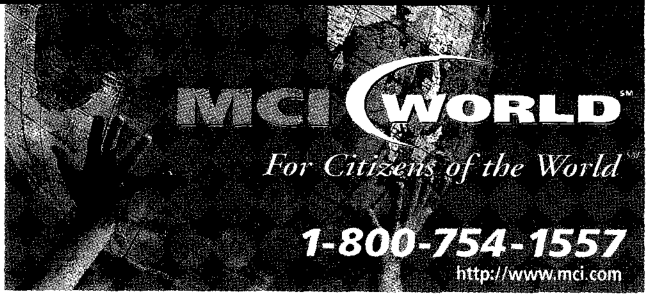

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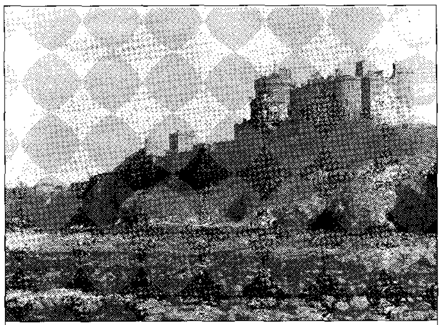

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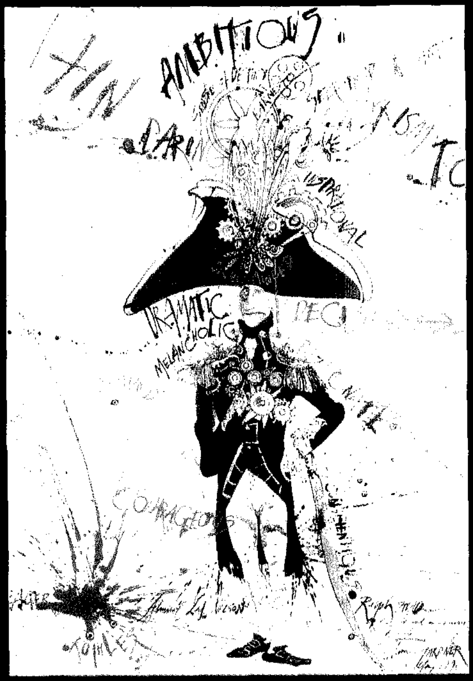
Courtesy of Miramax International

Leslie Cheung and Gong Li in Chen Kaige's, "Temptress Moon" at the London Film Festival.

CULTURE CURIOUS

If you're one of the many readers who helped make Dava Sobel's book "Longitude" a surprising *New York Times* bestseller, you won't want to miss **The National Maritime Museum at Greenwich**. The museum houses four of the instruments that clock maker John Harrison invented, which accurately measured how far seafaring vessels had circumnavigated the globe. If you've yet to acquire an appreciation for horology, you may still want to visit the museum's newly opened Lord Admiral Nelson Gallery. The exhibit is drawing crowds curious about the



Ralph Steadman cartoon commissioned for the Lord Admiral Nelson exhibit at the Maritime Museum.

scandalous love life, brazen military exploits, and spectacular, bloody death of Britain's greatest naval hero. Call (0181) 858 4422 for further information.

Make no bones about it, the suspense continues as to whether the Becket Casket will remain in England as part of the nation's patrimony or disappear into private hands. This richly enameled reliquary, created to hold the remains of Saint Thomas Becket, is now on display through mid-December at **The Victoria & Albert Museum** while attempts are made to raise funds to take it off the international art market. For information call (0171) 938 8441.

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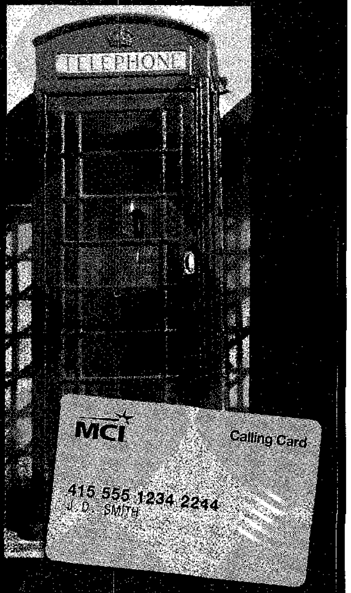

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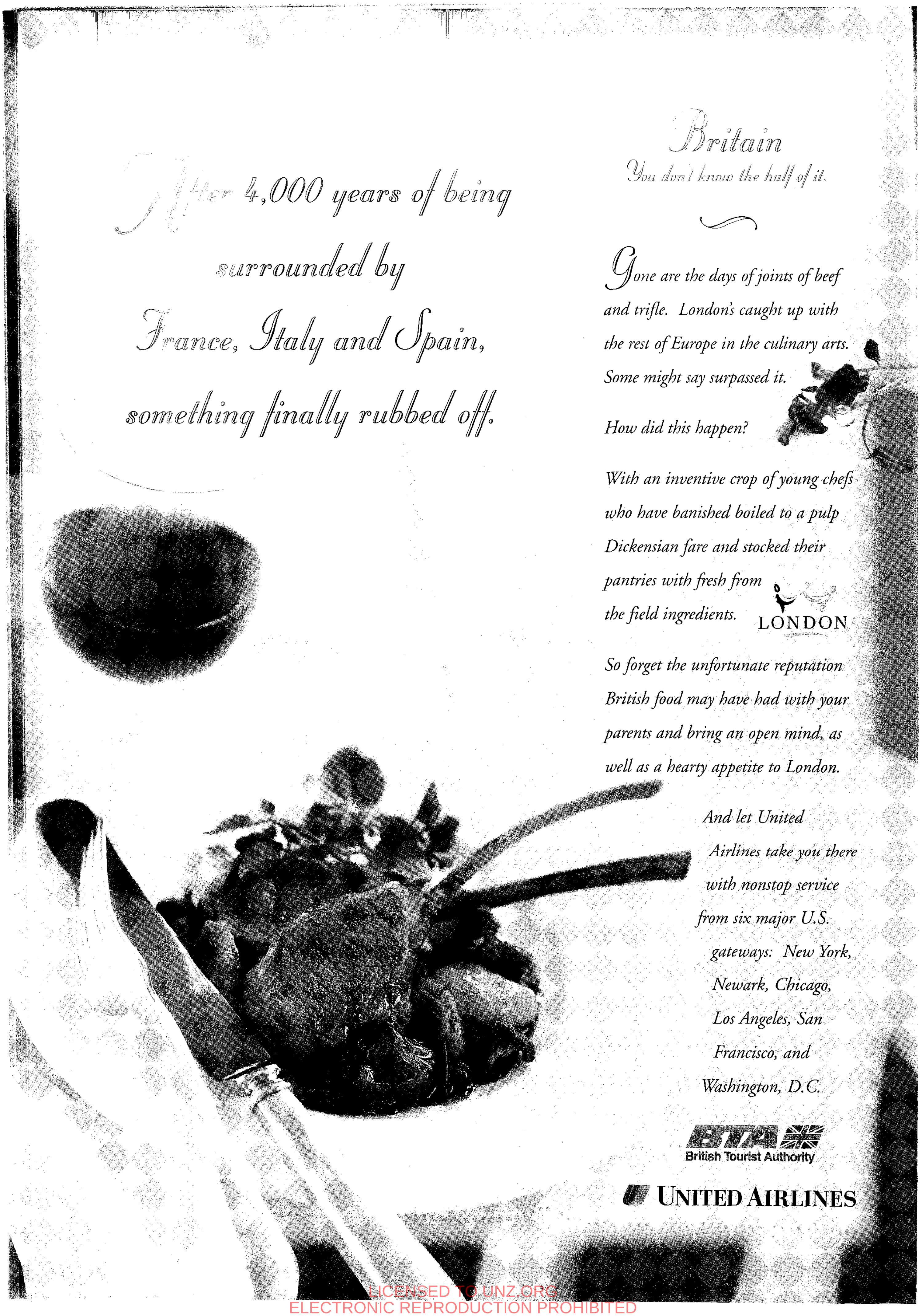

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All over town -from Soho to Knightsbridge to Primrose Hill, sleek new restaurants, with cuisines as sophisticated as their decor, are appearing on a weekly basis. Even fashionable department stores now feature restaurants as chic as the merchandise that surrounds them, with clientele to match. And wonders of wonders there are pubs people frequent for the food.

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5 Fifth Floor Restaurant - Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge (0-11-44-171-235-5250)
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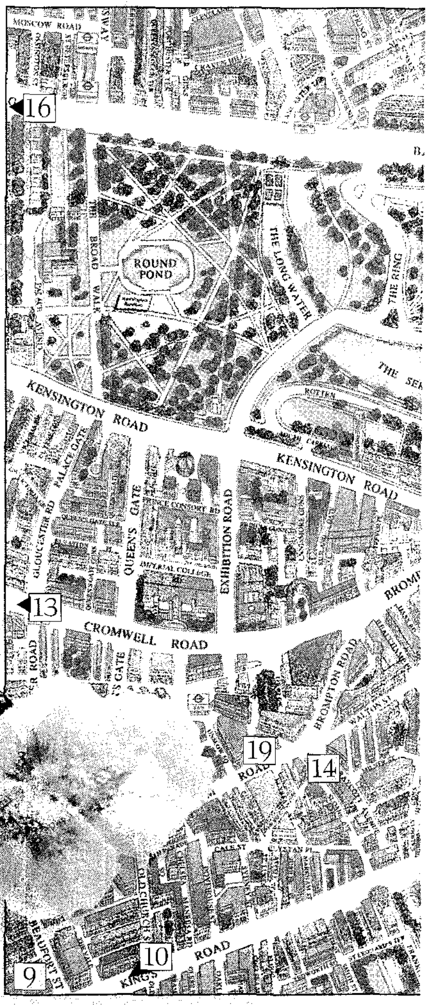

Yes, London has come out of the culinary dark ages. Today the cuisine is lighter and much more varied. Londoners are digging into the finest Indian, Provencal, Thai, and even Cajun fare. So, forget the myth that everything in London is either baked or boiled beyond recognition and remember the names of the restaurants listed on this page.

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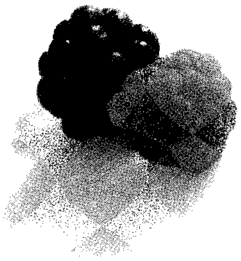

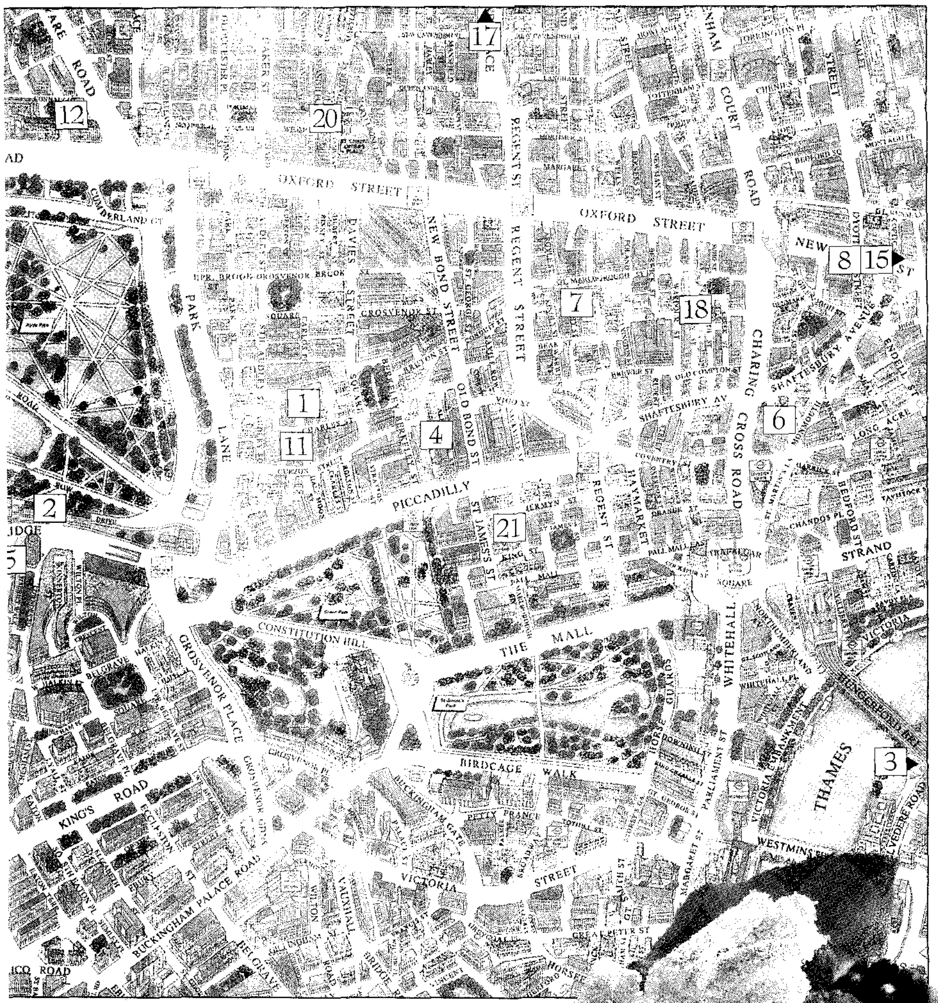
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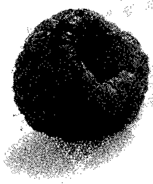

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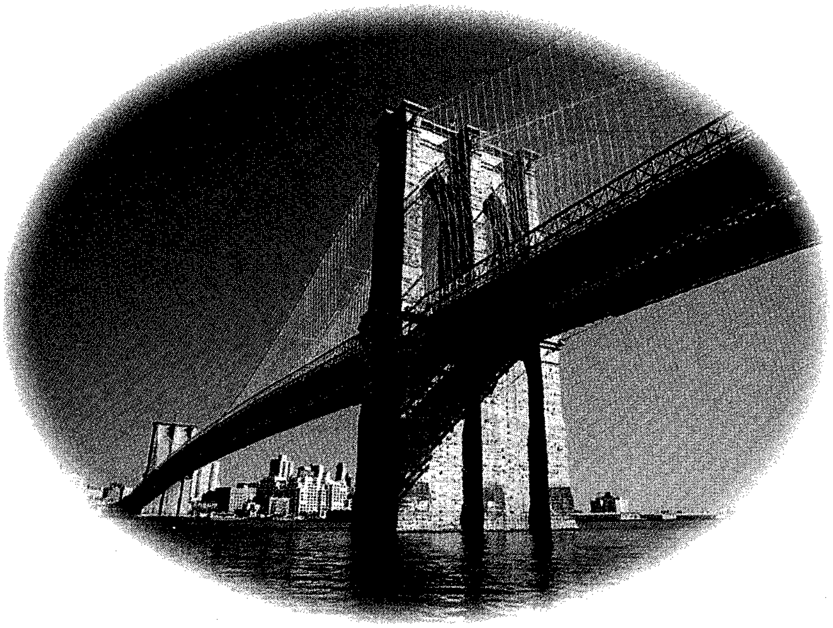

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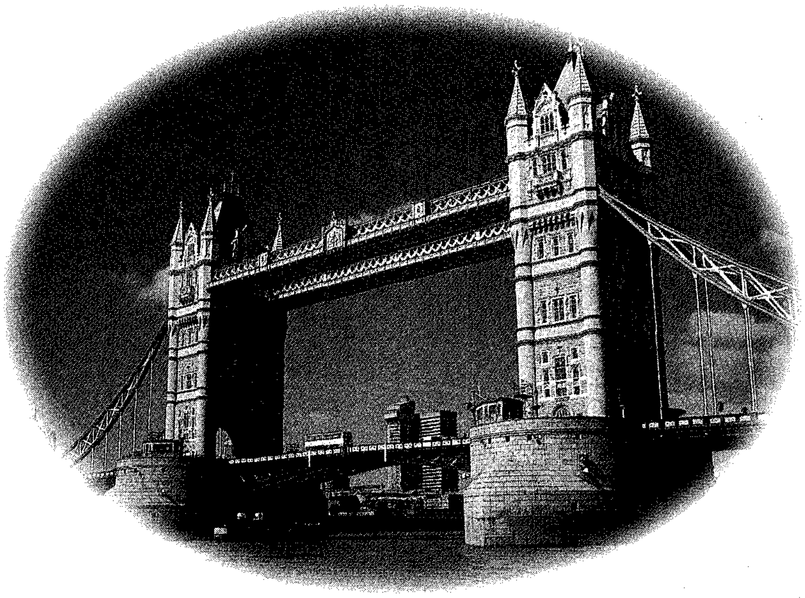

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fucking war over this. Every day, someone is trying to destroy one or the other. And every day these guys are with each other . . . and that creates the friendship."

Senator Kennedy observed the process, too. "Kerry and McCain stood together at a time when others on that committee were pandering to the emotions of people," he told me. "And the critics were very tough on them. They formed a bond of respect for each other."

That bond gave the Select Committee its structure and its purpose—and more. The partnership developed an unexpected momentum. "This was an extension of the war," Kerry told me. "This lying and deception and avoidance were what cost a lot of my friends their lives. . . . Whether you were John Kerry or John McCain, who came at it differently, we were all let down." And, as their committee heard every day for more than a year, it was still happening. Kerry and McCain rediscovered their own unfinished business with Vietnam, and they took responsibility for the nation's. Ted Kennedy told me, "John Kerry did it because the issue of the war burned in his soul, and he found a soulmate in John McCain."

Soon after Kerry and McCain returned from Hanoi, they briefed President Clinton, in the first of two crucial White House meetings. They built a new coalition in the Senate. After that Memorial Day, they returned from Vietnam to end the war.

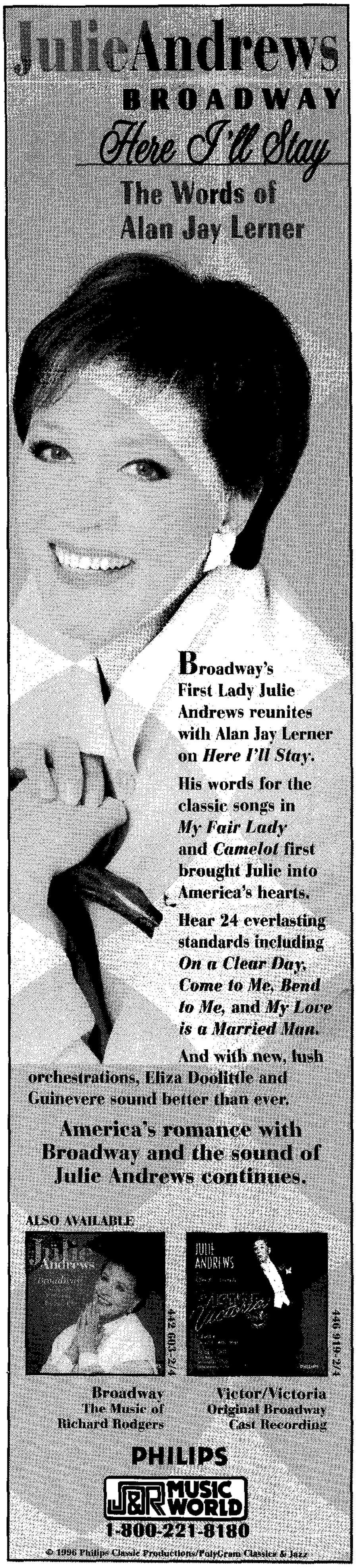
2—RAGE AND FRIENDSHIP

JOHN KERRY is sometimes described as a calculating, opportunistic politician. When he became romantically involved with—and then last year married—Teresa Heinz, the extremely wealthy widow of Pennsylvania's Senator John Heinz, it seemed to some an all too convenient match for Kerry. (He has two grown daughters from a first marriage, which ended in divorce.) But these are private matters, and what has been most pointedly called into question is in fact the central public act of Kerry's long career: Years after the event, it was reported that the medals he threw over that Capitol barricade in 1971 were not his own. They belonged to two other veterans, who could not be there. What Kerry threw of his own were the ribbons he'd received with his medals. An act of hypocrisy? A sign of wanting things both ways? *Many* of the veterans who participated in that protest threw away their ribbons but not their medals; few threw away both. Photographs of the Capitol steps show that medals, ribbons, other insignia, and discharge papers were thrown. What veterans chose to turn back was not an issue for them, but it has often been cited against Kerry.

I heard Kerry speak against the war on a number of occasions, beginning in the fall of 1970. I never doubted, and still don't doubt, the authenticity of his act. Opportunism? Kerry may have harbored political ambitions when he returned from Vietnam, but, given the divisions of the era, he had good reason to believe that what he was really throwing away was his main political chance.

I was a Catholic priest at the time—a chaplain at Boston University and a campaign volunteer for the antiwar Jesuit Robert Drinan, who was running for Congress. Kerry sometimes introduced Drinan at rallies, and I remember hearing him do so once at B.U. The young Navy combat veteran was something the peace movement had not seen before, and I remember the curious silence in the packed hall as the scruffy, long-haired kids of the counterculture watched this lean, well-groomed military man approach the podium. I remember the unapologetic authority with which he laid claim to our attention. John Kerry's knowledge of the war, unlike that of other prophets of peace, was not abstract: "We saw Vietnam ravaged equally by American bombs," he testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in the spring of 1971, "as well as by search-and-destroy missions, as well as by Vietcong terrorism, and yet we listened while this country tried to blame all of the havoc on the Vietcong. . . . We learned the meaning of free-fire zones, shooting anything that moves. . . . We watched the U.S. falsification of body counts. . . . Each day, to facilitate the process by which the United States washes her hands of Vietnam, someone has to give up his life so the United States doesn't have to admit something that the entire world already knows, so that we can't say that we have made a mistake. Someone has to die so that President Nixon won't be, and these are his words, 'the first President to lose a war.'

"We are asking Americans to think about that, because how do you ask a man to be the last man to die in Vietnam? How do you ask a man to



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be the last man to die for a mistake?"

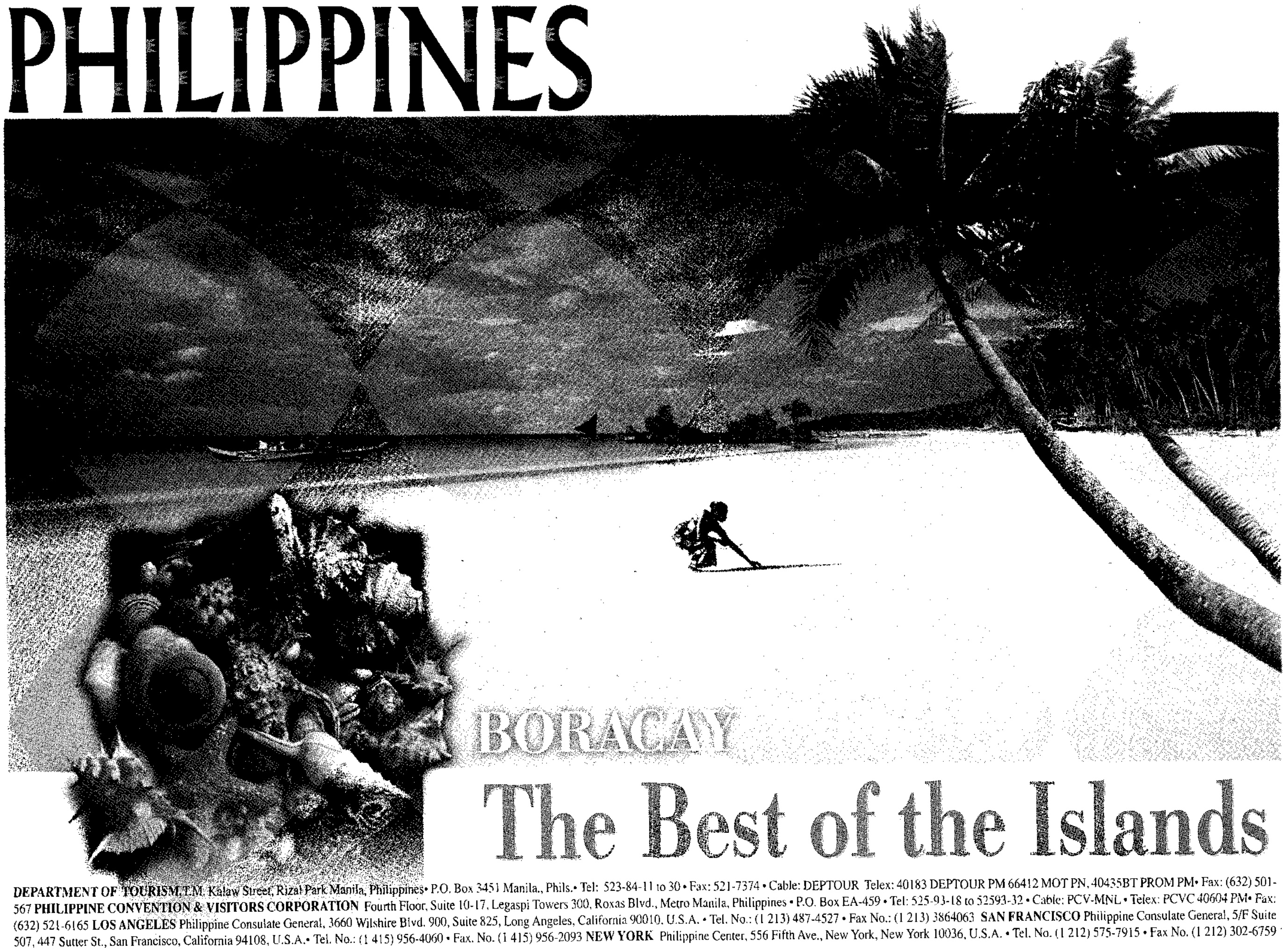
John Kerry's words—the truth of lived experience—cut through the inflated rhetoric of politics and registered with the establishment. But to members of his own generation his witness meant something else still: Kerry spoke as much for those who had gone off to fight the war as for those who'd rejected it. As the son of a military man, I was particularly moved. I was a peacenik with a secret: I had grown up believing in the ethos of military honor and still longed for its redemption. Years later, I came to understand more fully how my father and others like him had tried to protect our nation's moral integrity, but at the time Kerry was the only person who made it seem possible to be a patriot and a war objector both.

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action": this is from the text of the official citation accompanying the Silver Star, awarded to Kerry for what happened in the waters of the Mekong Delta on February 28, 1969. "Kerry's craft received a B-40 rocket close aboard. Once again Lieutenant (junior grade) Kerry ordered his units to charge the enemy positions. . . . Patrol Craft Fast 94 then beached in the center of the enemy positions and an enemy soldier sprang up from his position not ten feet from Patrol Craft Fast 94 and fled. Without hesitation Lieutenant (junior grade) Kerry leaped ashore, pursued the man behind a hootch and killed him, capturing a B-40 rocket launcher with a round in the chamber."

Recently, I asked Kerry about the man he killed. We had been talking for an hour or more, and for the first time he hesitated. Then he said, "It was either going to be him or it was going to be us. It was that simple. I don't know why it wasn't us—I mean, to this day. He had a rocket pointed right at our boat. He stood up out of a hole, and none of us saw him until he was standing in front of us, aiming a rocket right at us, and, for whatever reason, he didn't pull the trigger—he turned and ran. He was shocked to see our boat right in front of him. If he'd pulled the trigger, we'd all be dead. . . . I just won't talk about all of it. I don't and I can't. The things that probably really turned me I've never told anybody. Nobody would understand." Kerry stopped. He was silent. Finally, he concluded, "These things are very personal. It was our youth."

It was our presumed innocence, our moral simplicity. A Vietnamese soldier, for reasons that will be forever unknown, found it impossible to kill John Kerry and his men. In turn, John Kerry killed him. There is, of course, a core of moral paradox in this event: Could Kerry have simply let the man flee? But what about that loaded rocket? This paradox prevents it from being merely heroic and makes it instead, for the killer as well as the killed, tragic.

Kerry rarely speaks of his combat experience. The only time one senior aide remembered hearing him publicly refer to it was when he was speaking against the launching of Desert Storm. After the short but violent Persian Gulf War, a group of senators flew to Kuwait on an inspection trip. One was Kerry, and another was McCain. The accident of their time together in the bare C-135 military transport plane in 1991 made possible the first pro-



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longed encounter between these two men.

"We sat up opposite each other on the plane one night," Kerry told me. "John was sitting there in his own flight jacket"—the Navy-issue jacket from his days in flight school, with "Lt. McCain" on the patch. The fit was by then a little snug.

"We started talking about the war, and Vietnam, prison—what had happened to him, and all that. . . . Nothing had brought us together before, and we just talked. We talked about what I had done." Kerry was referring to the episode that McCain had denounced in the 1984 campaign. "But by now it wasn't a big hurdle," he went on. "To his credit, he didn't make it one. He made it clear that he had moved beyond all that. . . . The war was a tough period for a lot of people, for a lot of reasons. Both of us decided to put all that kind of stuff behind us, and work together at something."

Events gave them their common task. Within months of that conversation on the C-135, the old controversy over American soldiers abandoned in Vietnam was reawakened when newspaper front pages and then the cover of *Newsweek* displayed a photograph purportedly showing three American P.O.W.s still in captivity. Lurking below this issue, as always, was the war that had not yet ended. "I set out literally to bring that ending about," Kerry told me. "I knew as a matter of policy that it should take place, and I think John felt the same way." McCain lent Kerry his unimpeachable integrity on the question of the war that each wanted to end. Kerry drove the process, but only McCain could have enabled him to drive it home.

As a prisoner in Hoa Lo, lying on that cot in the dank cell with the "teeny" window, John McCain had put himself to sleep at night by memorizing the names of his fellow-P.O.W.s. "You start with the 'A's," he told me, and he went on to describe how, through the tap code, he learned of the arrival of new prisoners. "And you fill them in to where they are in the alphabet. . . . I would just associate the names: Brudno with 'brute'; Baker, and I'd think of a loaf of bread. I would remember the number of names under each letter." Night after night for years, McCain maintained a mental file of the names of perhaps a hundred and seventy captives. This and other acts of P.O.W. memorization were the beginning of The List,

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"And I'd like to ask my mud-slinging opponent if he's been faithful to that moose he married."

which would haunt the nation for decades.

During McCain's first year in the Hanoi prison, his father, Admiral Jack McCain, was appointed CINCPAC—commander-in-chief of the Pacific. Perhaps for that reason, young McCain's captors offered to release him. On the wall of McCain's Washington office hangs a framed State Department telegram, dated September 13, 1968. It is also stamped with the date of its declassification: September 24, 1992. It is a report to Washington from the chief American negotiator at the 1968 Paris peace talks. "At last tea break," the text reads, "Le Duc Tho attendant. He mentioned that DRV had intended to release Admiral McCain's son as one of the three pilots freed recently, but he had refused." The cable is signed "Harriman."

Despite improperly set broken bones dating from the downing of his plane, nearly a year before, and failing health generally, McCain had refused to accept release: the P.O.W. honor code required the release of men in the order of their capture, and others had been held longer than he. McCain was not let go for nearly five more years, when every P.O.W. in Hoa Lo was freed. Robert Timberg tells McCain's prison story in his 1995 book "The Nightingale's Song," a study of five Annapolis graduates. When McCain refused release in 1968, a guard told him, "Now, McCain, it will be very bad for you." A regimen of beatings and torture began. The Vietnamese set out to break McCain's spirit.

After a week, he broke. He signed a confession that read, "I am a black criminal and I have performed deeds of an air pirate. I almost died, and the Vietnamese people saved my life." When McCain was returned to his cell, he had changed. "The cockiness was gone, replaced by a suffocating despair," Timberg writes. "He looked at the louvered cell window high above his head, then at the small stool in the room. He took off his dark blue prison shirt, rolled it like a rope, draped one end over his shoulder near his neck, began feeding the other end through the louvers. . . .

"A guard burst into the room, pulling McCain away from the window."

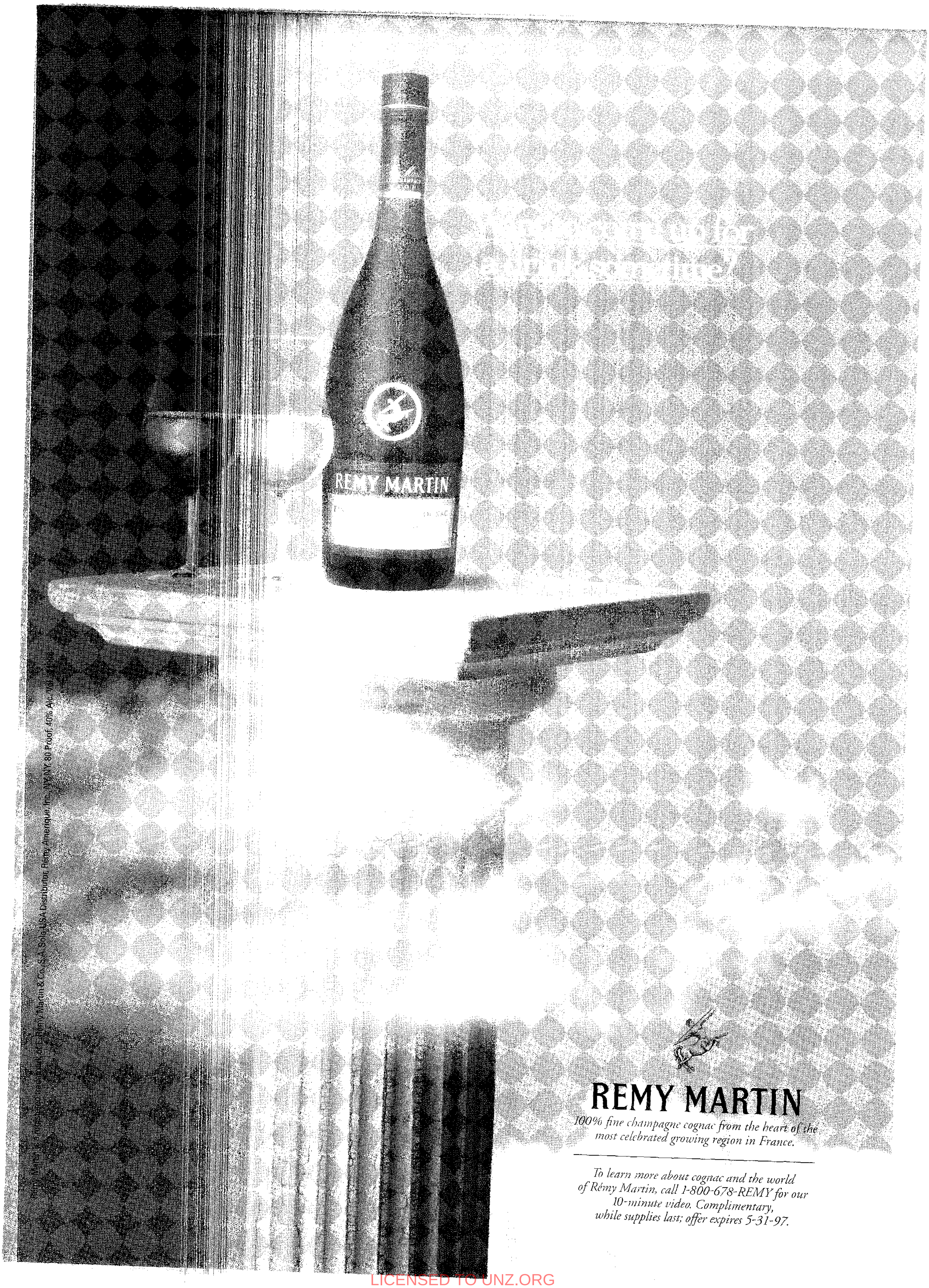
When I asked McCain about his attitude toward John Kerry's antiwar activity, which he still disapproves of, his answer drifted toward what he still disapproves of in himself. Referring to "The Nightingale's Song," he asked, "Did you read in that book that I failed? So shouldn't that make me appreciate that others may fail also? I knew what the code of conduct was. I knew what I was supposed to do, and I knew that I ought to do everything I could to achieve that goal, everything humanly possible. And so it was pretty clear to me. And, as you know, Jim"—this was the first time McCain had addressed me familiarly—"you can appreciate this better than anyone else who's ever interviewed me." The bald statement cried out to be taken as a savvy politician's shameless appeal to a writer's narcissism, but my every instinct told me something else. I knew that McCain was thinking of his father and of mine, who were colleagues. When Lieutenant Commander John McCain III was shot down, and while Admiral McCain was CINCPAC, my father, Lieutenant General Joseph F. Carroll (U.S.A.F.), was the director of the Defense Intelligence Agency—the man charged with keeping track of P.O.W.s in Vietnam. It is not unlikely that, as a courtesy, my father personally briefed Admiral McCain on what the D.I.A. was learning of his son's circumstances.

"When you grew up in that environment, your dad's standards were clear," McCain was saying now. "My standards were clear, and I knew that the old guy was out there, and I didn't want him to—You know." And I did. It was presumptuous of me, but I told McCain that, rather than any of his many acts of heroism, I regarded the moment of his degradation as the key to the man he had become. "I think you're right," he said. "It really was a crisis point. Maybe it changed the direction of my life somewhat, and made me a little bit different person in my relationship with others." Then the tentativeness disappeared from his voice. "There's no doubt about it," he said.

It was not long after McCain was captured, in 1967, that a delegation of American peace activists, led by Tom Hayden, arrived at Hoa Lo. Years later, Hayden and McCain met in an ABC television studio, at a Vietnam retrospective with Peter Jennings as host. "There were maybe twenty-five people there," Hayden told me recently. "I saw McCain. When he saw me, he seemed stiff and uncomfortable. The room was crowded. I approached him, and uttered a few words about reconciliation. His face softened. He reached out to me, and greeted me warmly."

McCain recalled the encounter with Hayden at ABC, and agreed that it was significant. "I think it was a chance to say that we understood each other's views," he said.

Hayden, referring to something I'd written in another context, told me that McCain "had the air of a forgiven man,"



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meaning that McCain knew what it was to need to be forgiven, which is the only way to learn to forgive. He was the son and grandson of heroes, yet to himself he had betrayed that tradition. And he had followed in his own life the arc of the same journey that his country was making—the journey from a sure sense of moral superiority to one of shame and dishonor.

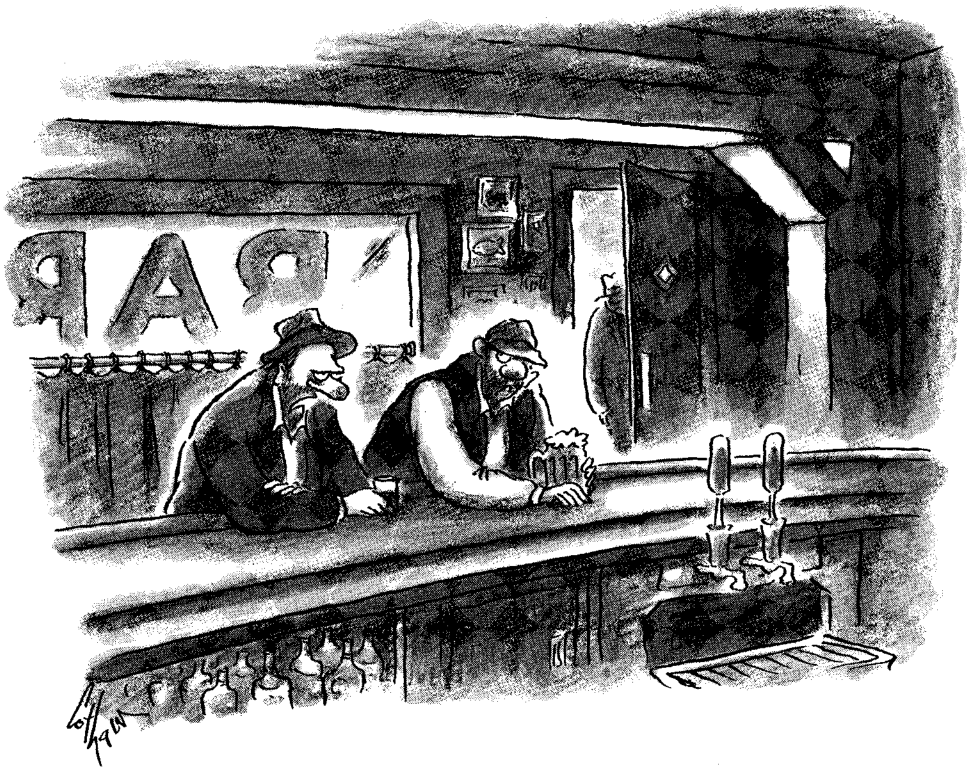
McCain is a long way from suicide now. He has had his difficulties, which included a brush with political scandal—he was named one of the Keating Five—and painful ruptures in his family life. His first marriage, to Carol Shepp, the mother of his three grown children, did not survive the aftermath of his return from Vietnam. (With his second wife, Cindy Hensley, he began a new young family, with two sons and two daughters.) Yet Tom Hayden's observation still seems true. McCain has the air of a man at peace with himself and with the world. "We have a place in northern Arizona, in a little valley," he said. We were sitting in his office as he told me this, and I watched his face relax as he spoke. "And my greatest pleasure—this shows you I'm in my dotage—is to get up in the morning, pour a cup of coffee, and go down to a chair that sits by this creek, and the sun's coming up. I can't tell you how happy I am. I can't tell you the inner happiness that I feel when I think about my life, my family, my country, my friends. Sometimes I feel that I am far more fortunate than I deserve to be. I went through a terrible experience. I am such a better person for having had that experience that, in a way, I am fortunate."

3—THE SECOND VIETNAM WAR

THERE are good reasons that Americans had such trouble bringing closure to the war in Vietnam. More than fifty million young adults made up the Vietnam generation, somewhat more than half of them males. More than eight million served in the military, and more than three million in Vietnam. Three-quarters of a million saw combat, three hundred and twenty-one thousand were wounded, fifty-eight thousand were killed. In "Achilles in Vietnam," published in 1994, the psychiatrist Jonathan Shay says that two hundred and fifty thousand veterans still suffer from post-traumatic-stress disorder.

The war's early years had been marked by the absolute confidence with which Robert S. McNamara tracked progress with the "body count," a tally that subsequent events revealed to have been meaningless, if not completely false. Twenty years later, another macabre body count was being kept, as "remains" of the missing Americans were tracked down. But wild and—especially to the families of the missing—distressing inconsistencies only fuelled the patriots' version of the anger and bitterness that resisters had experienced earlier. A 1973 figure of thirteen hundred and three M.I.A.s was shrunk in 1978 to two hundred and twenty-four. It ballooned in 1980 to twenty-five hundred. In 1987, the official number of M.I.A.s was put at two hundred and sixty-nine, but by then many veterans and family members refused to believe any government statement.

In time, myth overcame reality. The figure of the P.O.W. became a kind of national fantasy—but one with a purpose. Through the seventies and eighties, America exacted revenge on the victorious Vietnamese by demonizing them more savagely than we ever did during the conflict itself, all in terms of the prisoners they had supposedly refused to release. "Rambo" films and their imitators portrayed camps in jungles where emaciated Americans were kept in tiger cages. Boys with toys dreamed of real rescue missions, and occasionally found underwriters, like the always ready Ross Perot. Some unscrupulous vets began to exploit the longings of the families, turning the search for phantom P.O.W.s into a commercial enterprise. Eventually, their Asian counterparts made an industry of fabricating P.O.W. "evidence," such as authentic-looking dog tags and doctored photographs, all for sale. Politicians like Bob Dole may have been sincerely concerned for the men whose names they wore on bracelets—John McCain spoke gratefully of that in his nominating speech—but the issue ran away with them.



"My alcohol intake has more than doubled over the last four years, and the President has done precious little to prevent it."

The families—the ever more sorely haunted wives, children, sisters, brothers, and parents—were surrounded by private-enterprise jackals, but it was the callous and careless agencies of the government that continued to hurt them most. In some cases, "remains" were "discovered" years later and returned to families, but, on consulting their own experts, the families learned that the sacks of dried bones had come from Asian bodies, or even from animals. Sometimes serious evidence of the true fate of an

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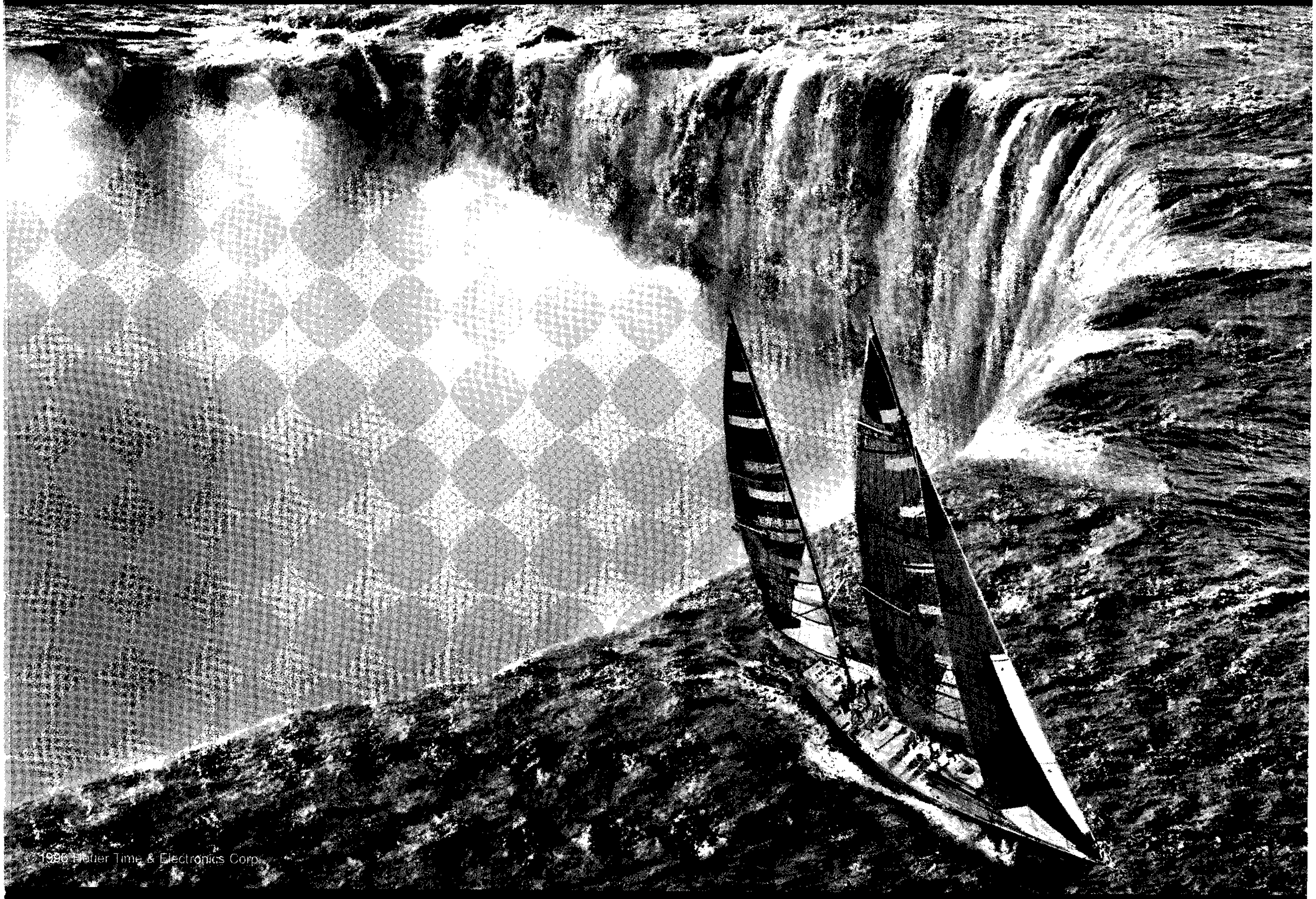
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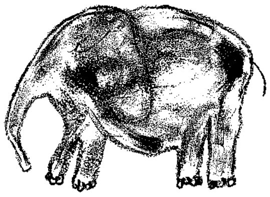
M.I.A. was discounted, while wild rumors of "live sightings" were given credence, raising impossible hopes. The efforts of five Administrations to resolve the issue were halfhearted or hopelessly politicized—tied to a partisan agenda.

A series of P.O.W./M.I.A. hearings, committees, and commissions was begun within weeks of the release of the prisoners—including McCain—from the Hanoi Hilton in 1973. Each such undertaking eventually concluded that there was no evidence of Americans' being held, but those for whom Rambo lives were given encouragement when Ronald Reagan embraced the P.O.W./M.I.A. issue and appeared to accept the myth of tiger cages in the jungle.



In 1987, President Reagan appointed General John Vessey, a retired former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as Special Emissary to Vietnam for P.O.W./M.I.A. affairs. He was reappointed to that position by Presidents Bush and Clinton. Vessey ultimately contributed more than any other single person to the resolution of the issue. But at first "the group around President Reagan checkmated Vessey," Harvard's Thomas Vallely told me. "They wanted to fight the war a little bit longer." Whenever Hanoi came close to accomplishing what Vessey and others said was required for normalization, McCain says, "we kept moving the goalposts on them." The Vietnamese, with reason, also did not believe what they were being told.

It had all come to seem an instance of the unities of Aristotle. Lies at the beginning of the war had become an assumption of lies long after the war had ended for everyone in the world but us. For two decades, all of this has clung to us: unresolved feelings of guilt and grief; rage at authority and loss of personal honor; diminished American self-respect; and suspicion of the neighbor whose experience of the war years was different. It was as if we had been infected with a set of viruses, related and debilitating but never quite lethal—the Vietnam syndrome exactly.

And always, in the cage at the center of this syndrome, there was the bent-head profile of the American prisoner, the one whom we had betrayed and abandoned. So how could we ignore that photograph published in July of 1991 showing three American P.O.W.s in captivity? "The Three Amigos," they were called, and the photograph was reprinted everywhere. The families of the "captives" identified them. "That's Daddy," an Air Force colonel's daughter said on "Good Morning America."

The photograph, it turned out, was a doctored seventy-year-old picture of three Russian farmers, and had been produced by Cambodian hoaxers. But by now the P.O.W./M.I.A. issue was again intense, and highly political. Susan Katz Keating reports in her book "Prisoners of Hope" that a poll taken in the early nineties showed that seventy per cent of the American public believed that P.O.W.s were still being held captive in Southeast Asia. Senator Bob Smith, Republican of New Hampshire, called for yet another investigation, and the Senate Select Committee on P.O.W./M.I.A. Affairs was authorized.

Against the advice of his staff, who saw yet another committee as a political abyss, Kerry said yes when George Mitchell, the Senate Majority Leader, asked him to chair it. "It was not a politically rewarding thing for him to take on," Senator Kennedy told me. "And it turned out to be a true national service."

McCain, the former prisoner, was named to the committee. He had travelled to Vietnam for President Bush, in support of General Vessey's efforts. He had met with Vietnamese leaders. "They've never understood all these allegations about their keeping people behind," he recalls. "Time after time, they would say to me, 'Why would we keep them?' " McCain saw the difficulty of coaxing Vietnamese officials, for the sake of a few hundred long-missing Americans, to coöperate in the kind of investigative work that Hanoi would never be able to do for the hundreds of thousands of its own missing soldiers. He knew that Buddhists believe that an uninterred or improperly interred corpse condemns a soul to eternal wandering, so the fate of their own missing sons was far from insignificant to the Vietnamese.

"Before that committee convened, whatever harebrained and wild allegation or story came up had instant credence," McCain told me. "By the methodical work that John Kerry did . . . Americans were made much more aware of the realities." Kerry travelled to Vietnam eight times; he supervised the examination of thousands of documents and photographs; and he took testimony from family members, leaders of veterans' organizations, intelligence officials, and negotiators from the Paris peace talks. He subpoenaed several hundred people, and put under oath for the first time those who had run the war, including Henry Kissinger.

Kerry and McCain, by "pulling in the same harness," in the words of one staff member, were able to get the Vietnamese to turn over troves of P.O.W. evidence; one batch included McCain's old flight helmet. What was perhaps more amazing, they were able to get the Department of Defense to declassify a million pages of documents. Every conceivable theory was aired, every charge levelled, and every hope given expression. And what this investigation revealed, in the words of its final report—twelve hundred and twenty-three pages long—was that "while the Committee has some evidence suggesting the possibility a POW may have survived to the present, and while some information remains yet to be investigated, there is, at this time, no compelling evidence that proves that any American remains alive in captivity in Southeast Asia."

The judicious phrasing of this conclusion did not conceal its meaning from those who were never going to surrender the issue. They became enraged, and aimed their anger at the one person whose participation was undermining their cause: John McCain, the man who'd gone to sleep reciting the names of P.O.W.s. I saw this not long ago, at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, in Washington. There visitors can buy T-shirts, decals, and other souvenirs, and they can pick up free copies of a bimonthly broadsheet, *The U.S. Veteran Dispatch.* On the front page of the June-July, 1996, issue is a photograph of a young John McCain, purportedly as a prisoner in Hanoi. The headline reads "PW SONGBIRD MC CAIN," and the caption explains, "McCain earned the title 'PW Songbird' because of the propaganda broadcasts he made for the Reds during the Vietnam War." The article elaborating the charge was written by a former Green Beret, a decorated Vietnam veteran. An article in a previous issue was headlined "JOHN MC CAIN: 'THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.' "

"Listen," Kerry said to me, sitting forward in his chair at his Washington home. "I defended him in those hearings when some stupid-ass right-wing idiot accused him of being the Manchurian Can-

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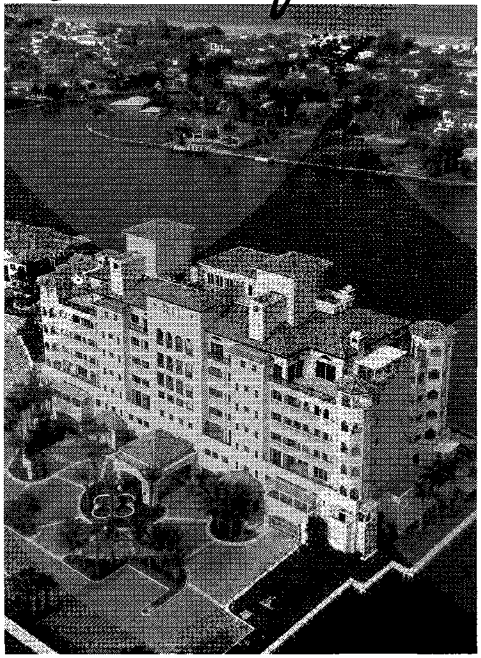
didate, that somehow the Vietnamese had brainwashed him. This is the most unbelievably callous, degrading, nonsensical piece of crap I've ever heard in my life, coming from some chicken hawk out there, to hurl at somebody who spent as long as he did being tortured and standing up for his country, and caring about it as much as he did. It's incredible that people would behave like that, absolutely stunning."

Sometimes McCain was attacked by his fellow-senators and sometimes by witnesses. He was the lightning rod. I was told by a member of the committee staff that when Kerry and McCain were sitting near each other on the senators' dais, Kerry would, at such moments, unobtrusively move his hand over to McCain and place it on his arm and leave it there, a quiet gesture of what was becoming absolute mutual support. I asked McCain if he had been aware of Kerry's touch. "Yes," he replied. "He did that several times, and I'm glad he did. I'm grateful to him."

In 1992, as the Kerry committee's deliberations were nearing their conclusion, McCain was up for reëlection. That fall, he made one of his numerous trips to Vietnam, going over and back in a weekend. His Democratic opponent seized on the trip, criticizing McCain with more than an implication that he was grandstanding. Kerry had been the object of such attacks himself, so he immediately organized a letter from the members of the committee, Democrats and Republicans alike, defending McCain. Senator Bob Kerrey, of Nebraska, a committee member and a Medal of Honor winner, had gone to Arizona to campaign for the Democrat, but he, too, supported McCain on the issue. McCain won the election. Kerry and McCain had come a long way from the North End of Boston.

"During deliberations of the committee," McCain told me, referring to the end of the process, "John Kerry felt it was very important to have everybody—all the Republicans, all the Democrats—sign on to that report, because, if one or two people didn't, then the radicals would leap onto that person. A couple of times, I had very spirited exchanges, to say the least, with a couple of senators—in-your-face kind of exchanges. John Kerry—to his everlasting credit, and to my everlasting discredit, O.K.?—constantly said, 'Let's discuss it. Let's talk about it.' He was very mature in handling this—more mature than I was."

The Select Committee's report, issued on January 13, 1993, has the signature of



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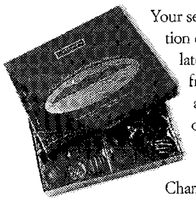

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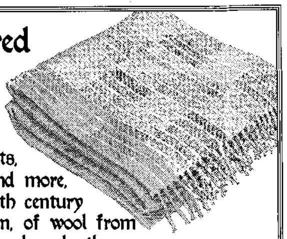

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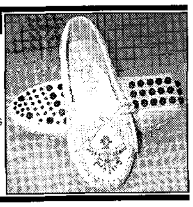

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every member. Its unanimous, bipartisan finding of "no compelling evidence" would essentially remove the issue of abandoned captives from mainstream political debate, but the process that had led to this finding was equally important. In effect, Kerry and McCain had presided over the final stages of the nation's grief work, providing a forum in which the last untold stories of the war dead could be told.

The committee finished its task just as Bill Clinton took office. The next step would be to lift the embargo, leading to normalization of relations between the two countries. But would Clinton do it? George Bush, a veteran of another war, could have taken the first step, but, for his own reasons, he chose not to. During the 1992 Presidential campaign, he had been hooted down at a convention of P.O.W./M.I.A. activists. Perhaps, as Vallely surmised, he decided "to leave this mess to his successor, who had not served in the war."

Clinton, early in his Administration, was warned by leaders of veterans' groups not to appear at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Upon hearing that, McCain—"almost impulsively," he told me—offered to accompany the President there. Kerry and McCain would accompany Clinton to the end. In a crucial White House meeting on June 11, 1993, less than two weeks after their visit to Hoa Lo prison, the two senators urged the President to lift the embargo, offering geopolitical and economic reasons but also emphasizing the matter of national honor, since the Vietnamese had diligently done all that we had asked them to in the matter of M.I.A.s. But the conservative Republican Senator Bob Smith, who was vice-chair of Kerry's committee, urged Clinton "not to be deceived," and argued against lifting the embargo.

A week later, on June 19th, President Clinton went to Boston to deliver the commencement address at Northeastern University, and the two Massachusetts senators served as his escorts. The event took place at the old Boston Garden. Senator Kennedy told me, "We had time backstage with the President, and John just spent the whole time filling the President in on all that was involved in normalization. It was really very powerful, his face-to-face presentation to the President, laying it all out. And what he did was absolutely indispensable to the President, and how the President could bring the whole thing to a conclusion." But that summer and fall Clinton remained noncommittal.

In January, 1994, a Kerry-McCain-

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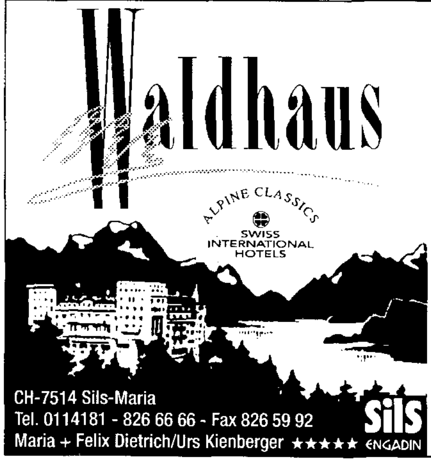

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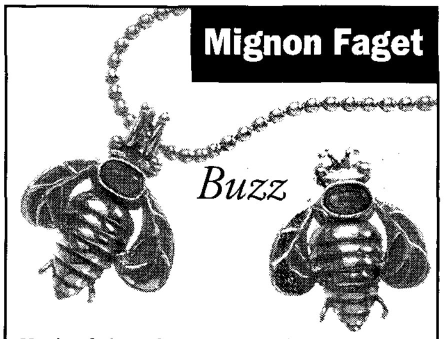

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sponsored Senate resolution urged the President to lift the embargo. A few veterans mobilized in opposition, drawing the support of the American Legion and the Republican leadership. McCain's sponsorship persuaded twenty Republicans to vote for the measure, which passed by a vote of sixty-two to thirty-eight. McCain said, "The vote will give the President the kind of political cover he needs to lift the embargo." The fact is, however, that the President's real cover was coming from Kerry and McCain. The one had come to represent the United States government's long-overdue determination to tell the truth about Vietnam; the other was the military hero become a figure of healing. Together, their credibility on the question was absolute.

On February 4, 1994, a *Times* headline read "CLINTON DROPS 19-YEAR TRADE EMBARGO ON VIETNAM." Above it appeared the most wrenching photograph of the war—the one of the naked girl, amid other children, running toward the camera, away from what the caption called "an aerial napalm strike in 1972."

Bob Dole, by then the Republican leader, said that lifting the embargo was "the wrong decision at the wrong time for the wrong reason." In the spring of 1995, he and Senator Phil Gramm, of Texas, introduced a bill urging Clinton not to grant full diplomatic recognition to Vietnam; they wanted to resuscitate the issue of sixteen hundred and nineteen missing Americans. Then, on May 23, 1995, Kerry and McCain met with Clinton in the Oval Office. Against Dole, they made the case for normalization. McCain concluded by saying, "It doesn't matter to me anymore, Mr. President, who was for the war and who was against the war. I'm tired of looking back in anger. What's important is that we move forward now." Clinton had once famously said he "despised" the war. Now he was being asked by one of its heroes to end it. To others present, he seemed moved by McCain's statement. He thanked McCain but still made no commitment. Then, on July 11, 1995, he summoned Cabinet members, the top military brass, congressional leaders, the heads of veterans' groups, and others to the White House. Standing resolutely on the podium, he declared, "Today I am announcing the normalization of diplomatic relationships with Vietnam." After a brief statement, he concluded, "This moment offers us the opportunity to bind up our own wounds. They have resisted time for too long. We can now move on to common ground. Whatever divided us before let us consign to the past. Let this moment, in the words of the Scripture, be a time to heal, and a time to build." Then Bill Clinton turned immediately to the man next to him, John McCain. They began by shaking hands, but then embraced emotionally. The President turned next to John Kerry.

A YEAR later, the only freestanding foreign-sponsored academic institution in Vietnam, attached to the Ho Chi Minh City Economics University, is a project of Harvard's Institute for International Development and the American Council of Learned Societies. It is called the Fulbright Center, and was dedicated in November of 1995, four months after normalization. On that occasion, Thomas Vallely, himself a former marine who served in Vietnam in 1969 and part of 1970, told the audience, "This teaching center is a gift to the Vietnamese people from the American people, a gift conceived by John Kerry, the senator from Massachusetts." Vallely went on to acknowledge John McCain as well: "I think that if we could overhear the voices of those silent American veterans whose names are engraved on the black granite wall in Washington, they would agree with Senator McCain and say that it was time for Americans to remember the many silent Vietnamese veterans and to reach out toward Vietnam in a peace of the brave."

In 1994, the United States ranked fourteenth among foreign investors in Vietnam. A year later, it ranked sixth. Today, in Hanoi, the Hoa Lo prison is no more. It was torn down to make way for a hotel complex—a facility made necessary, in part, by the many American veterans who have begun to return to Vietnam. The Vietnamese Ambassador-designate to the United States, Le Van Bang, told me, "American soldiers are coming back to Vietnam. We understand why they come, and we welcome them."

The site of the nightmare from which America found it so difficult to awaken is becoming a place in which tourists sleep; the unlikely friendship of two American politicians made it possible. "John Kerry and John McCain did a noble service to this country," Senator Kennedy told me. "I know that kind of talk doesn't ring any bells anymore, but it's true. A noble service." In Vietnam, they are revered as the men who ended the war. And the most potent symbol of the new era is what has become of the Hanoi Hilton. As for the hotel replacing the prison, McCain told me, "When I saw it, they asked me what I thought. I said, 'I hope room service is better than it was when I was here.' " ♦

SOME LIKE POETRY

Some—
that means not all.
Not even the majority of all but the minority.
Not counting school, where one must,
and poets themselves,
there will be perhaps two in a thousand.

Like—
but one also likes chicken-noodle soup,
one likes compliments and the color blue,
one likes an old scarf,
one likes to prove one's point,
one likes to pet a dog.

Poetry—
but what sort of thing is poetry?
More than one shaky answer
has been given to this question.
But I do not know and do not know and clutch on to it,
as to a saving bannister.

—WISLAWA SZYMBORSKA

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Joanna Trzeciak.*)

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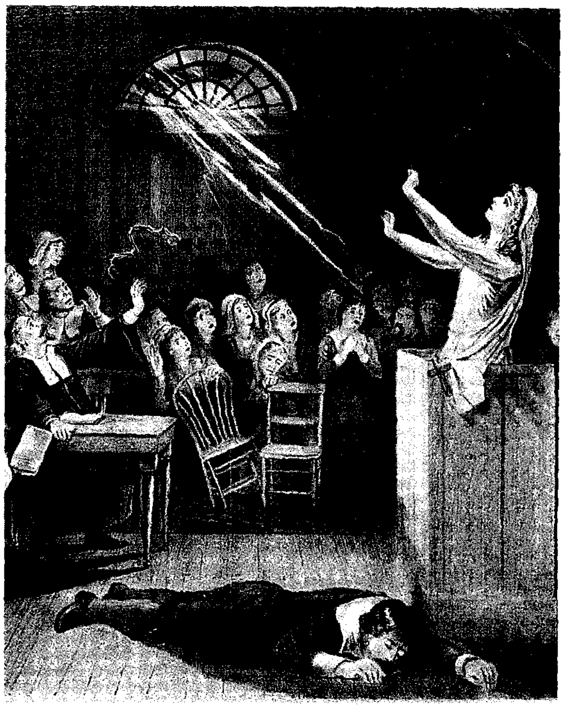
LIFE AND LETTERS

WHY I WROTE "THE CRUCIBLE"

An artist's answer to politics.

BY ARTHUR MILLER

As I watched "The Crucible" taking shape as a movie over much of the past year, the sheer depth of time that it represents for me kept returning to mind. As those powerful actors blossomed on the screen, and the children and the horses, the crowds and the wagons, I thought again about how I came to cook all this up nearly fifty years ago, in an America almost nobody I know seems to remember clearly. In a way, there is a biting irony in this film's having been made by a Hollywood studio, something unimaginable in the fifties. But there they are—Daniel Day-Lewis (John Proctor) scything his sea-bordered field, Joan Allen (Elizabeth) lying pregnant in the frigid jail, Winona Ryder (Abigail) stealing her minister-uncle's money, majestic Paul Scofield (Judge Danforth) and his righteous empathy with the Devil-possessed children, and all of them looking as inevitable as rain.



Spectral evidence—that poisoned cloud of fantasy—made a kind of lunatic sense in Salem.

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I remember those years—they formed "The Crucible" 's skeleton—but I have lost the dead weight of the fear I had then. Fear doesn't travel well; just as it can warp judgment, its absence can diminish memory's truth. What terrifies one generation is likely to bring only a puzzled smile to the next. I remember how in 1964, only twenty years after the war, Harold Clurman, the director of "Incident at Vichy," showed the cast a film of a Hitler speech, hoping to give them a sense of the Nazi period in which my play took place. They watched as Hitler, facing a vast stadium full of adoring people, went up on his toes in ecstasy, hands clasped under his chin, a sublimely self-gratified grin on his face, his body swivelling rather cutely, and they giggled at his overacting.

Likewise, films of Senator Joseph McCarthy are rather unsettling—if you remember the fear he once spread. Buzzing his truculent sidewalk brawler's snarl through the hairs in his nose, squinting through his cat's eyes and sneering like a villain, he comes across now as nearly comical, a self-aware performer keeping a straight face as he does his juicy threat-shtick.

McCarthy's power to stir fears of creeping Communism was not entirely based on illusion, of course; the paranoid, real or pretended, always secretes its pearl around a grain of fact. From being our wartime ally, the Soviet Union rapidly became an expanding empire. In 1949, Mao Zedong took power in China. Western Europe also seemed ready to become Red—especially Italy, where the Communist Party was the largest outside Russia, and was growing. Capitalism, in the opinion of many, myself included, had nothing more to say, its final poisoned bloom having been Italian and German Fascism. McCarthy—brash and ill-mannered but to many authentic and true—boiled it all down to what anyone could understand: we had "lost China" and would soon lose Europe as

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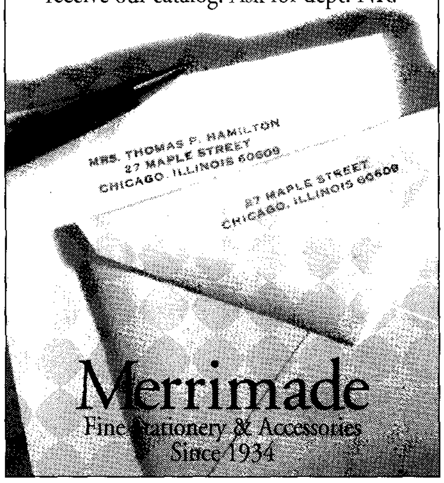

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well, because the State Department—staffed, of course, under Democratic Presidents—was full of treasonous pro-Soviet intellectuals. It was as simple as that.

If our losing China seemed the equivalent of a flea's losing an elephant, it was still a phrase—and a conviction—that one did not dare to question; to do so was to risk drawing suspicion on oneself. Indeed, the State Department proceeded to hound and fire the officers who knew China, its language, and its opaque culture—a move that suggested the practitioners of sympathetic magic who wring the neck of a doll in order to make a distant enemy's head drop off. There was magic all around; the politics of alien conspiracy soon dominated political discourse and bid fair to wipe out any other issue. How could one deal with such enormities in a play?

"THE CRUCIBLE" was an act of desperation. Much of my desperation branched out, I suppose, from a typical Depression-era trauma—the blow struck on the mind by the rise of European Fascism and the brutal anti-Semitism it had brought to power. But by 1950, when I began to think of writing about the hunt for Reds in America, I was motivated in some great part by the paralysis that had set in among many liberals who, despite their discomfort with the inquisitors' violations of civil rights, were fearful, and with good reason, of being identified as covert Communists if they should protest too strongly.

In any play, however trivial, there has to be a still point of moral reference against which to gauge the action. In our lives, in the late nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties, no such point existed anymore. The left could not look straight at the Soviet Union's abrogations of human rights. The anti-Communist liberals could not acknowledge the violations of those rights by congressional committees. The far right, meanwhile, was licking up all the cream. The days of "*J'accuse*" were gone, for anyone needs to feel right to declare someone else wrong. Gradually, all the old political and moral reality had melted like a Dalí watch. Nobody but a fanatic, it seemed, could really say all that he believed.

President Truman was among the first to have to deal with the dilemma, and his way of resolving it—of having to trim his sails before the howling gale on the right—turned out to be momentous. At first, he was outraged at the allegation of

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widespread Communist infiltration of the government and called the charge of "coddling Communists" a red herring dragged in by the Republicans to bring down the Democrats. But such was the gathering power of raw belief in the great Soviet plot that Truman soon felt it necessary to institute loyalty boards of his own.

The Red hunt, led by the House Committee on Un-American Activities and by McCarthy, was becoming the dominating fixation of the American psyche. It reached Hollywood when the studios, after first resisting, agreed to submit artists' names to the House Committee for "clearing" before employing them. This unleashed a veritable holy terror among actors, directors, and others, from Party members to those who had had the merest brush with a front organization.

The Soviet plot was the hub of a great wheel of causation; the plot justified the crushing of all nuance, all the shadings that a realistic judgment of reality requires. Even worse was the feeling that our sensitivity to this onslaught on our liberties was passing from us—indeed, from me. In "Timebends," my autobiography, I recalled the time I'd written a screenplay ("The Hook") about union corruption on the Brooklyn waterfront. Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures, did something that would once have been considered unthinkable: he showed my script to the F.B.I. Cohn then asked me to take the gangsters in my script, who were threatening and murdering their opponents, and simply change them to Communists. When I declined to commit this idiocy (Joe Ryan, the head of the longshoremen's union, was soon to go to Sing Sing for racketeering), I got a wire from Cohn saying, "The minute we try to make the script pro-American you pull out." By then—it was 1951—I had come to accept this terribly serious insanity as routine, but there was an element of the marvellous in it which I longed to put on the stage.

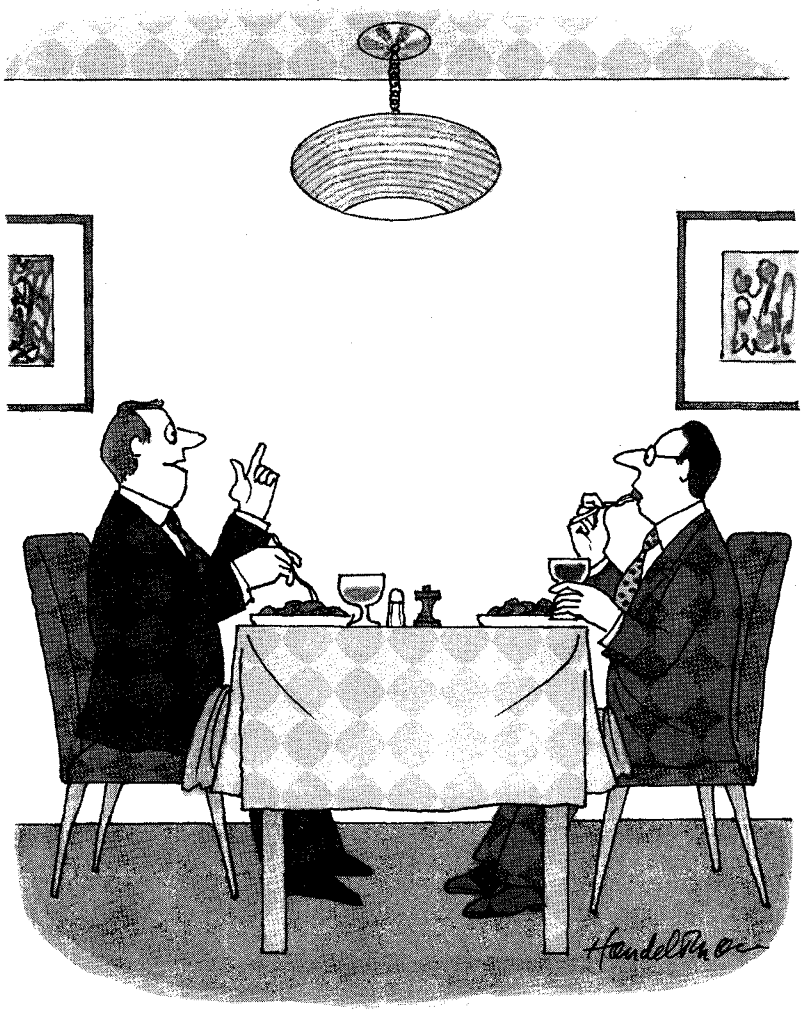
In those years, our thought processes were becoming so magical, so paranoid, that to imagine writing a play about this environment was like trying to pick one's teeth with a ball of wool: I lacked the tools to illuminate miasma. Yet I kept being drawn back to it.

I had read about the witchcraft trials in college, but it was not until I read a book published in 1867—a two-volume, thousand-page study by Charles W. Upham, who was then the mayor of Salem—that I knew I had to write about the period. Upham had not only written a broad and thorough investigation of what was even then an almost lost chapter of Salem's past but opened up to me the details of personal relationships among many participants in the tragedy.

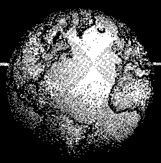
I visited Salem for the first time on a dismal spring day in 1952; it was a sidetracked town then, with abandoned factories and vacant stores. In the gloomy courthouse there I read the transcripts of the witchcraft trials of 1692, as taken down in a primitive shorthand by ministers who were spelling each other. But there was one entry in Upham in which the thousands of pieces I had come across were jogged into place. It was from a report written by the Reverend Samuel Parris, who was one of the chief instigators of the witch-hunt. "During the examination of Elizabeth Procter, Abigail Williams and Ann Putnam"—the two were "afflicted" teen-age accusers, and Abigail was Parris's niece—"both made offer to strike at said Procter; but when Abigail's hand came near, it opened, whereas it was made up into a fist before, and came down exceeding lightly as it drew near to said Procter, and at length, with open and extended fingers, touched Procter's hood very lightly. Immediately Abigail cried out her fingers, her fingers, her fingers burned. . . ."

In this remarkably observed gesture of a troubled young girl, I believed, a play became possible. Elizabeth Proctor had been the orphaned Abigail's mistress, and they had lived together in the same small house until Elizabeth fired the girl. By this time, I was sure, John Proctor had bedded Abigail, who had to be dismissed most likely to appease Elizabeth. There was bad blood between the two women now. That Abigail started, in effect, to condemn Elizabeth to death with her touch, then stopped her hand, then went through with it, was quite suddenly the human center of all this turmoil.

All this I understood. I had not approached the witchcraft out of nowhere, or from purely social and political considerations. My own marriage of twelve years was teetering and I knew more than I wished to know about where the blame



"Ah, but wait till he's reëlected! Then you'll see principles."



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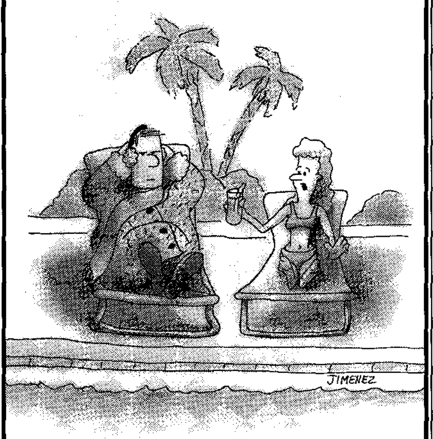

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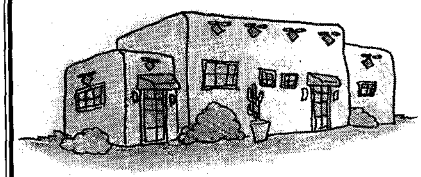

lay. That John Proctor the sinner might overturn his paralyzing personal guilt and become the most forthright voice against the madness around him was a reassurance to me, and, I suppose, an inspiration: it demonstrated that a clear moral outcry could still spring even from an ambiguously unblemished soul. Moving crabwise across the profusion of evidence, I sensed that I had at last found something of myself in it, and a play began to accumulate around this man.

But as the dramatic form became visible, one problem remained unyielding: so many practices of the Salem trials were similar to those employed by the congressional committees that I could easily be accused of skewing history for a mere partisan purpose. Inevitably, it was no sooner known that my new play was about Salem than I had to confront the charge that such an analogy was specious—that there never were any witches but there certainly are Communists. In the seventeenth century, however, the existence of witches was never questioned by the loftiest minds in Europe and America; and even lawyers of the highest eminence, like Sir Edward Coke, a veritable hero of liberty for defending the common law against the king's arbitrary power, believed that witches had to be prosecuted mercilessly. Of course, there were no Communists in 1692, but it was literally worth your life to deny witches or their powers, given the exhortation in the Bible, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." There had to be witches in the world or the Bible lied. Indeed, the very structure of evil depended on Lucifer's plotting against God. (And the irony is that klatches of Luciferians exist all over the country today; there may even be more of them now than there are Communists.)

As with most humans, panic sleeps in one unlighted corner of my soul. When I walked at night along the empty, wet streets of Salem in the week that I spent there, I could easily work myself into imagining my terror before a gaggle of young girls flying down the road screaming that somebody's "familiar spirit" was chasing them. This anxiety-laden leap backward over nearly three centuries may have been helped along by a particular Upham footnote. At a certain point, the high court of the province made the fatal decision to admit, for the first time, the use of "spectral evidence" as proof of guilt. Spectral evidence, so aptly named, meant that if I swore that you had sent out

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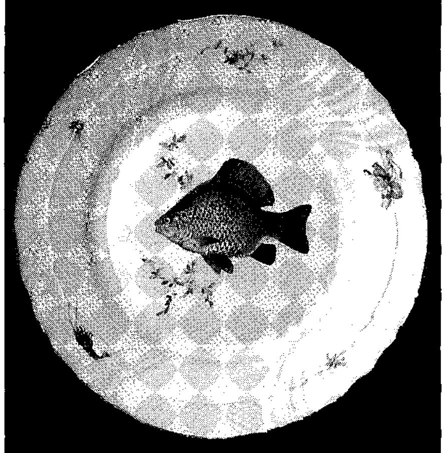

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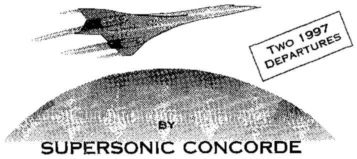

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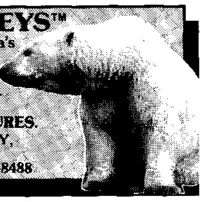
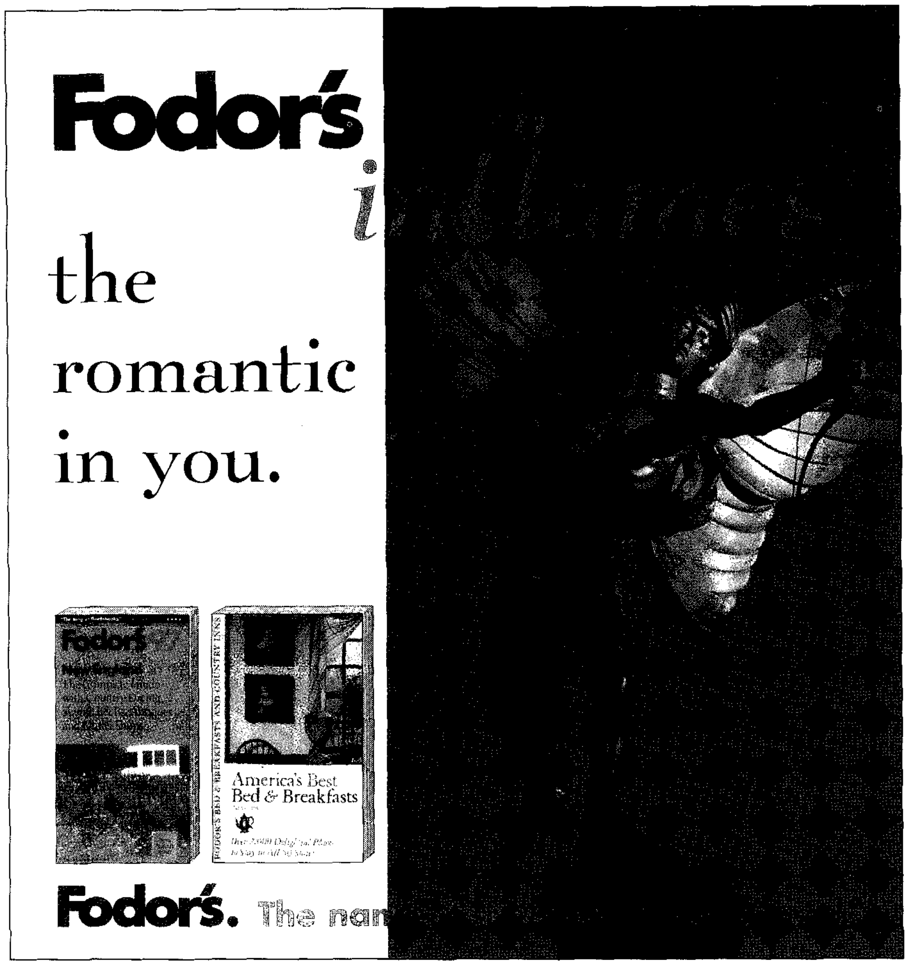


your "familiar spirit" to choke, tickle, or poison me or my cattle, or to control my thoughts and actions, I could get you hanged unless you confessed to having had contact with the Devil. After all, only the Devil could lend such powers of invisible transport to confederates, in his everlasting plot to bring down Christianity.

Naturally, the best proof of the sincerity of your confession was your naming others whom you had seen in the Devil's company—an invitation to private vengeance, but made official by the seal of the theocratic state. It was as though the court had grown tired of thinking and had invited in the instincts: spectral evidence—that poisoned cloud of paranoid fantasy—made a kind of lunatic sense to them, as it did in plot-ridden 1952, when so often the question was not the acts of an accused but the thoughts and intentions in his alienated mind.

The breathtaking circularity of the process had a kind of poetic tightness. Not everybody was accused, after all, so there must be *some reason why you were.* By denying that there is *any* reason whatsoever for you to be accused, you are implying, by virtue of a surprisingly small logical leap, that mere chance picked you out, which in turn implies that the Devil might not really be at work in the village or, God forbid, even exist. Therefore, the investigation itself is either mistaken or a fraud. You would have to be a crypto-Luciferian to say that—not a great idea if you wanted to go back to your farm.

The more I read into the Salem panic, the more it touched off corresponding images of common experiences in the fifties: the old friend of a blacklisted person crossing the street to avoid being seen talking to him; the overnight conversions of former leftists into born-again patriots; and so on. Apparently, certain processes are universal. When Gentiles in Hitler's Germany, for example, saw their Jewish neighbors being trucked off, or farmers in Soviet Ukraine saw the Kulaks vanishing before their eyes, the common reaction, even among those unsympathetic to Nazism or Communism, was quite naturally to turn away in fear of being identified with the condemned. As I learned from non-Jewish refugees, however, there was often a despairing pity mixed with "Well, they must have done *something*." Few of us can easily surrender our belief that society must somehow make sense. The thought that the state has lost its mind and is punishing so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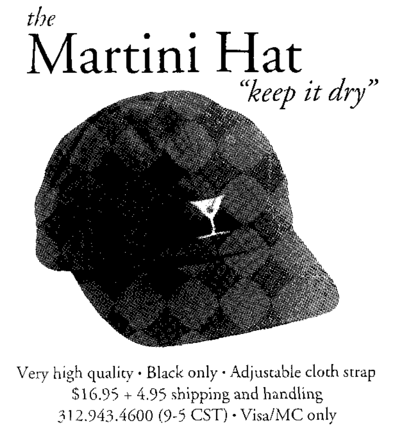
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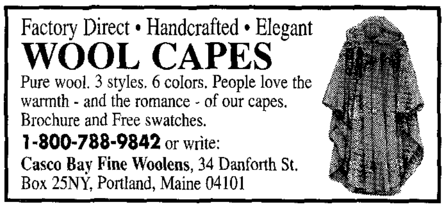
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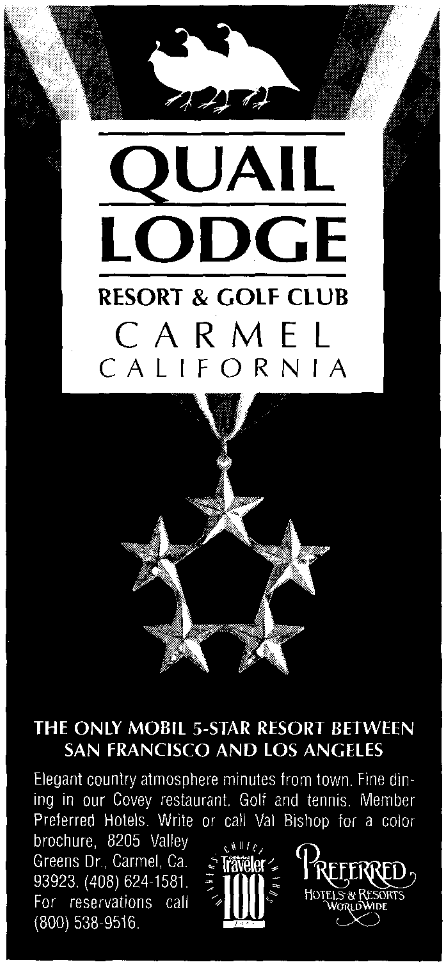
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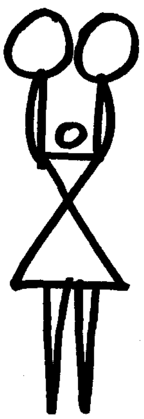
many innocent people is intolerable. And so the evidence has to be internally denied.

I was also drawn into writing "The Crucible" by the chance it gave me to use a new language—that of seventeenth-century New England. That plain, craggy English was liberating in a strangely sensuous way, with its swings from an almost legalistic precision to a wonderful metaphoric richness. "The Lord doth terrible things amongst us, by lengthening the chain of the roaring lion in an extraordinary manner, so that the Devil is come down in great wrath," Deodat Lawson, one of the great witch-hunting preachers, said in a sermon. Lawson rallied his congregation for what was to be nothing less than a religious war against the Evil One—"Arm, arm, arm!"—and his concealed anti-Christian accomplices.



But it was not yet my language, and among other strategies to make it mine I enlisted the help of a former University of Michigan classmate, the Greek-American scholar and poet Kimon Friar. (He later translated Kazantzakis.) The problem was not to imitate the archaic speech but to try to create a new echo of it which would flow freely off American actors' tongues. As in the film, nearly fifty years later, the actors in the first production grabbed the language and ran with it as happily as if it were their customary speech.

"The Crucible" took me about a year to write. With its five sets and a cast of twenty-one, it never occurred to me that it would take a brave man to produce it on Broadway, especially given the prevailing climate, but Kermit Bloomgarden never faltered. Well before the play opened, a strange tension had begun to build. Only two years earlier, the "Death of a Salesman" touring company had played to a thin crowd in Peoria, Illinois, having been boycotted nearly to death by the American Legion and the Jaycees. Before that, the Catholic War Veterans had prevailed upon the Army not to allow its theatrical groups to perform, first, "All My Sons," and then any play of mine, in occupied Europe. The Dramatists Guild refused to protest attacks on a new play by Sean O'Casey, a self-declared Communist, which forced its producer to cancel his option. I knew of two suicides by actors depressed by upcoming investigation, and every day seemed to bring news of people exiling themselves to Europe: Charlie Chaplin, the director Joseph Losey, Jules Dassin, the harmonica virtuoso Larry Adler, Donald Ogden Stewart, one of the most sought-after screenwriters in Hollywood, and Sam Wanamaker, who would lead the successful campaign to rebuild the Old Globe Theatre on the Thames.

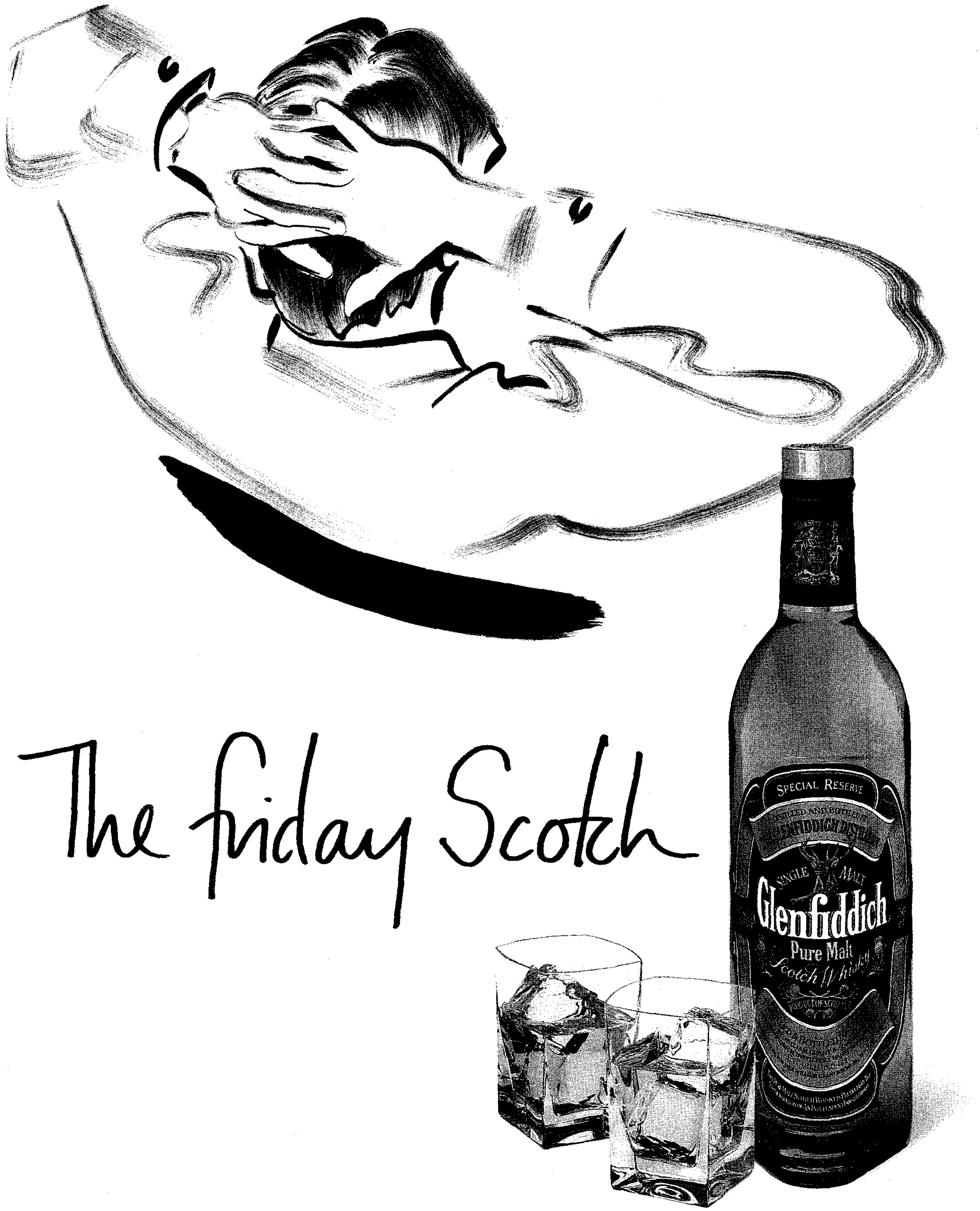
On opening night, January 22, 1953, I knew that the atmosphere would be pretty hostile. The coldness of the crowd was not a surprise; Broadway audiences were not famous for loving history lessons, which is what they made of the play. It seems to me entirely appropriate that on the day the play opened, a newspaper headline read "ALL 13 REDS GUILTY"—a story about American Communists who faced prison for "conspiring to teach and advocate the duty and necessity of forcible overthrow of government." Meanwhile, the remoteness of the production was guaranteed by the director, Jed Harris, who insisted that this was a classic requiring the actors to face front, never each other. The critics were not swept away. "Arthur Miller is a problem playwright in both senses of the word," wrote Walter Kerr of the *Herald Tribune*, who called the play "a step backward into mechanical parable." The *Times* was not much kinder, saying, "There is too much excitement and not enough emotion in 'The Crucible.' " But the play's future would turn out quite differently.

About a year later, a new production, one with younger, less accomplished actors, working in the Martinique Hotel ballroom, played with the fervor that the script and the times required, and "The Crucible" became a hit. The play stumbled into history, and today, I am told, it is one of the most heavily demanded trade-fiction paperbacks in this country; the Bantam and Penguin editions have sold more than six million copies. I don't think there has been a week in the past forty-odd years when it hasn't been on a stage somewhere in the world. Nor is the new screen version the first. Jean-Paul Sartre, in his Marxist phase, wrote a French film adaptation that blamed the tragedy on the rich landowners conspiring to persecute the poor. (In truth, most of those who were hanged in Salem were people of substance, and two or three were very large landowners.)

It is only a slight exaggeration to say that, especially in Latin America, "The Crucible" starts getting produced whenever a political coup appears imminent, or a dictatorial regime has just been overthrown. From Argentina to Chile to Greece, Czechoslovakia, China, and a dozen other places, the play seems to present the same primeval structure of human sacrifice to the furies of fanaticism and paranoia that goes on repeating itself forever as though imbedded in the brain of social man.

I am not sure what "The Crucible" is telling people now, but I know that its paranoid center is still pumping out the same darkly attractive warning that it did in the fifties. For some, the play seems to be about the dilemma of relying on the testimony of small children accusing adults of sexual abuse, something I'd not have dreamed of forty years ago. For others, it may simply be a fascination with the outbreak of paranoia that suffuses the play—the blind panic that, in our age, often seems to sit at the dim edges of consciousness. Certainly its political implications are the central issue for many people; the Salem interrogations turn out to be eerily exact models of those yet to come in Stalin's Russia, Pinochet's Chile, Mao's China, and other regimes. (Nien Cheng, the author of "Life and Death in Shanghai," has told me that she could hardly believe that a non-Chinese—someone who had not experienced the Cultural Revolution—had written the play.) But below its concerns with justice the play evokes a lethal brew of illicit sexuality, fear of the supernatural, and political manipulation, a combination not unfamiliar these days. The film, by reaching the broad American audience as no play ever can, may well unearth still other connections to those buried public terrors that Salem first announced on this continent.

One thing more—something wonderful in the old sense of that word. I recall the weeks I spent reading testimony by the tome, commentaries, broadsides, confessions, and accusations. And always the crucial damning event was the signing of one's name in "the Devil's book." This Faustian agreement to hand over one's soul to the dreaded Lord of Darkness was the ultimate insult to God. But what were these new inductees supposed to have *done* once they'd signed on? Nobody seems even to have thought to ask. But, of course, actions are as irrelevant during cultural and religious wars as they are in nightmares. The thing at issue is buried intentions—the secret allegiances of the alienated heart, always the main threat to the theocratic mind, as well as its immemorial quarry. ♦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A REPORTER AT LARGE

CURIOUS GEORGE

For George Stephanopoulos, what has it taken to survive five years at Bill Clinton's side?

BY DAVID REMNICK

I—MAKING A PACT

GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS is the Zelig of the Clinton Administration. In a Presidency marked by inconstancy and flux, he has been literally in the picture from the start, a free-floating constant unique in the modern Presidency: there he is, the loyal young adjutant, whispering in the candidate's ear in the midst of another "bimbo eruption"; there he is, jacket off, sleeves rolled up, sitting next to the President in the Oval Office miming advice as Clinton works the phones, imploring Congress, member by stubborn member, to vote his way; and there he is yet again, standing on the tarmac, smiling wryly, as his love-hungry liege dives once more for the rope line.

Stephanopoulos has been in the picture with Bill Clinton since 1991, first as a campaign handler, then (briefly, disastrously) as director of communications, and, finally, since May of 1993, as senior adviser to the President for policy and strategy. "The job is to think about policy, politics, and the press all at once," Stephanopoulos says. "The joke at the White House is that in five years with Clinton I've had ten titles but the same job." Stephanopoulos's real estate is prime: his office is next door to the Oval Office. He is thirty-five and an addict of that great metaphor for both Washington and the post-boomer generation the StairMaster, but he is not likely to exert himself in the White House for a second term if Clinton wins. By now, Stephanopoulos is a burnt-out case; he was a small, thin, fragile-looking presence to begin with, and he has become almost spectral, running on nerves, jumbo cups of black coffee, and the desire to win one more time. He will probably join a long list of Administration officials—Warren Christopher, William Perry, Janet Reno, and Leon Panetta among them—who will be leaving sometime around Inauguration Day.

That he has lasted this long is remarkable. In the autumn days of 1994, after the Republicans swept both houses of Congress—an event touted at the time as millennial, a revolution—not a few supporters of the President both in politics and in the press wanted the head of George Stephanopoulos carried out of the West Wing on a spike. The neoliberal commentator Mickey Kaus, for one, wrote a column in *The New Republic* headlined "BLAME GEORGE": the indictment charged that Stephanopoulos was guilty of everything from "overspinning" to caving in to reform-resistant congressional Democrats. Kaus wrote that, since Hillary Clinton could not be fired, the next best thing would be firing Stephanopoulos.

The calls for his removal were no less muted inside the Party. On a morning still distinct in Stephanopoulos's memory, top members of the Democratic Leadership Council, including Al From and Dave McCurdy, visited Clinton in the Oval Office in an effort to push him back to the center of the political spectrum and get him to slash the liberals on his payroll. Stephanopoulos is a born fatalist, and his customary refrain during the '92 campaign was "It's all over"; he was standing in the Oval Office that morning and feeling queasy with doom. "I was vulnerable," he says now. "There was nothing secret about it." McCurdy gave Stephanopoulos a brief glance—part sympathy, part apology—and then, turning back to Clinton, slipped in the shiv. "With all due respect, Mr. President," he said, "I think you have to fire George." Clinton did not answer.

During the campaign and in the first years of the Administration, Clinton had often used Stephanopoulos as his whipping post, the object of early-morning primal screams. Sometimes, during the campaign, when Stephanopoulos was in Little Rock and the candidate was on the road, Clinton would call him and, using the language of a stevedore with hives, begin raving about one screwup or another. Stephanopoulos quickly learned how to absorb the tirades; in full view of his confreres in the War Room, he would pull the vibrating receiver away from his ear and, with his other hand, begin slapping himself on the cheek in mock contrition.

But 1994 was something else again. In the months to come, Stephanopoulos would see his old liberal comrades from the 1992 campaign—Paul Begala, Mandy Grunwald, Stanley Greenberg—take at least part of the blame for the election fiasco and disappear. These were aides who had been stars of the campaign documentary (and Festschrift) "The War Room," and now they had been banished, exiled from the circles of White House influence. With a new, more disciplined chief of staff, Leon Panetta, running the White House operations, Stephanopoulos also lost some of his easy access to Clinton, his ability to duck into the Oval Office at any time.

Perhaps worst of all, an outside political consultant, an old friend of the President's, a man of famously indeterminate principles named Dick Morris, was starting to exert a powerful influence on Clinton. Morris had worked many times for Clinton in Arkansas, but he had also worked for conservative Republicans like Paula Hawkins, Trent Lott, and Jesse Helms. Morris, as time would prove, was as careless as Stephanopoulos is discreet; he idolized his father's cousin Roy Cohn and, without irony or hesitation, occasionally wore alligator shoes. Using the code name Charlie, Morris was on the phone with the President more and more, and by December of 1994, just a month after the election of the Gingrich Congress, it was no longer much of a secret—at least, not at Stephanopoulos's level of the West Wing rumor mill. While Stephanopoulos, with his youth and good looks, is considered, by Washington standards, a celebrity of pop-star proportions, Morris, at the time, anyway, was considered a regular Einstein, whose "genius" was to push the President rightward, pressing him to coöpt one issue after another from the Republican agenda. Morris flooded Clinton with ideas: Seize school uniforms, curfews, and national education standards as your own, he urged, and, while you're at it, adopt the Republican line on school prayer, flag burning, affirmative action, tax cuts.

It is no secret that Clinton was already inclined to move rightward, especially at election time. Morally speaking, he kicked off his Presidential campaign in 1992 by coming home to Little Rock from New Hampshire to stage-manage the execution of one Rickey Ray Rector, a murderer so brain-damaged from a gunshot wound that when he was given his last meal he ate only part of his dessert and asked if he could save the rest "for later." Morris was working with a President who was, if not utterly malleable, profoundly suggestible. And by the early spring of 1995, after Morris came out from behind his Charlie mask, these suggestions more than once touched on the matter of personnel—in particular, the young man who sat in the warren next to the Oval Office.

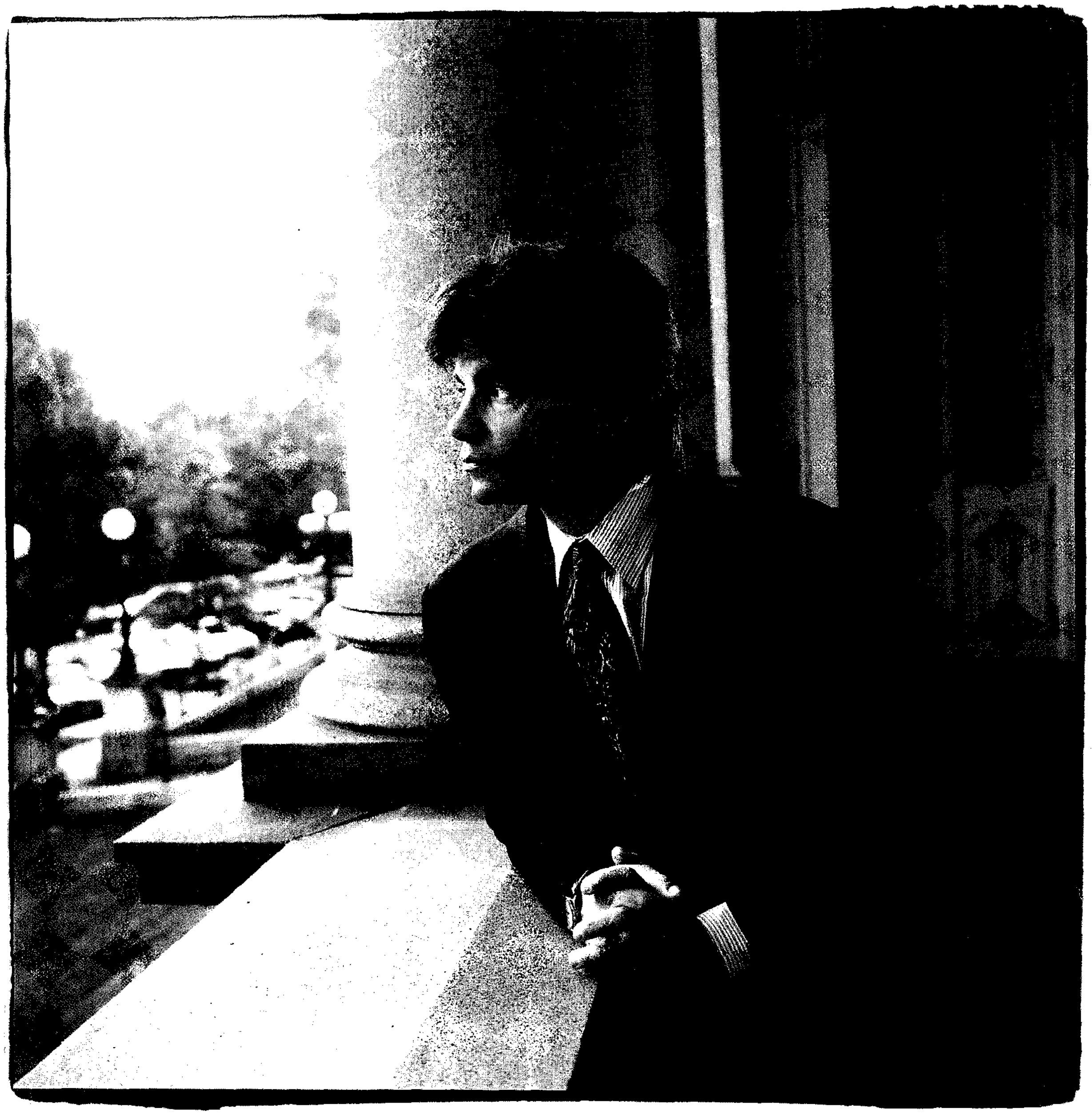
Morris told me that he actually tried to "improve the relationship" between Clinton and Stephanopolous by "pointing out George's obvious skills."

One night over dinner, I recounted Morris's comment to Stephanopoulos, and he replied first with a thin, crinkly smile, and then with an analysis.

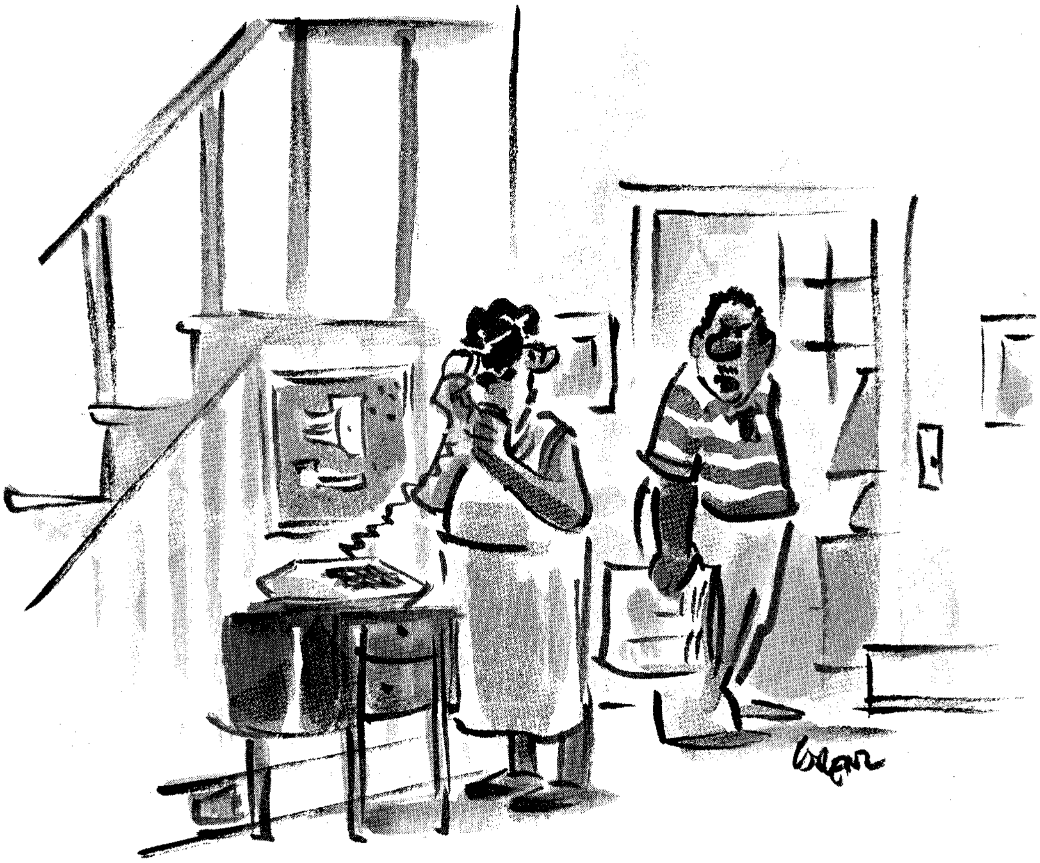
"Bullshit," he explained.

Later, he elaborated: "Dick was constantly trying to get me fired, telling Clinton I was disloyal, that I was to blame for all our problems, making things up. There was a constant drumbeat. I saw most of it through a glass darkly, but later on I knew more directly."

Stephanopoulos was furious—jealous of Morris's influence. "I had to fight asking myself all the time, 'Why me?' " he said. But the humiliation of the 1994 election loss was undeniable. "At that point, there was no real reason for the President to take my advice on anything. We lost, and it doesn't matter what the merits



Stephanopoulos: "I've had a great run, a great ride, but it feels like I'm done." Photograph by Chris Callis.



"If that's Kemp again, just tell him we don't want to come into his goddam tent!"

• •

are—a President has to make changes."

Nor could Stephanopoulos entertain the illusion that Dick Morris had somehow bullied his way into the White House. Morris held his authority because Clinton had granted it to him. "The President controlled all of this," Stephanopoulos said. "He knew what had happened to him, and he knew Dick had the skills to clean it up. Like Franklin Roosevelt, consciously or not, Clinton strove to create an atmosphere of creative tension. For good reason. We were stuck in the trees, thinking tactically and not strategically. Dick provided energy and a strategic vision that we needed."

Then he interrupted his own loyal riff and said, with what seemed to me greater conviction, "Still, I resent the idea that Dick is some kind of archetype of people in politics. He's not. For all his spellbinding fluency, he is a person from another planet. There is no regulator between his brain and his mouth."

By April of 1995, it was clear that in order for the campaign to unfold with at least a modicum of civility and coördination Morris and Stephanopoulos would have to learn to live together. Until then, the two men had been strangers; they had bumped into each other only once in the White House corridors. Harold Ickes, the deputy chief of staff and a liberal ally of Stephanopoulos's, set up a meeting between the two at Kinkead's, a restaurant on Pennsylvania Avenue, five blocks from the White House. The idea was that Ickes (who has known and loathed Morris most of his adult life) would stay for dinner and then leave the two alone to talk over coffee.

"I never had experienced anything like that dinner in my life," Stephanopoulos said. "Right away, there was this mixture of flattery and threat. First it was 'Oh, George, it's so great to meet you,' and all that bullshit. 'You've done so much for the President.' And so on. One thing he said really stuck in my mind: 'I want to thank you for helping the President win in '92 so I can help him win in '96.' It was an incredible performance. I just sat back and listened and watched. He did eighty-five per cent of the talking. He told me how brilliant I was, how I had made it all happen. Then he moved on to the threat, which was, essentially, 'I know you are out to kill me, I know you leak on me all the time, and if you fuck with me I'll kill you.' "

After an hour and a half, Stephanopoulos, an Anglophile since his days in Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, ordered a single-malt whiskey, and Morris, a Francophile, ordered cognac, and the two talked and drank for nearly five hours: they might have gone even longer had the waiters at Kinkead's not dimmed the lights and gently shown them the door.

As Stephanopoulos listened to Morris that night, he thought he was in the presence of an extraordinary creature, a Mephistopheles of the Beltway—"I thought Dick was missing a gene, a superego, a notion of shame. With him there is no consistency of word and deed and conscience"—but he also realized that this Mephistopheles could help his Faust become the first Democrat to win a second term since Franklin Roosevelt. As Morris unspooled his plan, Stephanopoulos readily, dutifully, set aside his hostility.

"He really had a strategy, and that just isn't my skill," he said. "It was clear that Dick was also under a mandate to get along with me. He knew I had on my side loyalty, history, and, to be honest, a certain skill."

Morris, for his part, said that as the two men talked and drank they "formulated the ground rules that we'd keep our disagreements within the foul lines and not go after each other personally." He added, "There was a jigsaw-puzzle fit. I would focus on long-term strategy and he on short-term tactics. I have a more outsider view of the electorate, whereas he has a more precise view of the Beltway press reaction. . . . George is very good at spin, and I don't particularly think I am. I try to hit home runs. His style is more like Billyball"—the way teams played under Billy Martin. "Take the extra base, bunt, steal, sacrifice, eke out a run. George always says, 'We have to win each year, each month, each week, each day, each hour.' That's how he sees it."

Even as Stephanopoulos sat in the restaurant working out his détente with Morris, he thought it could all go bad—Morris could do something outrageous at any point—but he was also relieved: relieved that the campaign finally had a focus. Clinton was energized. The Republicans were on the defensive. Morris wouldn't do anything too stupid, he supposed. The election meant too much. And, after all, what choice did he have? Stephanopoulos was reared in the Greek Orthodox Church to be an idealist; in his twenties, he worked in soup kitchens and earned a graduate degree in theology. But he had long ago lost any sense of purity. Working in the White House was often about compromising, even suppressing, your moral instinct. Morris's presence was a fact. And so, Stephanopoulos said, "we worked out an accommodation."

2—"THAT IS WHO I AM"

ONE morning during Stephanopoulos's senior year at Columbia University, the phone rang at around eight, smacking him out of a sound sleep. Still groggy, he heard someone on the line congratulating him. Your application for the Peace Corps has been accepted! Next year in Tunisia!

Stephanopoulos drifted back to sleep. When he finally woke, he spent what little remained of the day thinking it over. The Peace Corps made sense, or, at least, it seemed to. He had been brought up to do godly things. His father and one of his grandfathers and an uncle were all priests of the Greek Orthodox Church; his mother, too, was active in the Church. When the family lived in the New York suburbs of Westchester County, George had made an impression on his father's congregation as a singularly well-behaved five-year-old altar boy. His older sister, Anastasia, eventually became a nun, in a monastic order in Jerusalem, and until George was about fourteen his career path was—vaguely, at least, in his mind—the Church. "It was understood that even if he did not become a priest George would do the Lord's work," his father, Robert, told me.

George, of course, decided not to become a priest, but he was not at all sure about what he did want to do, knowing only that he wanted to do something both "interesting and decent." But faced once more with a godly option—if only two years' worth in North Africa—Stephanopoulos chose an earthly occupation. He called the Peace Corps rep back and declined. Not long afterward, he got an interneship at a disarmament think tank and then a job as a legislative assistant in the House of Representatives.

"It was an *aesthetic* thing," Stephanopoulos said. The Peace Corps didn't *feel* right.

In college, Stephanopoulos had considered volunteering for George Bush's failed 1980 campaign, but he veered left during the Reagan revolution. As class salutatorian, he gave a righteous speech on the perils of the nuclear-arms race, but it wasn't until he started his life on Capitol Hill—working first for Representative Edward Feighan, of Cleveland, and then for Representative Richard Gephardt, of St. Louis—that he found his calling. The proximity to power and the reflected glory, the schmoozing and dealing, the freebie hors d'œuvres and jug wine at the late-afternoon lobbyist receptions, the tantalizing whiff of a good deed or a more important job—all this, in its raw and seductive worldliness, appealed to George. This was it. This was what he could do.

Stephanopoulos was still drawn to less worldly concerns, however. He and his best friend, Eric Alterman, a journalist who now writes for *The Nation*, came to know an older man in town named Loring Henderson, who worked at think tanks and also ran soup kitchens and a shelter for Hispanic immigrants. On weekends, George and Eric sometimes went along with Loring to dole out meals to the indigent. George also went with Loring to Quaker meetings, even though he has never stopped attending Greek Orthodox services. "I think George appreciated the quiet," Henderson told me. "These two sides coexist and kind of rub together in him—the politics and the desire to do good—and they coexist pretty easily, I think. George is unusual that way." Alterman and Stephanopoulos paid their tribute to Henderson by trying to improve his love life. They responded to an ad in *The New York Review of Books*, asking his potential date to imagine Henderson as Mother Teresa if she "smoked pot once in a while."

Even as they did the occasional good deed on weekends, Alterman and Stephanopoulos, like so many young and ambitious men and women who flock to Washington from college, felt a sense of the inevitable, an intimation of the Fall. "We both feared selling out," Alterman said. "And yet both of us *expected* to sell out. George feared becoming a lawyer-lobbyist. He knew he had the skills. People like him. This is not my favorite quality of George's, but it's true that he emotes sincerity. He is an amazing tactician even without knowing he's doing it."

Despite that fear, and as a way of mollifying his anxious parents, Stephanopoulos made a move in the direction of what he calls "the secular equivalent of being a priest." He promised his parents that he would go to Harvard Law School, where he had been accepted, unless, by some chance, he won a Rhodes scholarship. He got one. And at Balliol College, Oxford, he read theology.

In England, Stephanopoulos was once more attracted to a group of smart young people who had the urge to do good, not merely well. One of his friends and fellow Rhodes scholars, Dan Porterfield, organized a fast of Oxford students to raise money to rebuild a town in Nicaragua. It was just the sort of demonstrative gesture that Stephanopoulos could support but not endure. He gave money, but he also ate.

"My guess is that George wanted to maintain his political viability within the system," Alterman said, mockingly echoing Clinton's famous letter to his draft board. Through the years, Alterman has seen that sort of ambivalence in his friend many times. "It's like when we were watching 'Nightline' once and a young radical woman—a 'Sandalista'—came on wearing a tank top. George couldn't stand it. It's an indictment of him. When a person is too pure it raises the question about his own life and that is uncomfortable. A hint of liberal sanctimony is death for George."

At the Republican National Convention, when Bob Dole attacked the Clinton circle as being filled with people who had never known suffering, who had "never done anything real," he was aiming at the likes of Stephanopoulos. Although Stephanopoulos's family was not wealthy, they did enjoy the highly subsidized life of successful clergy. Owing to his generation and his own good luck, nothing bad, it seems, has ever happened to Stephanopoulos; even his political memories are rather easy. Vietnam, understandably, is barely a flicker on his screen.

"I remember images," he said. "I remember 'Hamburger Hill' and 'D.M.Z.' But as words. I mean, that's what I remember. . . . I remember distinctly the day we announced going to the Paris peace talks, and my sister and me cheering in front of the television set. Watergate is hazy. . . . In 1969, what I really cared about deeply was the Mets. It was the most important thing in my life. And in '73 they were in the World Series again—we were living in New York at that time—and I remember the day the Mets were in the playoffs against Cincinnati, when they broke into the middle of the game and said Spiro Agnew had resigned.

"My class of nineteen-year-olds was one of the first classes that had to register for the peacetime draft. I remember it very distinctly. I did it—you know, a typical suburban kid—I did it on the way to go play golf at a public course. That's why some of the discussions of early 1992 were so strange to me. That just wasn't part of my life. I remember distinctly: Paul Begala and I were in the lobby of the Sheraton Tara Hotel, in Bedford, New Hampshire, in February, 1992, and Dan Balz, of the Washington *Post*, who is three years older than Clinton, and all these other reporters who know the draft inside and out were bearing down on us and yelling at us, and finally, after fifteen minutes, after we'd given every answer we could, we finally burst out, 'You guys don't understand! In 1969, we cared about the Mets!' "

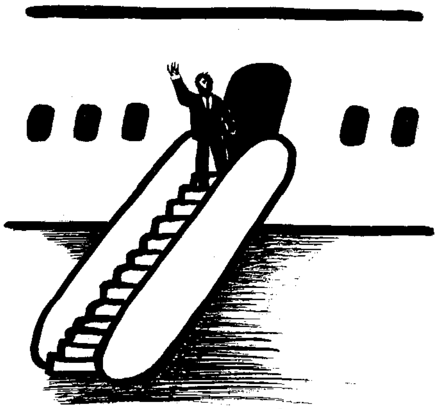
Stephanopoulos's liberalism was born instead as a moral reaction to Reaganism: the deep cuts in social spending, the acceleration of defense spending. It is a liberalism with more realism than idealism, a liberalism resigned to the necessity of never announcing itself. On the Hill in the eighties, Stephanopoulos enjoyed some moments of moral pleasure—putting through a private bill to help a sick child, helping to draft the Brady bill on gun control, getting a political prisoner released from a jail in El Salvador—but the real game, the persistent game, was compromise. When he was working for Feighan, for example, he even had to work with Jesse Helms on a piece of legislation. He once told Alterman (when Alterman was trying to earn a living freelancing for low-paying journals), "You've chosen integrity over responsibility, and I've chosen the opposite."

Stephanopoulos suffered through the pathetic Dukakis campaign, in 1988, and after Gephardt decided not to run in 1992 Stephanopoulos looked around for a candidate who had the appearance of a winner. He connected with Clinton. He has been trying to explain and champion this almost preposterously protean figure ever since. Over the past four years, Stephanopoulos has disagreed with Clinton on a range of issues, including the death penalty, the North American Free Trade Agreement, and the new welfare-reform bill. But he knows when to pull back; without Clinton, he reasons, there would be no Brady bill, no family-leave act, an immovable right-wing majority on the Supreme Court, no affirmative action. In private, at least, when his formal defenses are relaxed, Stephanopoulos regards the game with a kind of ironic sense of shame. He calls Alterman every morning, and he often begins the conversation by saying, "You're really going to hate me today." Alterman, who is as brash as his friend is reserved, relishes his role as designated listener and combatant.

"George is a liberal insofar as the pragmatic calculations of winning allow him to be one," Alterman told me. "He doesn't believe in anything that cannot be won. George knows he's got dirty hands. The question is if by sticking around does he make things better and help the President do the things he cares about. In some fundamental way, George trusts Clinton, which is something, frankly, that I can't understand. My feeling is that Clinton betrayed our trust, beginning with selling out working people on the issues of jobs and education and making Alan Greenspan his audience. He shredded 'Putting People First' and decided the bond market was more important than the people who elected him. But George would say that liberalism was dead before we got here—we were just a little late getting the news. It's his argument on everything."

I asked Alterman how his friend, with his moral streak, has felt defending Clinton's shifting stories about extramarital affairs, the draft, Whitewater, and all the rest.

"Clinton denies everything, and George is forced to defend things which he *hopes* are true," Alterman said. "He doesn't feel terrible about it. This is a slippery slope if you are a priest, but for a political adviser in Washington it's your job. George hopes that by swallowing the shit and keeping things to himself about things no one could approve of, he retains the ability to move politics in a certain direction. He believes in that. It's an impossible job, an impossible life, but that's what he does."



When I repeated these comments to Stephanopoulos, he smiled sheepishly and said, "That's about right."

In fact, while Stephanopoulos probably has more friends on the left than anyone else in the White House, he has made it a rule never to play the game of winning points for himself with those friends by signalling his opposition to, or even irritation with, the President on a particular issue. Michael Sean Winters, a friend who runs a bookstore-café downstairs from Stephanopoulos's apartment, near Dupont Circle, told me, "George put up with me badgering him about Bosnia for two years. He would just sit there and take it. That impressed me. I thought, He knows they are wrong. On the day after we bombed Bosnia for the first time, we kind of high-fived each other."

Stephanopoulos is realistic beyond his years; the lessons he has absorbed about American politics are unmitigatedly sad. "Liberal ideas are alive and well, but the system doesn't allow anything of any scale to be achieved," he told me. "Grand ambitions are much easier to stop than they are to start. That was the case with health care in 1993, and it was the case with the Republican budget in 1995." Stephanopoulos has resigned himself to smaller victories and more subtle moments of influence. For example, he helped persuade Clinton to meet Salman Rushdie at the White House; just as the meeting took place, he called the journalist Christopher Hitchens, a friend of Rushdie's, and said, "The Eagle has landed."

Stephanopoulos has one loyalty, and it is to the President: that is the nature of his job. The President, however, has many loyalties: that is the nature of his. Stephanopoulos shares a strong emotional and intellectual connection with Clinton, but if he is a kind of conscience-next-door he is a disposable one. "Our relationship is intense," Stephanopoulos said. "He's the most powerful person on the planet, with a powerful personality to match and a powerful intellect. But, remember, I'm staff. That is who I am."

3—CONVENTIONAL POLITICS

MORE than a year after his dinner with Dick Morris at Kinkead's, Stephanopoulos was in the back seat of a Lincoln Town Car in Chicago, riding from one state delegation to the next at the Democratic National Convention. He seemed suspicious of Clinton's lead in the polls and of his own good mood. "We used to say in the campaign that George had a habit of going dark," Bruce Reed, who is now a policy adviser to Clinton, had told me. During the campaign in 1992, Stephanopoulos used to tell James Carville that if Clinton lost to Bush they would have to move to France. Now he was guarding against overconfidence and doing a rather poor job of it. As we cruised down Michigan Avenue, I asked Stephanopoulos what he thought of Bob Dole's performance two weeks earlier at the Republican Convention.

"Dole's speech? I thought it sucked," Stephanopoulos said. "It was too backward-looking, it went negative on Hillary. So we can point to that. The eloquent parts were beautifully written, but Dole didn't deliver them all that well."

Stephanopoulos is a connoisseur of spin, judging it for its hints of irony or denial, its richness of subtext. "He has walked out of movies and started spinning," one friend told me. Stephanopoulos that day was having a minor spin problem of his own. He has been the Clinton Administration's most visible conduit to the gay community, and he had just done an event for a gay group at a gay bar, and he was concerned that he had been filmed there.

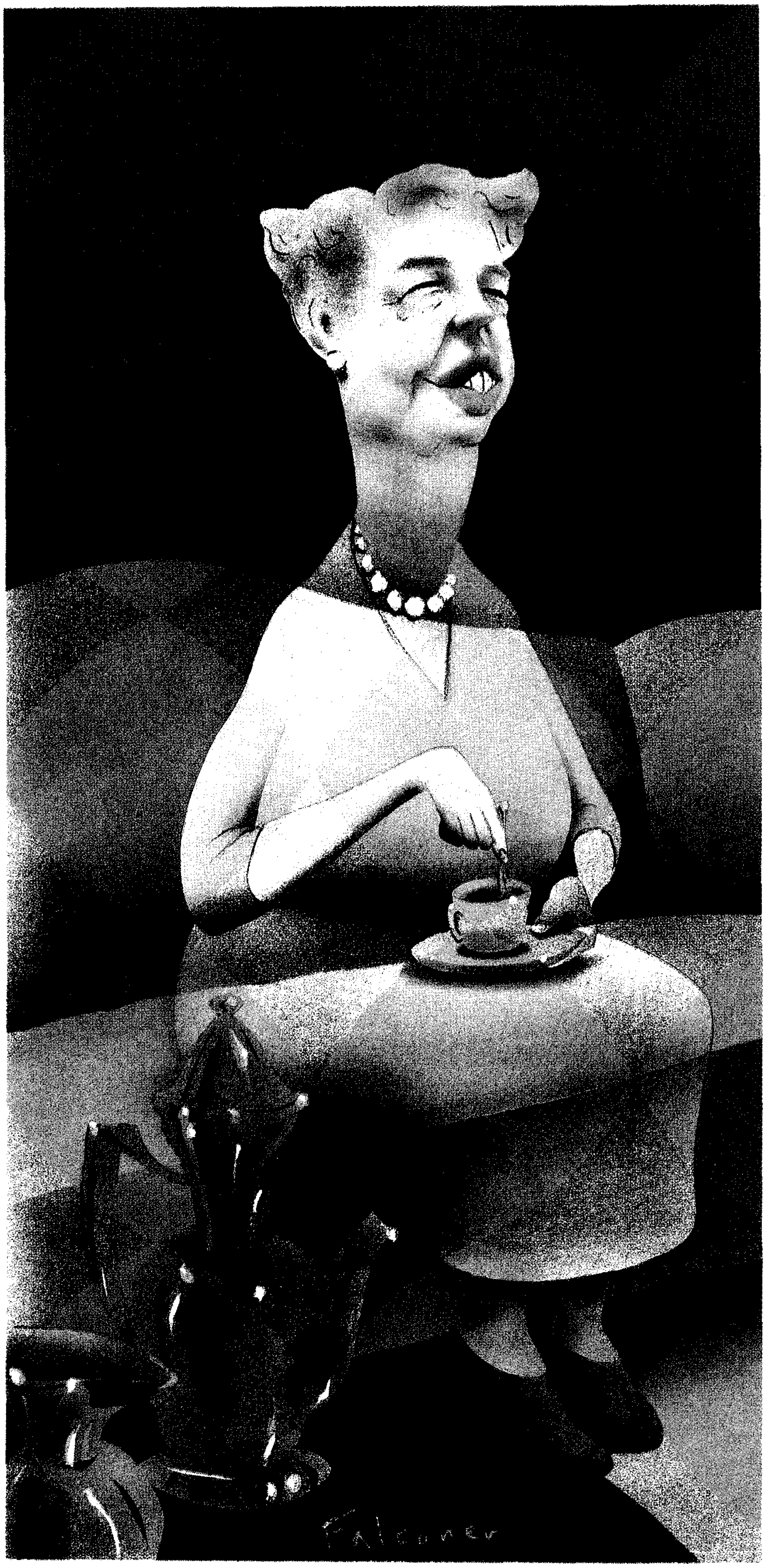
"Why do you care?" I said.

"Well . . ." Sometimes it is almost possible to hear the wheels whirring in Stephanopoulos's mind—spinning, really—and then they click into an acceptable arrangement of language as if into a gear. "Well, it's that it was a bar," he said. "With lots of liquor bottles around, the whole thing."

Ah, the nineties puritan angle! A few hours later, however, the subject came up again with someone else, and I heard him say, "You gotta understand. This wasn't a gay bar, it was a *gay* bar!"

George—everyone who covers the Administration refers to him as George, as in Cher or Sting—is like that. Reporters who have dealt with him regularly say that, while he never lies, or certainly never

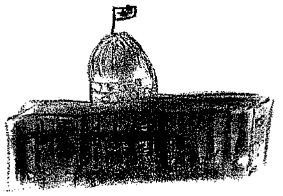
THE SPIRIT OF '96



intentionally, he does take spinning to Himalayan heights.

"Lying is a mistake, unless it's a matter of national security," he told me later. "Of course, I might try to run an occasional *mouse* by you." I took the bit about the bar to be a mouse.

I SPENT most of the next three days at Stephanopoulos's side in Chicago, but it took only a couple of hours to get a sense of how intensely he works and how deeply strange it must be to be him. On Sunday night, the night before the Convention opened in earnest, he visited the Museum of Contemporary Art, where the Vermont and Pennsylvania delegations were throwing a party. I tailed behind him as he ran up the stone steps of the museum and waded through the crowd—an experience not unlike following in the wake of, say, Warren Beatty. It is quite amazing what power and a good set of cheekbones will do for a man (no matter how short). Stephanopoulos is constantly getting propositioned by mail at the White House and during workouts at the Washington Sports Club. In the past five years, his love life has been a staple of gossip columns everywhere. (As it happens, his girlfriend for the past two years or so has been an official in the White House scheduling office.) One can be grateful that Stephanopoulos doesn't take the tack of poor-mouthing his plight and weeping about his celebrity—it has already made him famous and will soon make him rich, no matter what he does next—but he is still astonished by the lack of privacy, "the lies told about you." The latest tidbit to wound him was a fable floated in the *Daily News* that he had had an adulterous affair with Daniel Patrick Moynihan's daughter, Maura.



At the museum, people reached out to touch him, to shake his hand, to take his picture. When he finally got to the microphone, he gave his standard summer stump speech about Clinton as the man for the future and, by inference, Dole as a man of the past.

Stephanopoulos is not a bad speaker, but if he ever runs for office (and he does think about it) he will have to acquire what seems to come naturally to his boss: the emotional gift of empathy. If Clinton is Whitmanesque ("I am large, I contain multitudes"), Stephanopoulos is Frostian: removed, cerebral, wintry before his time. Stephanopoulos's job for the moment, however, is not to run or to empathize. His job is to worry, and he is a virtuoso worrier. Since the days of the Gennifer Flowers eruption and Clinton's varying memories of the draft, Stephanopoulos has been charged with quenching fires. His extinguisher of choice is the telephone. This year, when the former F.B.I. agent Gary Aldrich published "Unlimited Access"—a book about the allegedly drug-crazed sex maniacs who run the White House—Stephanopoulos dispatched his executive assistant, Laura Capps, to buy one of the first copies in the stores. After reading it with the attention of a professor of hermeneutics (the margins of his copy are filled with outrage: "Lie!" "More lies!" "Total fabrication!"), he began phoning network executives to shame them out of putting Aldrich on the air as a credible author. The book is a best-seller, but it was largely kept out of the mainstream press, thanks mainly to Stephanopoulos and his "rapid reaction" team.

When there is not a real fire, Stephanopoulos's job is to imagine one and extinguish it before the first spark. The Clinton team did not invent spin, but it learned well how to react to the compression of the news cycle from a full day to a matter of hours, and even minutes. In the age of CNN and MSNBC, Stephanopoulos "advanced the quickness of rapid response," according to Newt Gingrich's press secretary, Tony Blankley.

As Stephanopoulos rode around Chicago, the real work was in between stops, on the cell phone. In conversations with Leon Panetta and Harold Ickes, he plotted a Convention-floor "react team" to put down any potential demonstrations against the new Clinton welfare bill; in a talk with Mike McCurry, the White House press secretary, he tried to get Clinton to be "a little less hot" after an overheated interview on CNN ("You gotta go at those Whitewater questions with one-word answers. You can't give them anything to go forward on. You can't give them any emotion"); he plotted with Margaret Williams, Hillary Clinton's top aide, to ease the First Lady's nerves before her big Tuesday-night speech; and, although he did not want to show it much, he was thoroughly annoyed at Morris for allowing himself to be *Time's* Convention-week cover story: "THE MAN WHO HAS CLINTON'S EAR." "Morris is getting too much publicity," Stephanopoulos said grimly.

Another phone conversation, this time in a parking lot outside the arena at the United Center, the site of the Convention, on Monday morning. Mike McCurry was calling from the President's train—The 21st Century Express—as it chugged toward Chicago.

"Did they tell you?" Stephanopolous shouted into the phone. "I think it's gonna be a spectacular night! Jim and Sarah Brady are going on together and—get this—Jim Brady is gonna *walk!*"

The strategy on the first night of the Democratic Convention was to avoid politics. The Bradys would do their gun-control speech, and the actor Christopher Reeve, who was paralyzed after a horseback-riding accident last year, would appear in his wheelchair and speak out for more research funding for the victims of various diseases. And, to open it all up, Hillary Clinton was scheduled to appear outside the arena and welcome everyone to Chicago, her home town.

"The only question is whether we can get Michael Jordan to be with Hillary," Stephanopoulos said. He spoke as if he were in the midst of the Cuban missile crisis. "Otherwise, we've got Ernie Banks."

THAT night, we rode back out to the United Center. Stephanopoulos patrolled the plutocrats' playpens—the skyboxes—until he found one with four televisions, the better to watch the three networks and CNN simultaneously. At one point, he ducked into the hall to get a sense of the Convention floor—the noise that the delegates were generating—but he came back inside after just a few minutes.

"That may be the Convention," he said, pointing through the window, "but this"—and now he was pointing to the televisions—"this is reality."

While we waited for the prime-time hour to begin, Stephanopoulos scanned the news. He took special delight in watching Clinton lead Paula Zahn on a tour of the train.

"Now, here's a little sleeping car," the President of the United States said.

Stephanopoulos and a few other aides and hangers-on tried hard, but not hard enough, to suppress giggles.

Finally, showtime. Hillary Clinton appeared outside the arena with a wireless microphone, looking as if she were about to report on a traffic snarl for "News at

Eleven." She was standing with . . . Ernie Banks. One of the Clintons' friends—Harry Thomason, the producer of situation comedies and choreographer of campaign events like this one—kept wandering into the frame, and that, at least for the cognoscenti, had an undesirable and jarring effect.

"Harry!" Stephanopoulos said. "Get out, Harry!"

Then came the Bradys. Jim Brady did walk. George was pounding his thigh with satisfaction and delight. Then came Christopher Reeve. More delight. More pounding.

"Amazing," George said. "Perfect."

Afterward, the entire campaign team convened for a post-game "message meeting." Stephanopoulos burst out of the session with a grin across his face and his phone at his ear. "We just can't step on this," he was saying. "We just said the spin is don't spin. Leave it alone. If we keep talking about how it's not political it becomes political, and then they'll write about oh, how political it all is."

As we were about to leave the arena, Stephanopoulos asked me what I thought. I said that, as the son of disabled parents, I cared immensely about the issues. But I thought the whole thing was a bit much.

"Really?" Stephanopoulos said.

He seemed genuinely stunned, as if the possibility had never occurred to him.

Later, I asked him if anything could go wrong in Chicago or, considering the polls, in the campaign in general.

"Nothing can go wrong here," he said. "Maybe we can get bad debates. Or, externally, Bosnia could blow up, or there could be a Whitewater indictment of Hillary, or even a huge stock-market drop. That's it. Of course, now that I've said that something will go wrong. But not here. Not at the Convention."

"I think, Your Majesty, that you are perceived as an élitist."

4—EITHER/OR

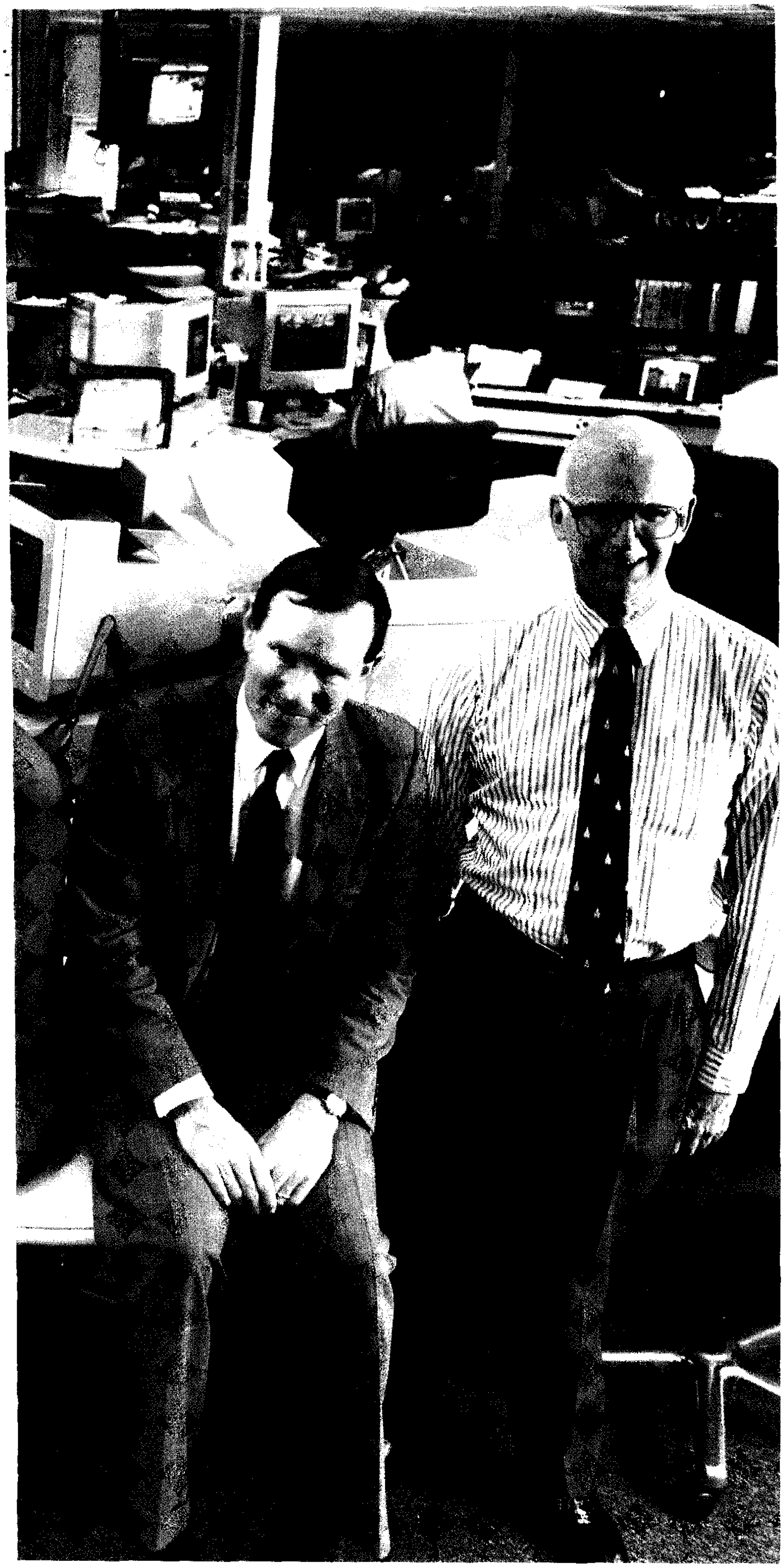
THE first job Stephanopoulos held in the White House was director of communications. He was, in his accurate summation, "a disaster." This would have been hard to predict. No press master in the White House had ever had an easier generational and cultural affinity for the press. Stephanopoulos counts many reporters as friends. Like many of the younger stars of the White House press corps, he was reared in comfort and succeeded in school and in his work life with an almost preternatural ease; he lives in a duplex condominium; he eats out or takes in; his Japanese car is so filthy that, a friend says, "there's penicillin growing in it"; in deference to his career, he has taken his time about marriage and children. All the same, he was a disaster. He looked far too young for the job; he was the wrong face to represent a President eager to show his own maturity. And he no longer behaved as he had on the campaign trail; now he was often hostile and dismissive of the Washington press corps.

"I was a symbol of a young, immature, arrogant aide," Stephanopoulos said as we rode to yet another delegation. "In fact, I was young, mature, and *appeared* arrogant."

In May of 1993, with the White House desperate to ingratiate itself with the Washington press, Stephanopoulos lost his job as spokesman, and Clinton hired David Gergen, a former Nixon speechwriter and Reagan adviser, an ace leaker, and a self-proclaimed master of press manipulation. Stephanopoulos's friends say that, while he did not lose influence—his new job as senior policy adviser meant that he could spend even more time than before next to the President—it was a terrific blow to him. "The idea was 'The kids can't do it, let's call in the Reagan guy.' It was a humiliating time for George," one former Clinton aide said.

Even though he no longer gave the briefings to the reporters in the press room—"the gaggle," as they are known to the White House staff—Stephanopoulos was still charged with, among other things, advising Clinton on how issues would play in the press. At this, he was, and is, masterly. As a source of information, Stephanopoulos is assertively useless; even as he is playing his generational-affinity card, he gives up precious little. At various times, the Clintons—especially Hillary—have suspected Stephanopoulos of being a big leaker, but it rarely turned

From the left: Jim Hoagland, associate editor and chief foreign correspondent; Robert G. Kaiser, managing editor; Meg Greenfield, editoria
and William Raspberry; Leonard Downie, Jr., executive editor; Katharine Graham, former publisher; Donald Graham, publisher; a



ge editor; Bob Woodward, assistant managing editor; columnists Mary McGrory, Richard Cohen, vid S. Broder, political writer. Photograph by David Burnett.

out to be the case. ("I'm still here, aren't I?" he says.) At one point last year, Morris tried to exploit the Clintons' suspicions of Stephanopoulos. Morris had leaked information to the Dole campaign. Clinton was furious, and Morris tried to cover himself by blaming Stephanopoulos. In the end, it was proved that Morris was the culprit, and, after a vintage Presidential explosion, he was forced to apologize.

Stephanopoulos fancies himself a kind of theoretician of the press. Clinton trusts him to figure out in advance how a story will play in everything from the networks to Robert Bartley's reflexively hostile editorial page in the *Wall Street Journal* and the friendlier cyberspace of Michael Kinsley's *Slate*. Stephanopolous is especially interested in Janet Malcolm's critique of the press, "The Journalist and the Murderer," in which she demonstrates the way that journalists can seduce and betray their sources—all under the sanc-

DYNASTY

In the stream of the nation's capital, the Washington Post is very much like a whale; its smallest splashes rarely go unnoticed. No other newspaper dominates a city the way the Post dominates Washington, and to almost anyone engaged in political life there the words "There's going to be a story in the Post" can be terrifying. That's what Richard Nixon discovered in the nineteen-seventies, and Bob Packwood in the nineteen-nineties. The Post—and its newsroom staff of nearly seven hundred men and women—inhabits a complex of three bland buildings in downtown Washington, not far from the various branches and bureaucracies of the federal government. Such is the power of the Post that ranking members of the current regime—or the diplomatic corps, or the intelligence community, or whatever—rarely turn down an invitation to meet with the newspaper's editors and reporters. There are complaints that the paper has lost energy since Benjamin C. Bradlee retired as editor, in September of 1991, but nothing seems to have diminished the influence that the Post holds over the nation's political agenda; and nothing has diminished the paper's almost mystical importance to the city's permanent population of malcontents, leakers, and strivers.

timonious (and ultimately self-deceiving) banner of professionalism. "Malcolm was writing about a particular thing, but I think she exposed some universal truths," he said. "Because journalism, like history, like biography, is not what it pretends to be. It's still a matter of *creating* a story, not merely reporting a story. And nobody ever admits it. Part of creating a story involves personal relationships, and what the press will never admit to is that they want it both ways. If there are bad stories, it's because you didn't treat us right. But they would never admit to the fact that treating them right will affect their stories."

As Stephanopoulos finished, we both smiled, because, I think, we both understood his comment to be a kind of warning, a moment in which he was letting me know that he, after all, was aware of the game in which we were engaged.

Stephanopoulos went on to say that a prime example of the "story-making" abilities of the press is "the famous Clinton haircut," when the President indulged in a two-hundred-dollar coif on Air Force One, supposedly forcing other jets on the runway to wait. Some stories went on to use the haircut as an embodiment of Clinton's yuppie arrogance and self-absorption.

"The members of the press were probably a little upset that they got home late," Stephanopoulos said. "But, again, you go back to narrative. They could tie it in to all these different things going on—into one story. The fact that the Federal Aviation Administration said that no planes were held up just didn't count anymore. And it took months to get that story out." To a great degree, his job is to package an "alternative story line," a narrative at variance with the pack's.

"The one saving grace, or the one fetish the press has that saves them, is that you have to be right on small things," he went on. "You have to get the age right. You have to get the quote right. That obscures the fact that they're just writing a story. And so when they're caught out on being wrong, or lying, or being hypocritical, or dishonest on a small thing, it calls the whole enterprise into question. So they were very right to pounce on Joe."

Joe is the political columnist Joe Klein, a.k.a. Anonymous. Using the frame of "All the King's Men," Klein wrote the best-selling novel "Primary Colors," in which the first-person narrator is a young African-American aide to Jack Stanton, an empathetic, philandering Southern governor running for President. The narrator, Klein allowed, is "part George, a lot of me, and part some middle-class blacks I know." Klein had been an admirer of Clinton but soured on him early in his term—an evolution culminating in a 1994 column entitled "The Politics of Promiscuity," which tried to tie Clinton's personal excesses to his lack of focus and principle in office. When Stephanopoulos read the galleys of "Primary Colors," last December, he says, he "immediately knew it was Joe" and called Klein at home in Westchester.

"Usually, I like quick phone calls, but this time I left a long message on Joe's answering machine," Stephanopoulos said. "Then Joe did a really juvenile thing. He called me back and, sort of half covering the phone, he said to his wife, with mock pleasure, 'Hey, honey, George thinks I wrote it!' And then he flat out denied it."

STEPHANOPOULOS says that his role model is Bill Moyers. This makes some sense. Long before he became the saint of public television, Moyers studied theology—he is an ordained minister. He served as press secretary in the Johnson Administration, and resigned quietly at the height of the Vietnam War. Thirty years later, Moyers wishes that he had resigned more publicly. "I felt whiplashed in my loyalties," he told me.

There is no Vietnam in Stephanopoulos's past, and there has not been one during his time in the White House. We met for dinner one day last July, when Clinton was facing one of the most important decisions of his term: Would he veto a welfare-reform bill for a third time or, as both Dick Morris and his more conservative policy advisers hoped, would he sign it? The bill not only featured harsh measures directed at legal immigrants and possibly children; with its gigantic leap into the void, it alienated many liberals, including three high-ranking Health and Human Services officials—two of whom, Peter Edelman and Mary Jo Bane, resigned eight weeks before the election. With a bill that did not provide universal health care or a significant jobs program, no expert, in either party, could pretend to know what would happen to hundreds of thousands of people when their benefits ran out. Stephanopoulos was hoping that the President would

"That's Jeremy. He never deviates from his prepared text."

veto the bill again, but he was also aware (all too aware) of the political calculations. Clinton had promised to "end welfare as we know it," and if he did not the Republicans would make a defining issue of it.

"To veto it three times would be tough," he said. "Three is a magical number. Twice is hard. But three times. Three is mythic. The trinity. Three strikes and you're out."

This bit of numerology-as-justification sounded like nonsense to me, and I could only imagine what it sounded like to Stephanopoulos.

Two days later, on July 31st, Clinton presided over a final meeting on welfare policy. The meeting was scheduled to start at eleven. Before it began, Morris was furious at the mere idea that Clinton would veto the bill again. Even with a twenty-point lead, he argued, the veto would give Dole an issue and endanger the reëlection campaign. It would be even more threatening to Democratic candidates for Congress.

The meeting was one of the most solemn of the Clinton Administration. For once, there was no bickering, no rambling monologues; the presentations were disciplined, uninterrupted. Bruce Reed, the main adviser on welfare reform, gave an argument supporting the bill, with the proviso that the President could later work to get rid of the onerous immigration section that the Republican Congress had added on; Henry Cisneros, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, gave the opening argument against the bill and for a third veto. Rahm Emanuel, special projects assistant; John Hilley, director of legislative affairs; Commerce Secretary Mickey Kantor; and Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin lined up for the bill. Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala, Labor Secretary Robert Reich, Ickes, and Panetta were against it.

Stephanopoulos gave his advice, but mildly. "George said he thought it was a tough call and the President should use his own judgment, but it was politically smarter to veto it," one adviser who was at the meeting said. "He said it would actually hurt Democrats and help Republicans in Congress, which was not the prevailing view. But he didn't push the argument very hard and was not particularly adamant about it."

The meeting ended at one. Afterward, Clinton met privately in the Oval Office with Panetta and Vice-President Al Gore, and, in the end, he told them he would sign the bill.

"And as soon as the decision was made George went in and helped to prepare Clinton for the questions he might get from the press," the adviser said. "He didn't miss a beat."

A few days later, on a quiet Saturday morning, I met with Stephanopoulos again, this time in his tiny office in the West Wing. He was dressed in jeans, sneakers, and a ratty black T-shirt, and was enjoying what for him amounted to a relaxed working day. We talked for four hours, interrupted only by a conference call and an occasional beeping sound, which came from a machine indicating when the President changed locations. Stephanopoulos seemed utterly serene about the welfare bill, confident that Clinton was more knowledgeable about welfare than anyone else in the room.

"When you're governing, you have to compromise—you have to choose," Stephanopoulos said. "My guess is that a veto would have created some kind of a relatively quick drop. The Republicans would have advertised. It would have hurt us, but we would have fought our way back. . . . I mean, maybe it's the way my personality works, but when I see the harshest criticism my instinct is to defend and to say, 'Well, you may be right about that, but here was the choice the President faced: I mean, it wasn't as simple from his perspective as from yours.' It's much easier when you're not responsible for the whole country to focus in on one strand of the criticism. I think that on one level you have to switch off whatever emotional reaction you have and be a professional. . . . Once you've had your say, you have to do your job. That's the tradeoff. In return for the privilege of giving advice, once the decision is made you become an advocate. It's a combination of intuition and judgment. One of the seductions of the office is that you can always tell yourself, 'But as long as I'm here, no matter—maybe it'll be better.' And that's *so* egotistical."

Over dinner at the Hay-Adams Hotel, I asked Stephanopoulos about Edelman and Bane and the issue of resignation. He put down his Martini and said, "With them it's a question to me not why they waited two weeks after the decision to resign but why they didn't wait eight more. But they worked on welfare all their lives. I was against the bill—you know that—but for me to resign over welfare, with an election so close, would just be an act of self-indulgence."

5—LETTING GO

On the second day of the Democratic Convention, a Tuesday, it was evident that the relationship between Stephanopoulos and Morris was on the slide. During the morning conference call, Morris joined in late and Stephanopoulos cut him off. Later, Stephanopoulos told me, "Probably someone who doesn't like Dick will think it was a great shot, and I'll get blamed for what comes out." They were also worried that the *Wall Street Journal* was about to add to the damage already done by the *Time* cover story. "I'll tell Dick I didn't leak. He won't say anything. It's more the hairy eyeball."

Stephanopoulos was also angry at Morris for "making Hillary nervous." He said that Morris had told her to make her speech straight policy, no personal anecdotes, no jokes. "Which is the stupidest advice imaginable," he said, "though it's not the stupidest thing he's ever said."

In the evening, we went back to the United Center. Hillary Clinton's reception and speech at the arena would be dissected with meticulous care in the press, and at the moment Stephanopoulos was more worried about that event than he was about the President's own speech. Stephanopoulos worked his way through the arena, stopping every few feet to be patted on the back, buttonholed for a favor, gawked at. Mrs. Clinton arrived in the hall and was accorded a four-minute-long standing ovation; it was an outpouring of affection that had all the spontaneity of a plenary session of the North Korean Central Committee.

Afterward, Stephanopoulos and a few other aides exploded in applause and a sense of self-congratulation. Nothing had gone wrong. Maria Shriver, of NBC, came on the air with a backstage interview with the First Lady which featured her receiving congratulations for her performance from the President. Shriver lobbed one softball question after another at Mrs. Clinton. The President's men knew that they would get such a result from Shriver when they gave her the interview, and she more than provided.

"How do you think you did? It had to be nerve-racking. How nerve-racking was it?" Shriver gushed.

They hardly cared that over on ABC

Jeff Greenfield was calling the speech "liberalism lite."

Stephanopoulos went looking for the Ickes skybox. The two allies greeted each other as if they were the winning battery in the seventh game of the World Series. High fives all around!

"The Republicans will go *batshit!*" Ickes said, unleashing a torrent of joyful obscenities. (Ickes is so partial to profanity that more than one staffer has thought he has Tourette's syndrome. He does not.)

"Wasn't Hillary awesome!" Stephanopoulos said. "She followed all the directions. 'Smile and slow. Smile and slow.' "

"Yeah, that was fucking great!" Ickes said. Then he picked up a plum and ate it in the two-bite fashion that is said to be the President's habit with potatoes.

As we left the arena, Stephanopoulos was fairly glowing. He would make a stop at a party being thrown at the Art Institute by the magazine *George*, and then head back to the hotel. Suddenly he turned to me and said, "Didn't you think it was great? Are we kidding ourselves? Because you know, after a while we end up spinning each other."

Stephanopoulos said that he could no longer let me tag along with him when Clinton got to town. ("That's when I become staff.") As we said goodbye, he seemed cool, confident that Hillary Clinton had scored a major success and that Clinton would do at least as well. Nothing could go wrong. It was their week.

He never let on that his constant phonemate, Dick Morris, was in a state of free fall. The *Star* was about to publish a series of stories in which a prostitute named Sherry Rowlands claimed, with strong evidence to back her, that Morris was her client, and that in ways too numerous to count he had betrayed the President and proved himself something less of a "genius" than even his enemies would have imagined.

"It was so Greek," Stephanopoulos told me when we talked again after the Convention. "On Monday at around four or five, I went to the Sheraton to prep Hillary for her speech. She wasn't there. And at one point Dick took me aside and said, privately and in confidence, 'There's this thing coming.' I didn't want to go into details with him, but at one point Dick said, 'It didn't happen,' which was not exactly a denial. And there never was a denial. . . . I didn't get obsessed. After all, Dick's a strategist! It's not that big a deal. Plus, I've lived with *Star* stories for five years, and I know they can't end a campaign. What was strange was that all that week Dick was so public at all the dinner parties with his wife. He even brought his wife to meetings with *Time* and *Newsweek*."

He went on, "The news hit when I was in bed Wednesday night. I got up at six-thirty and called Dick for our usual conversation about polls. And he said, 'I've resigned.' I still didn't know if the story was a setup job or if it was true. And then he said, 'We started out as enemies, but now I really respect you.' I felt bad. I felt terrible for him. No one should have to experience that kind of turnaround in his life, something that extreme. . . . For me, it's been a metamorphosis. I started out feeling bad for Dick. No one should have to face that sharp a turn of fate. But when I read that stuff, what he did—letting her listen in on conversations with the President. Come on! That he was willing to risk so much is upsetting. . . . And so three or four days later I felt differently. He betrayed the President so baldly. I also didn't like being called Stumpy."

Stephanopoulos seemed torn between a sense of outrage and at least an obligation to sympathy. "No one should have to endure that kind of mythic fall. But, you know, usually in Washington it turns out that the rumor is worse than the fact. With Dick, everything is worse than the rumor—just the notion that he manufactured a crisis over a book and betrayed a President. You have a responsibility not to embarrass the President. It hurts the country. It's just stupidity and weakness. I think if you are playing at this level of the game you have to suck it up—so to speak—and wait for the election to be over. To sign a book deal in the middle of a campaign is unimaginable. The idea that he isn't doing this for the two and a half million dollars—that he's doing it for history! It's ludicrous."

I asked Stephanopoulos if he would ever write a book about his experiences in the White House.

"I don't know, but I know I wouldn't write a disloyal book," he said. "I don't think Dick knows the difference. He'll think he's being loyal, and he won't know the difference."

"What is the effect of Morris's absence?" I asked on another occasion.

"I guess there is more weight on all of us, and on me, now," Stephanopoulos said. "You have to be more intense, because Dick was carrying a huge weight. He was involved in everything. He was obsessed. So we have to make up for it now. But this is the tactical phase of the campaign, and we know how to do that. You can't bring in a new Dick. This is like the fourth quarter of a basketball game, and your center goes out. You don't trade for a new center. You play with what you've got."

If Clinton wins, Stephanopoulos will likely follow the celebrations with a fairly rapid exit. He will not have to look far for advice on how to endure his freedom. Theodore Sorensen, who started work in the Kennedy White House when he was only thirty-two, has worked for decades as a lawyer at the New York firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison. He told me that leaving Washington was painful not only because of the tragic circumstances of November, 1963, but also because of the sheer loss of the sense of being at the center of things. "I remember reading a Jimmy Breslin column after I'd left the White House about a cop who had just retired," Sorensen said. "He was walking down the street where there had been a break-in, and he didn't like the way some kid was lurking. And his wife says, 'Forget it, forget it, you're off the force.' I said to myself, 'That's me. I have to realize I'm off the force.' "

When Stephanopoulos's friend James Carville struck out on his own, he made two promises: "I decided I'd make as much money as I could and not embarrass the President."

"I hope I've succeeded," Carville told me. Perhaps. Stephanopoulos, however, with his streak of moral queasiness and son-of-a-priest propriety, might not feel as comfortable as Carville posing on his lawn for an American Express ad. Still, as Eric Alterman put it, "George is not exactly immune to the benefits that money can bring." His possibilities are endless: there have already been big-money feelers to him, through his lawyer, from corporations, television networks, talk shows; he has discussed the possibility of writing or editing at *The New Republic* with the magazine's owner, Martin Peretz. Even if he does something as earnest as university teaching, Stephanopoulos can always pad his income with speeches; if Clinton wins a second term, he will not have lost that most invaluable of Washington commodities—insider status. But, while he will not lack for money, he will doubtless miss the juice. "It's a huge problem for anyone who leaves the place," one former Clinton aide said. "You crash after you get out. You mourn. You're not in the center. You're not going to work at the White House. You're not in the know."

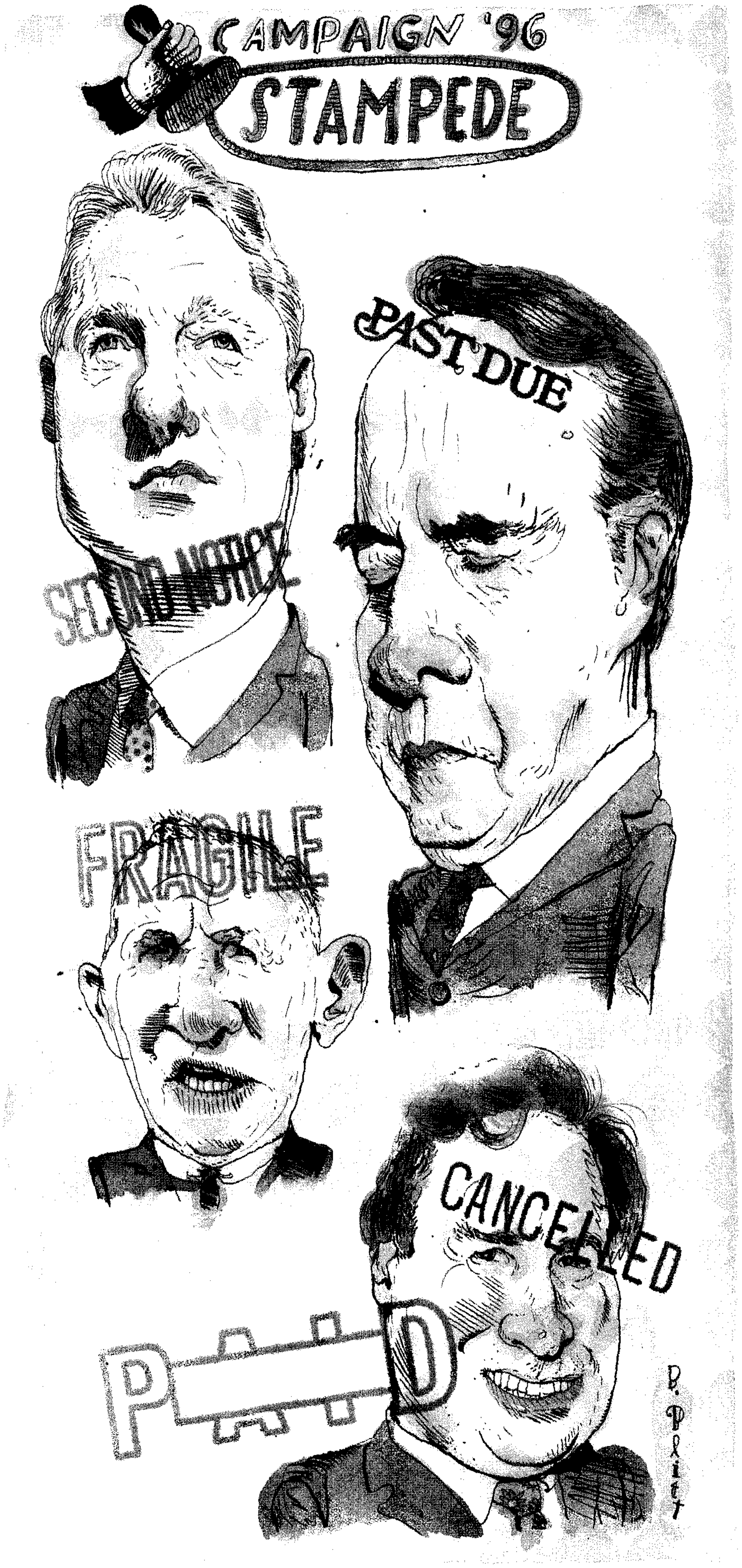
Stephanopoulos could probably stay on. His loyalty is not in question, and there are no rumors about his being in palace disfavor.

"In some ways, it's just physical," he told me. "I went to a doctor who told me that maybe an analogy is to a commodities trader, who also can only do it till about this age. He just says, basically, that your nerves get burned out. But that's a small part. I mean, you can fix that. Not fix it, but you can deal with that. It's more, I think, that I've been lucky. I've had this incredible opportunity. You can only be useful at a job like this for a certain period of time. All you do is spend. You spend intellectual capital, you spend emotional capital, you spend physical capital, and you don't have a lot of time to restore yourself, to read and think, to get bored."

At another dinner, Stephanopoulos said, "I don't know what I'll do. I've had a great run, a great ride, but it feels like I'm done. It's not that I'm above it, but I can't do it anymore. I just have to grow up. Not to be too mystical or New Age about it but I feel as if I was propelled into this, and now I have to get off the roller coaster and drive my own car."

Stephanopoulos may be getting out in time. Second terms are famously prone to disaster, and Clinton, if he is reëlected, will begin his with Whitewater and a sexual-harassment suit awaiting him. There are still American troops in Bosnia; the Middle East peace accords seem tenuous at best. Boris Yeltsin's illnesses have led to an unpredictable political situation in Russia. "Sometimes George just laughs," one White House aide told me, "and he says, 'You guys are gonna have to deal with this by yourselves, because I'm gone!' "

For months, the White House inner circle and the President have been holding weekly evening strategy sessions in the upstairs living quarters. At the first meeting after Dick Morris resigned, Stephanopoulos waited to see how the event would play among his colleagues. "It was all so simple," he said. "Panetta took Dick's chair and gave a perfunctory thirty-second 'Now that Dick is gone . . .' speech, and then it was all over. We moved right along to business. And I thought, Man, this is one cold-blooded business we're in here." ♦



PROFILE

THE FAMILY WAY

How Irving Kristol, Gertrude Himmelfarb, and their son, Bill Kristol, became the family that liberals love to hate.

BY JACOB WEISBERG

SOMEONE imperfectly versed in the idiosyncrasies of American political life might have found Irving Kristol's seventy-fifth-birthday party a bit peculiar. Gathered to celebrate the occasion at the American Enterprise Institute, in Washington, last year were some hundred and thirty luminaries of the high-minded right—Jack Kemp, George Will, William Bennett, Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, Antonin Scalia, William F. Buckley, Jr., and Robert Bork, among others—all dressed in their evening finery. But here they were calling one another "Comrade," quoting Trotsky, and trading knowing references to the left-wing sects of nineteen-thirties New York—the Lovestoneites, the Schachtmanites, the Shermanites. In a convivial mood, the guests raised their glasses to Kristol, read from his early radical writings, and recalled his heroics, such as the time he jumped on the back of a policeman during a 1939 protest at City College. Finally, Kristol himself rose, and spoke with pride about his Communist past.

The grand joke was that though everything had changed in the intervening decades, the old goal of revolution was the same. True, it was a counter-revolution this time—an attempt to turn back the tides of academic fashion, secular humanism, and even the moderate welfare-state liberalism that Irving Kristol and his wife, Gertrude Himmelfarb, espoused for several decades after abandoning all forms of socialism. Yet the Kristols had not stopped trying to turn the country around. They had merely grown older, wiser, and notably more successful at it.

Though there are other influential political families on the right, like the Buckleys and the Podhoretzes (with whom the Kristols are sometimes confused: William F. Buckley once thanked "Irving Podhoretz" for appearing on "Firing Line"), none have a greater impact on contemporary conservatism than the Kristols. In the mid-nineteen-seventies, when Irving was a new recruit to the Republicans, he did not hesitate to describe the G.O.P. as "the Stupid Party." Today, thanks in large measure to the influence of the neoconservative movement he founded—perhaps the only political movement in which you qualify for membership by declaring yourself to have been totally wrong—the Republicans can legitimately claim to be "the party of ideas."

These days the project of burying liberalism is increasingly a Kristol-family project, pursued jointly by father, mother, and son, each of them tiny, clever, and ideologically ferocious. Speaking at the American Enterprise Institute dinner, George Will surveyed the right-wing intelligentsia and declared, "We have as our agitator Bill Kristol. We have as our historian Gertrude Himmelfarb. And we have the—note the definite article—*the* public philosopher of our time, Irving Kristol."

The agitator (and son) edits *The Weekly Standard*, which has in short order become the sharpest and most engaging of the conservative magazines. The historian has, in recent years, turned out a series of powerfully argued articles and books—most recently, "The De-Moralization of Society"—that have provided ammunition for conservative politicians seeking to restore traditional values and do away with liberal entitlement programs. Newt Gingrich cites Himmelfarb in his speeches; William Bennett's "Book of Virtues" bears the imprint of her ideas. And, as for the public philosopher, he is semi-retired but continues to serve as what his friend Charles Krauthammer calls "the Lenin of the new conservatism—both a theoretician and a builder."

Irving Kristol, to be sure, works less by subverting great social institutions than by shoring them up. Relaxed and avuncular, he doesn't recruit cadres so much as nurture disciples. Revolutionism hasn't diminished his taste for his regular poker game (which includes two Supreme Court Justices), for TV cop shows, or for the mystery novels that he and his wife consume by the bagload. There is no malice apparent in his world-shaking—merely an instinctual contrariness, buttressed by wry humor. (A typical Kristol line: "Today an idealist is someone who, in the spirit of compassion, gives away other people's money.") Indeed, the entire family is so genial—"simply sweet," as Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan says—that it is hard to imagine the Kristols disturbing anyone's peace. But, in their good-natured way, they have probably done more to move the center of American politics rightward than any Republican politician now active. From a liberal standpoint, their charm has only increased the damage, because it has made conservative converts of people who might otherwise have remained mere disillusioned reformers. In a way, their success is a testament not just to the power of a belief in ideas but to the importance of temperament in politics.

THE Kristol story begins in the radical Jewish milieu of prewar New York, where Irving, as a sixteen-year-old freshman, fell in with the dissident leftists gathered in the legendary Alcove No. 1 of the City College cafeteria. The small circle of miscellaneous anti-Stalinist radicals there included Daniel Bell, Irving Howe, Seymour Martin Lipset, and Melvin Lasky—young men who soon emerged as the second generation at *Partisan Review* (every article of which Kristol says he read twice). In their horseshoe-shaped den, Kristol and his classmates would play Ping-Pong, carry on marathon doctrinal arguments, and attempt to provoke the denizens of Alcove No. 2, who were Stalinists and strictly forbidden to talk to them. By the time he graduated, in 1940, Kristol had been recruited by the other Irving—Howe—for the youth wing of the official Trotskyist organization, the Young People's Socialist League–Fourth International.

City College in those days admitted

The public philosopher, the historian, and the agitator at the Watergate. Photograph by Dana Lixenberg.

only men, but at an evening meeting of the Fourth International in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, Irving spied across the room an attractive fellow YPSL member. As he remembers, he eventually worked up the courage to ask her to a movie. Gertrude Himmelfarb—or Bea, as she is still known—was three years younger than he, and came from a lower-middle-class Brooklyn family much like his own. His father was a middleman in the tailoring trade; hers had a tiny glass-manufacturing business. Irving asked her to another movie, and then another, and soon to marry him.

So began what Bell calls "the best marriage of our generation." The two were so like-minded that it was impossible to tell which was the leader and which the follower. Disenchanted by Trotsky's antiwar stand, they soon quit the league. For several years afterward, they considered themselves "Norman Thomas socialists"—that is, moderate, democratic, and fiercely anti-Stalinist ones. Then they were anti-Communist liberals, then neoconservatives, and, finally, just plain conservatives. The two even look something alike. Both are trim and sharp-featured, Irving with sparkling blue eyes, Bea with penetrating brown ones. He plays owl to her sparrow. They dress in the same dignified, dated way: Irving's utilitarian blue blazer, worn with a striped shirt and a patterned tie, is the counterpart of Gertrude's simple brown suit, worn without jewelry.

"We always agreed," Irving says over lunch at the Watergate, in the restaurant downstairs from the Washington apartment complex where they have lived for the past decade. "Always. Part of the marriage contract."

"But in very different ways," Himmelfarb puts in. "Our styles are so different. Irving makes these sharp, bold, assertive statements. Me, I would have to work up to it very tentatively—"

"I think we could describe it this way: I am an intellectual and a journalist," Irving says, finishing his wife's sentence with a wave of his ever-present cigarette, "while Bea is an intellectual and an academic."

Suffering from a cold, Himmelfarb waves his smoke away. Whenever Irving utters one of his notorious categorical statements, a look of alarm crosses her face, as if he might at any moment get himself in trouble. When the waiter comes to take our order, Bea asks whether the pasta that Irving wants has garlic in it; forty years ago, she recalls, he passed out at a Paris dinner party after sampling garlic-soaked escargot for the first time. Irving says he doesn't like fish, then orders the striped bass, and makes sure that what Bea has ordered is free of wheat, to which she is allergic. As they fuss over each other, it's hard to remember that the adorable Kristols are charged by some opponents with being at the center of a vast right-wing conspiracy, and that after lunch Irving is likely to return to his legal pad upstairs and write something like "Liberals were wrong, liberals are wrong, because they are liberals. What is wrong with liberals is liberalism—a metaphysics and a mythology that is woefully blind to human and political reality."

In the early days, Irving worked in the Brooklyn Navy Yard as a machinist, which paid him enough to marry Bea, who was finishing her B.A. at Brooklyn College. As a war-industry worker, he was exempt from the draft, but, considering himself "utterly inept with my hands" (he has never learned to type or to drive a car), Kristol asked to be drafted. Meanwhile, the couple moved to Chicago, where Bea had a graduate scholarship. They ended up in the Hyde Park boarding house where Saul Bellow had written "Dangling Man," a novel about a young man waiting to be called up. In 1944, Kristol was drafted and saw action in Alsace.

After the war, Himmelfarb won a fellowship to study at Cambridge. Kristol followed her there and amused himself by working on a novel, long since abandoned, which he describes as an attempt to understand the mind of an anti-Semite. Bea worked on Lord Acton's papers for her thesis, an account of the great Catholic historian that became her first book. Though she was then more or less the family breadwinner, and though she kept her maiden name, Himmelfarb does not wish to be credited with a precocious feminism. Neglecting to become Gertrude Kristol was mostly an accident, she says; she didn't feel like bothering with the paperwork.

Irving's original passion was for literature. His first published article, which appeared in 1942 in *Enquiry*, a magazine of breakaway Trotskyists, was about Auden. A different career presented itself in 1947, after the Kristols had moved back to this country and were living on the Upper West Side: he was offered an editing job at *Commentary*, the new magazine of the American Jewish Committee, where he would work alongside Nathan Glazer, a slightly younger alumnus of Alcove No. 1. "I discovered I liked editing, I was very good at it, and it was easy," Kristol says. He himself wrote on such subjects as Jewish humor and the conflict between Judaism and psychoanalysis. At the time, both he and Bea were evolving away from anything that might be described as socialism. Irving was strongly influenced by his own experiences during the war, which left him with a somewhat darkened view of human nature. Only authority, he felt, had kept many of his fellow-soldiers from raping and robbing their way through Europe. Both Kristols were deeply influenced as well by the anti-utopian thinking of Reinhold Niebuhr and Leo Strauss.

Almost as soon as Kristol began writing about politics, he began turning the old game of *épater le bourgeois* against other liberals. His second article about politics, "Civil Liberties, 1952—A Study in Confusion," set the pattern. Written as a diatribe against fellow-travellers of the sort then affiliated with *The Nation*, the piece worked itself up into what became an infamous peroration: "For there is one thing that the American people know about Senator McCarthy: he, like them, is unequivocally anti-Communist. About the spokesmen for American liberalism they feel they know no such thing. And with some justification." Today, Kristol winces on being asked once more about the article. "My involvement in American politics came from reading the New York *Times* and *Partisan Review*—what did I know about McCarthy?" he says.

Shortly after the McCarthy piece appeared, Kristol quit *Commentary* and became editor of *Encounter*—a new magazine based in London and sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom, which was an organization of anti-Communist intellectuals. From the start, there were rumors that the C.I.A. was somehow involved in the monthly, which Kristol co-edited for six years in an unlikely but fruitful partnership with Stephen Spender. It later turned out that the C.I.A. was indeed funding the Congress for Cultural Freedom, but Kristol says he had no knowledge of it at the time. In characteristic fashion, he makes the point that, although he wouldn't have taken the job if he'd known about the covert funding, he thought that assisting anti-Communist intellectuals was exactly what the C.I.A. should have been doing. Meanwhile, Bea busied herself at the Cambridge University library, completing a revisionist study of Darwin, which challenged the logical consistency of "On the Origin of Species."

By the time the Kristols again returned to New York, in 1958, they had two young children—William, five, and Elizabeth, two. Irving took a job as an editor at the liberal fortnightly *The Reporter*, then moved to Basic Books. In 1965, he hatched a plan to found another political magazine with his old friends Daniel Bell, who had achieved fame a few years before as the author of "The End of Ideology," and Pat Moynihan, who had just left the Johnson Administration following the furor over his report about black families. *The Public Interest* was to be a liberal quarterly, but one that would take a hard, dispassionate look at the raft of liberal programs then being floated by the Great Society. This skeptical position contented Bell and Moynihan, but for Kristol it was merely another rest stop on a long journey rightward.

What provoked him to move again was the social and cultural tumult of the nineteen-sixties. None of the old Alcove No. 1 types, who were now disillusioned former radicals themselves, had much time for the student rebels. Even Irving Howe, who remained a socialist, found the Students for a Democratic Society too soft on the Soviets and insufficiently respectful of their left-wing elders. But Kristol took the counterculture and its unwillingness to face up to the realities of the Cold War as an almost personal affront. For him, the issue was not only an undiscriminating opposition to the Vietnam War but the rejection of legitimate authority. In his view, the young rebels were not demanding that America live up to its ideals but, rather, repudiating those ideals. Many of Kristol's most powerful essays, such as his 1971 attack on pornography, in which he calls for a "liberal" (as opposed to conservative) censorship of obscenity, and his 1970 "When Virtue Loses All Its Loveliness," an argument about the inadequacy of capitalism as a political philosophy, date from this period, when he was breaking with liberalism but had not yet joined the conservatives.

EVEN though he was still nominally a Democrat, Kristol's role as scourge of liberalism made him welcome at the Nixon White House. Moynihan, who had broken party ranks to work for Nixon as a domestic-policy adviser, invited Kristol to dinner with the President and members of his Cabinet in March of 1970. Kristol did not take to the scene. His main memory is of John Mitchell, "who was drinking too much and whom I did not like at all," Kristol recalls, adding, in a conspiratorial whisper, "I suspect that he wasn't fond of Jews." There was talk in the air of Kristol's joining the Nixon Administration; he remembers being instructed in the importance of various perquisites of power by William Safire, and being amused at the notion that he should hold out for a parking space despite the fact that neither he nor his wife could drive a car.

Luckily, "the rumor that Mr. Nixon was interested in me turned out to be without basis," Kristol says. But the flirtation encouraged a decisive break with Kristol's liberal friends and with the Democratic Party. "I said the hell with it," Kristol recalls of his split with the Democrats. "Once Scoop Jackson had, in effect, vanished from the scene, I said, 'There's no hope there.' " Around the same time, the term "neoconservative" was coined by Michael Harrington, the socialist author of "The Other America," who did not mean it as a compliment. Kristol, reminded by his wife that the British labels "Tory" and "Whig" had begun as insults, decided to run with the name, and he fleshed it out with his great quip: a neoconservative was a liberal who had been mugged by reality. He voluntarily became, as he put it in the title of a 1979 essay, a "true, self-confessed—perhaps the only—'neoconservative.' " In fact, Kristol was far from alone. By 1979, he had become the spiritual leader of a growing group of former liberals and leftists who felt that the Democratic Party had become dangerously naïve about Soviet military power and the responsibility that America faced in countering the spread of Communism in the Third World.

Asked why he joined the Republicans, Irving shrugs and says, "What else was there to do?" At the time that he seized on the label "neoconservative," Kristol also began to call himself a capitalist. He does seem a funny sort of capitalist, having no taste for luxury or any real interest in material possessions. His personal economic philosophy is encapsulated in his fatherly advice, dispensed over lunch: "Don't think about money—things will take care of themselves."

In the early nineteen-seventies, Kristol took to arguing that what he called a "New Class" had seized control of the chief institutions of American society. Perhaps foreseeing the rise of Hillary Clinton, he contended that these left-leaning, power-hungry members of the professions—the forerunners of today's yuppies—had developed out of what Lionel Trilling called "the adversary culture." Kristol's mission in the seventies became to create, almost single-handedly, counter-institutions that would support the dominant culture against its New Class enemies.

In 1978, with the help of William Simon, the wealthy former Treasury Secretary,

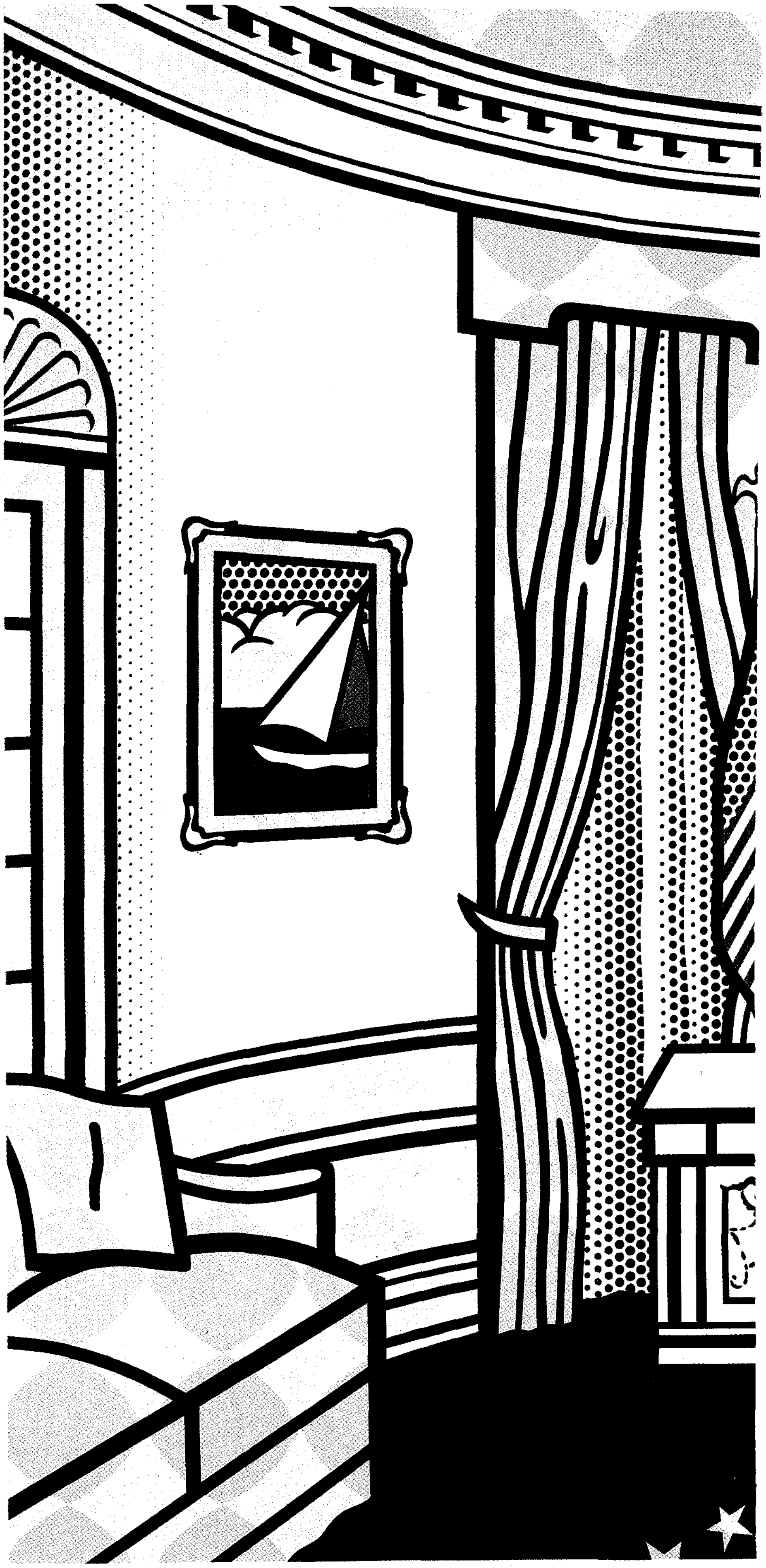
"What I miss is pressing the flesh."

Kristol founded the Institute for Educational Affairs, which sponsored right-wing campus newspapers around the country. These papers, of which the *Dartmouth Review* was the most toxic, infuriated the left by billing themselves as "alternative," and soon became an important source of young recruits at places like the Heritage Foundation. Kristol also struck up important alliances with the largest conservative foundations—Smith Richardson, Bradley, Olin, and Scaife—helping to steer their money to promising conservative scholars and publicists. Beneficiaries of this largesse included William Bennett (the Kristols helped get him his first important job, as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities), Charles Murray, Dinesh D'Souza, and upstart magazines like *The New Criterion* and *The American Spectator*. It was Kristol's position as networker that led *Esquire* to put him on its cover in 1979 as the "Godfather" of neoconservatism. Today, it is hard to find a young conservative intellectual of any prominence whose career was not advanced in some way by Kristol. His friend Walter Berns, a political philosopher at Georgetown, has said, "Students and young scholars sometimes ask me for advice. I tell them to call Irving."

What Kristol did for the Republican Party at an intellectual level was probably more significant. In a monthly column he wrote for the *Wall Street Journal*, beginning in 1972, Kristol tried to move the Party beyond its old double bind—the choice between Barry Goldwater's futile resistance to the welfare state and Richard Nixon's equally counterproductive acquiescence in its expansion. "That's the real trouble with the Republican Party," Kristol wrote in a 1976 *Journal* column. "It loses even when it wins." Kristol's prescription was to accept the political reality of the welfare state while trying to reconstitute it on what he viewed as a more moral basis. Government, he argued, should help those not expected to work—the elderly and the disabled—without undermining the work ethic for others.

Kristol also became interested in what would one day be known as supply-side economics. He introduced Jude Wanniski—an important early evangelist for the idea, whose work Kristol had published in *The Public Interest*—to a congressman from Buffalo named Jack Kemp. Kemp persuaded Ronald Reagan; Reagan hired David Stockman.

Kristol is not ready to acknowledge that supply-side economics failed. Like



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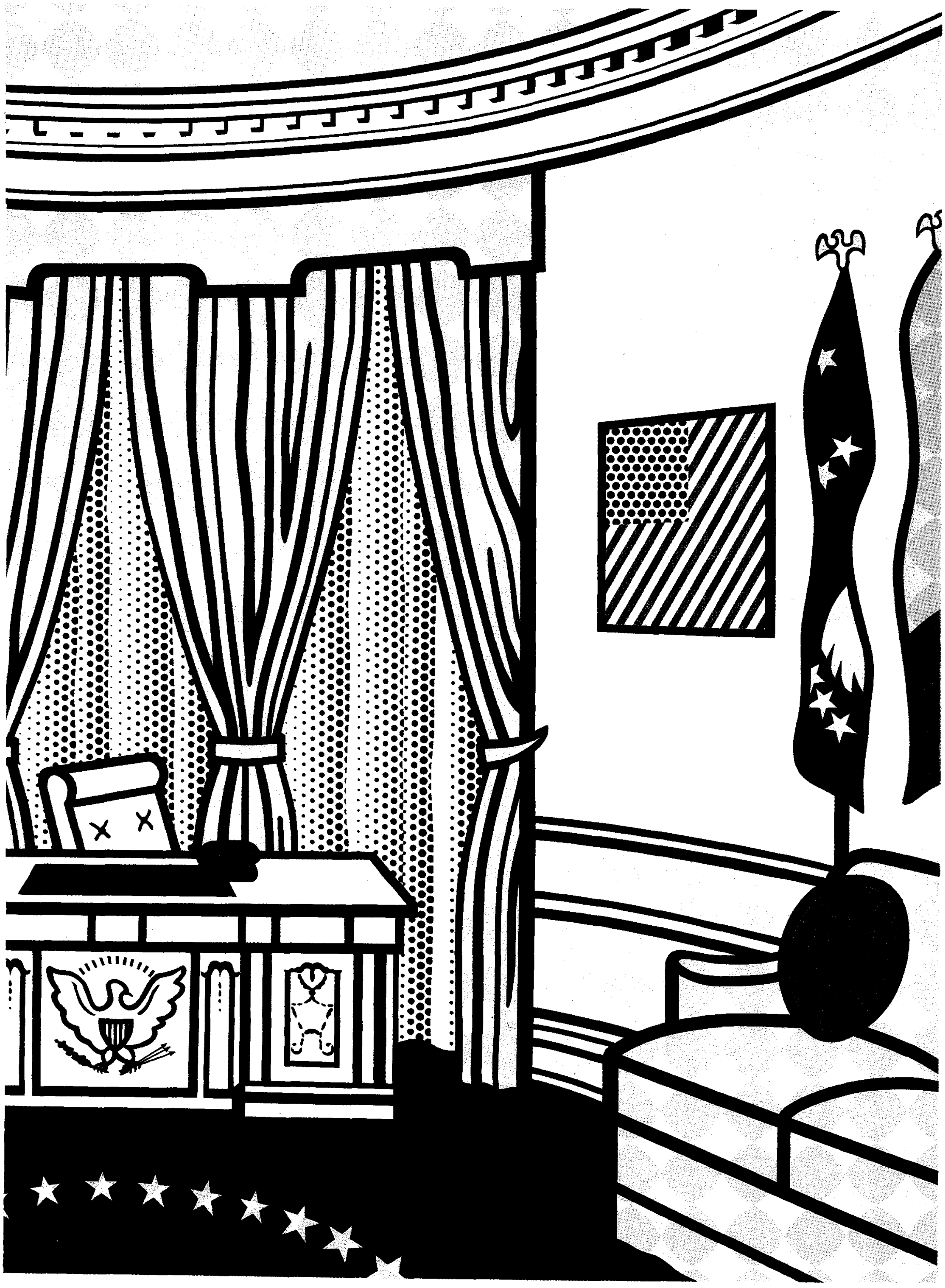
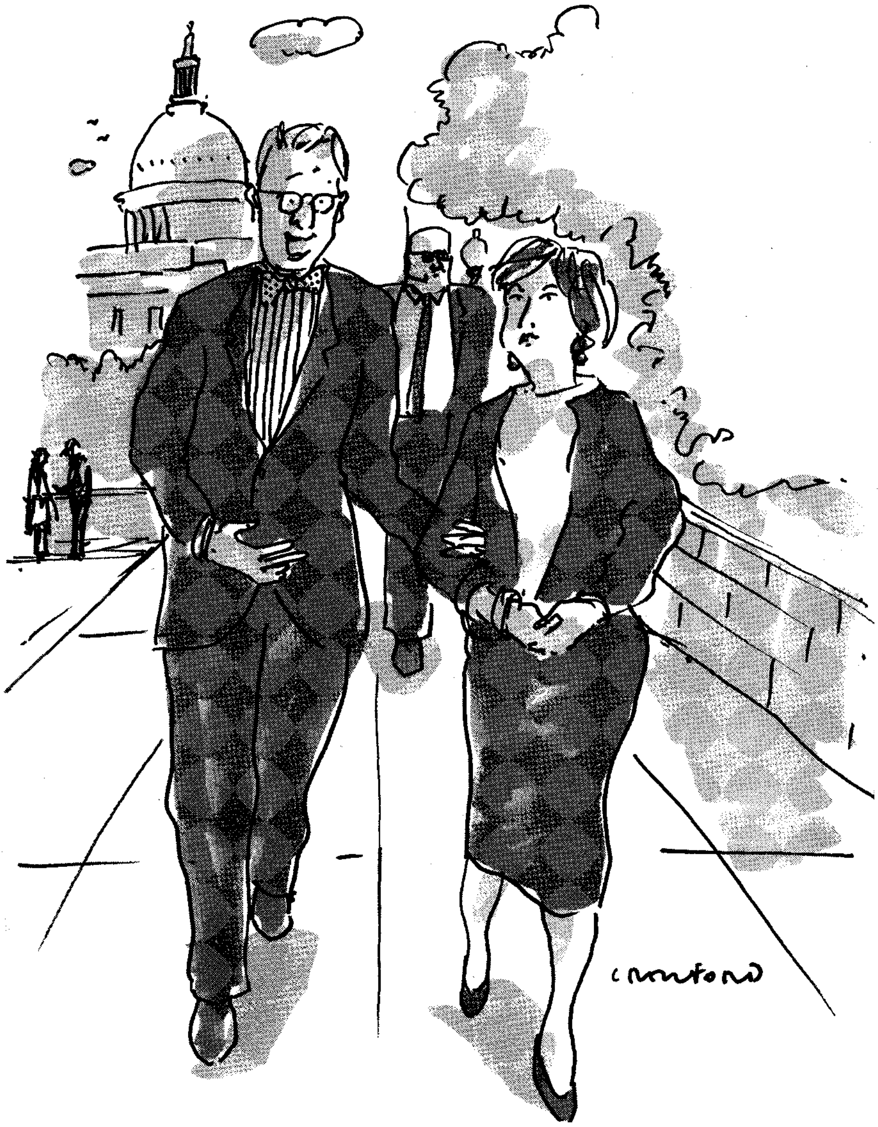


EASEL BY ROY LICHTENSTEIN *"Oval Office" (1993)*



"It's nothing like that, Annie. I just want to start seeing women from other swing states for a while."

• •

Kemp, he contends that what produced the budget deficits of the eighties was not tax cuts but, rather, the spending hikes passed by Democratic Congresses during the Reagan and Bush years. The fact is, however, that the biggest spending increases in those years were the defense hikes Reagan demanded and Kristol endorsed, and Kristol was more straightforward about this at the time. In 1982, he defended what he called a "conservative" deficit—"one resulting from tax cuts"—that would "put the welfare state in a moderately tight straitjacket."

If Kristol found it hard to admit error as a conservative, it might be because by the eighties he had taken leave of the pragmatic instinct behind the early issues of *The Public Interest* and embraced the type of ideology he once spurned. "It becomes clear that, in our time, a nonideological politics cannot survive the relentless onslaught of ideological politics," he wrote in the *Journal* in 1980. "For better or worse, ideology is now the vital element of organized political action."

"His interest in the electoral success of the Republican Party affects his view of policy," complains Glazer, who remains a close friend. "Forget about Social Security and Medicare, forget about the deficit, or the Party will lose." This attitude can be seen as the great wrong turn not only for Kristol but also for neoconservatism, which at the end of the seventies was transformed from a debunking impulse into an increasingly calcified doctrine. Kristol has collected his essays four times but has never managed to write the book that might have served as an enduring delineation of his ideas. He recognized the essential conflict at the heart of the modern American right, explaining it as a conflict between the social conservatism of Leo Strauss and the free-market economics of Friedrich Hayek. But instead of solving that dilemma he contented himself with an ever more peremptory trashing of liberalism.

"In a curious way, Irving is not happy being an establishment person," Bell says. "He's twisting people's tails, pricking the seriousness of others, teasing others. Irving is a counterpuncher."

THE Kristols' decision to move to Washington, in 1987, might be taken as a paradigm of the perils of the new ideological politics. Convinced that permissive liberalism was destroying New York, Bea and Irving let pass an opportunity to buy cheaply their huge co-op on Central Park South, where they moved after abandoning Riverside Drive a decade earlier, and which must now be worth a few million dollars. ("Mustn't even talk about it," Himmelfarb says.) Lacking any interest in nature, they had never walked in Central Park in all the years they lived above it, their daughter, Elizabeth, recalls. Yet they consider a vista essential, and their eleventh-floor apartment in the Watergate overlooks the Potomac, the Watergate swimming pool, and—literally as well as figuratively—Bob and Elizabeth Dole, who have a ground-floor duplex. The Kristols' home has a curiously unlived-in look. They describe it as being like an Upper West Side apartment, but it feels more like Miami Beach. There are few pictures or tchotchkes. The only room with a personality is the one given over to Himmelfarb's research, which overflows with moldering leatherbound books. Irving writes in a little room off the kitchen where he is sent to smoke.

The more important reasons for the move to Washington were personal. "We knew New York when it was very exciting intellectually—the *Partisan Review* crowd, Lionel Trilling, and those people," Himmelfarb says. "It was very sad to see that vanish. It left for us a great big hole. We were feeling awfully beleaguered toward the end." Many of the old set who remained—Howe, Alfred Kazin, Jason Epstein—took the Kristols' defection to the right personally, and in some cases were not even civil to them. In Washington, their friends include a much younger group of conservative thinkers: people like Charles Murray, George Will, and Charles Krauthammer.

"Now that we're sort of conservative, it's nice to have people with whom you can discuss conservative problems, problems of conservative thought," Irving says. Having finished his lunch, he is back to his cigarettes.

"There we were going to funerals all the time," Bea chimes in. "Here we go to bar mitzvahs."

"In New York either they don't have the children or the children don't get bar mitzvahed," Irving adds.

Moving to Washington had a pronounced effect on Himmelfarb's writing. Her scholarship always had a politically incorrect dimension. In the fifties and sixties, when her children were young and she got up early in the morning to write, her books debunked the pretensions of liberal heroes like Darwin and John Stuart Mill and elevated out-of-favor conservatives such as Malthus and Burke. In the eighties, however, she gradually turned from being a quasi-objective historian to being an engaged intellectual of the right. In several long magazine articles, Himmelfarb attacked what she considered baleful trends in her own discipline. Her essays on the subject, collected in 1987 as "The New History and the Old," constituted an early return of fire in the culture wars: she defended traditional political and intellectual history against psychohistory and history from below, decrying the influence of the British Marxists and the French Annalistes.

At the same time, her own historical work began to draw contemporary lessons. Not only were the British Marxist historians wrong to say that industrial capitalism had destroyed the living standards of the working class but they were wrong in judging the Victorians as harsh and hypocritical. Instead of evaluating Victorian society from the vantage point of the present, she leaned toward criticizing contemporary society according to the lights of Victorian England. In her 1991 book, "Poverty and Compassion," Himmelfarb wrote, "It was the welfare state that finally brought about the divorce of morality from social policy." Victorian ideas about the moral dimension of poverty, she suggested, deserved to be taken seriously as a guide to present action.

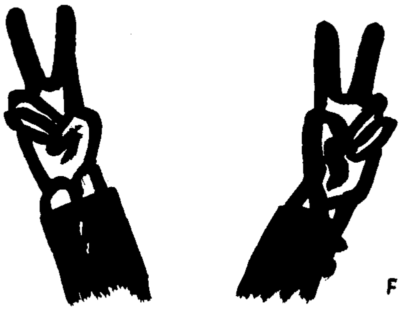
In her most recent pair of books, Himmelfarb writes directly about contemporary culture and society. "On Looking Into the Abyss" assaults deconstructionism, multiculturalism, and postmodernism, the last of which she calls "an invitation to intellectual and moral suicide." Her tenth, and most recent, "The De-Moralization of Society: From Victorian Virtues to Modern Values," paints on an even broader canvas. Himmelfarb argues for the Victorian notion of "virtues"—hard work, self-reliance, cleanliness, patriotism, and so on—in place of the late-twentieth-century relativist idea of "values." Examining the decline in poverty, illegitimacy, and crime that took place in nineteenth-century England, she gives credit to the infamous New Poor Law of 1834, which enshrined the principle of "less eligibility"—in our terms, a distinction between the "deserving" and "undeserving" poor. For those who were merely poor—working at wages below a given standard of living—the law prescribed an income supplement. But for the undeserving and for paupers it created workhouses, which Himmelfarb says were not so bad as "Oliver Twist" made everyone think. This distinction, she asserts, was "the result of a conscious moral decision: an effort to discourage dependency and preserve the respectability of the independent poor, while providing at least minimal sustenance for the indigent."

Himmelfarb's analogy to contemporary America is made explicit later in the book:

> Today the word "stigma" has become odious, whether applied to dependency, illegitimacy, addiction, or anything else. Yet stigmas are the corollaries of values. If work, independence, responsibility, respectability are valued, then their converse must be devalued, seen as disreputable. The Victorians, taking values seriously, also took seriously the need for social sanctions that would stigmatize and censure violations of those values.

This notion has been vastly influential among conservatives. Gingrich, for example, cites Himmelfarb in his book "To Renew America" on behalf of the notion that "the time [has] come to reestablish shame as a means of enforcing proper behavior."

"She is the real intellectual, the real scholar," says Moynihan, who credits Himmelfarb with explaining Victorian England's success in reducing poverty. But, powerful as her historical account is, her depiction of the present has an air of hyperbole that seems more an expression of her husband's controversialism than of her own habits of careful examination and deductive reasoning. Has our society been as thoroughly de-moralized as she asserts? Is there really no stigma attached to crime, addiction, or illegitimacy? Judging from recent surveys, disapproval of adultery still runs to ninety per cent in the United States. We are still a long way from the extreme moral relativism Himmelfarb assumes now prevails.



Himmelfarb's writings on academe evince the same unreality—perhaps abetted by a lack of contact with campus life. (She retired from a limited teaching schedule at the CUNY Graduate Center in 1987.) "The beasts of modernism have mutated into the beasts of postmodernism—relativism into nihilism, amorality into immorality, irrationality into insanity, sexual deviancy into polymorphous perversity," she writes, with elegant alarmism, in her 1994 book, "On Looking Into the Abyss." Swept up in the flow, one might almost forget to ask just what explosion of "polymorphous perversity" Himmelfarb is talking about. Her picture hardly comports with what most universities are like after nearly a decade of anti-P.C. backlash. But, like her husband, she seems to derive some odd satisfaction from believing that culture remains in the grip of an incorrigible left-wing mania.

Despite the sweep and the intensity of Himmelfarb's recent polemical outbursts, Kristol has nonetheless managed to outflank her on the right, by talking increasingly about liberals in a way that suggests they are not only wrong but depraved. "So far from having ended, my cold war has increased in intensity, as sector after sector of American life has been ruthlessly corrupted by the liberal ethos. It is an ethos that aims simultaneously at political and social collectivism on the one hand, and moral anarchy on the other," he writes in "My Cold War," a 1993 essay in *The National Interest*, a journal he founded as a foreign-policy counterpart to *The Public Interest*. "Now that the other 'Cold War' is over, the real cold war has begun." The "real" Cold War is against liberals.

"I thought nothing would surprise me about Irving, but that surprised me," Bell says. "I still don't understand that hostility. What drives it?" Kristol's name-calling is a shotgun wedding of opposites: Abbie Hoffman and Lyndon Johnson; the counterculture and the Great Society. When he describes his opponents as being in the grip of a "mindless liberal hysteria," his vituperation underscores a great unexplained leap in his thought. As long as he has been a conservative, Kristol has argued that conservatives should support the welfare state. As recently as the early eighties, he wrote in favor of national health-care reform. How, one wonders, did he get to the point of thinking that moderate liberals are such bad people? One discerns in the rhetorical excesses of both Kristols the old Trotskyist sensibility making a late-stage return.

BILL KRISTOL likes to say that he rebelled "against my generation instead of my parents." As a high-school student and then as an undergraduate at Harvard, that meant supporting Hubert Humphrey in 1968 and then Scoop Jackson in the 1972 Democratic primary. As a graduate student, it meant becoming an adept in the esoteric political philosophy of Leo Strauss. It also meant marrying young. Bill Kristol's wife of twenty-one years, Susan Scheinberg, was his Harvard sweetheart. After their marriage, she went on to get a Ph.D. in classics and to teach at Penn and Brandeis before excusing herself from her career to rear their three children.

Even as he emulates his parents, Bill is far more a creature of modernity than they are. He drives a car. He appears on TV—something that Irving has always refused to do. When Bill and I met a few weeks ago over Cokes at the Plaza, he was in New York to renegotiate his contract as a consultant to ABC News and a regular on "This Week with David Brinkley." A short, handsome man who looks like a scale model of Bob Woodward, Bill retains, at forty-three, a whiff of the Upper West Side political prodigy he once was. Twenty years from now, one imagines, people will still be describing him as "precocious." The sense of being somewhere just short of maturity is enhanced by a lack of Washington slickness. Kristol's untelevised speech is a racing mumble, barely comprehensible.

In 1979, after finishing his dissertation at Harvard on the role of the court system in the American Constitution, Bill continued to ignore his father's encouragement to go to law school and instead went to teach political philosophy at Penn and Harvard. But, like many followers of Strauss, Bill felt the tug of real-world politics. In 1985, when Bill Bennett offered him a chance to work as a special assistant at the Department of Education, Kristol leaped at it. Before long, he was Bennett's chief of staff. He stayed at the Department of Education until June of 1988, then resigned to manage the campaign of Alan Keyes, his Harvard roommate, who was running for the Senate in Maryland.

When he got an offer to work for Dan Quayle, in 1989, his parents were, they admit, rather concerned. "But Bill did so well at it that we had to change our minds," Irving says. Again quickly graduating to chief of staff, Bill turned the Vice-President's office into a vehicle for his own and his family's ideas. If on occasion the results of this were inadvertently amusing, as when Quayle quoted from the Talmud and from Plato, Kristol managed to elevate his own stature and, at least to a small degree, that of the Vice-President as well. For every joke about how Kristol was "Dan Quayle's brain," there was an article by David Broder or Morton Kondracke about the Vice-President's being smarter than he seemed.

The key episode of Kristol's tenure was Quayle's Murphy Brown speech, of 1992. This combined elements of his mother's notions about the decline of virtue and his father's about the attitudes of the New Class. Kristol took the synthesis one step further when he got Quayle to denounce a "cultural élite." But, despite the chance to stir up such entertaining mischief, Kristol says that working for the Vice-President was "frustrating," not so much because of Quayle as because of "the Bushies" and their antipathy to conservative ideas. Bill Kristol missed the bully-pulpit spirit of the Bennett Education Department. By the time of the election, he was openly distancing himself, telling a reporter it was clearer that the other side deserved to lose the election than that his own side deserved to win.

After Bush lost, Bill emulated his father's efforts to bolster the intellectual basis of conservatism, founding first a think tank and then a magazine. The first effort, the Project for Republican Future, was essentially Bill Kristol and a fax machine, but the memos he generated became important strategic markers of Party tactics during Clinton's first two years in office. Kristol counselled the G.O.P. to be unflinchingly partisan in resisting any expansion of government. His most memorable fax argued that any version of health-care reform would redound to the credit of the party in power, and that therefore conservatives needed to deny whatever the Clinton Administration proposed. In the recent Presidential debate, Clinton blamed Kristol's memo for turning moderate Republicans away from compromise.

Irving Kristol quips that as soon as he declared neoconservatism dead his son went out and started a neoconservative magazine. *The Weekly Standard* is in fact a "mini-con" magazine, run by second-generation neocons, who were never on the left themselves. It was John Podhoretz, the son of Norman Podhoretz and Midge Decter, who first suggested the idea (in the fittingly named Utopia coffee shop, on the Upper West Side). Kristol approached Rupert Murdoch and asked him to be the sponsor. "Once it was clear he was going to give us editorial independence and back it for a few years until we broke even, there was really no reason not to take advantage of the offer," Bill says.

Some of those who had read Bill Kristol's strategy faxes wondered whether he would be able to muster the necessary critical distance from the conservative movement to put out a lively weekly. They were neglecting the family history. ("When my daughter, Liz, was away on a sleepover date when she was eight or nine, she came back and said, 'It's very funny, in other families when they watch TV they just listen to it, they don't talk,' " Himmelfarb recalls.) From the start, *The Weekly Standard* offered harsh criticism of Gingrich for overreaching his mandate; Gingrich has called Kristol "crazy." Other prominent Republicans have expressed outrage at editorials calling for revision of the Party's hard-line abortion plank and supporting U.S. troops in Bosnia. But the magazine caused its biggest stir by agitating on behalf of Colin Powell and by predicting that Dole's defeat could pull the Party down. "So, who's Bill Kristol?" was Dole's testy response on "Face the Nation."

PERHAPS Bill will someday do what his father hasn't done—write a book that will synthesize social and economic conservatism. He says he has one in the back of his mind, to be entitled "The Conservative Future." When it comes to writing books, though, "we're both intimidated by my mother," he says. But with him, as with his father, there seems to be a certain predilection for dead-horse flogging over agenda-setting. In a 1993 *Commentary* article, Bill

"Have you met Erica, my stimulus package?"

• •

goes on about how liberals are like the old Russian Communists: "Our liberal *nomenklatura* clings to power, even though its god, too, has failed." Bill, who often gathers his father's advice in the American Enterprise Institute dining room, in the building where they both have offices, seems to have inherited an instinct for dramatic incoherence. *The Standard* enthusiastically promoted Colin Powell for President even though the younger Kristol has acknowledged that he agrees with him on practically nothing. The troublemaking aspect is appealing, but the inconsistency is intense.

That is not so say that Bill—and Bea and Irving—have no notion of the conservative future. What Bill describes as the agenda of conservatism is "re-moralizing society." This is preëminently his mother's project, and it is more and more the essential conservative theme—the basis for Bob Dole's attack on the rap music produced by Time Warner, and, more recently, the film "Trainspotting." "Today, confronted with an increasingly de-moralized society, we may be ready for a new reformation, which will restore not so much Victorian values as a more abiding sense of moral and civic virtues," Himmelfarb wrote in "The De-Moralization of Society." It is Irving's project, too: he says he wishes to encourage the great religious awakening that is already under way but that the press, being secular and liberal, regards as a "transient paroxysm of the American psyche." One recent proposal influenced by this thinking comes from Senator Dan Coats, of Indiana, who would award tax credits for charitable or religious donations.

Unlike many on the right, the Kristols have practiced the family values they preach. There are, however, a few difficulties. On Irving's part, moral revivalism is a curious impulse. "I've always been a believer," Irving says. "Don't ask me in what. That gets too complicated. The word 'God' confuses everything." He calls himself "nonobservant neo-Orthodox." ("Whatever that means," his son says.) But for a skeptical Jew to argue in favor of a rigid Christianity strikes a dissonant note, to put it mildly. It has also led Irving Kristol to apply a double standard. He has, for instance, become an apologist for the ugly side of the religious right, arguing that the anti-Semitism in Pat Robertson's book "New World Order" doesn't need to be taken very seriously.

"Lots of Christians have funny ideas about the Jews," Irving Kristol says. "All the time the Anti-Defamation League was worrying about Christian anti-Semitism, all these Christians were marrying our daughters and sons." There's a personal undercurrent here: Elizabeth Kristol converted to Catholicism in the early nineteen-eighties, when she married Mark Lilla, one of Irving's apprentices at *The Public Interest*. (The marriage ended in divorce; Elizabeth has since remarried.) But it's an odd sort of evangelism that declares that religion ought to spread because it is socially useful. The Kristols still think religion is the opiate of the masses, only now their advice is "Just say yes."

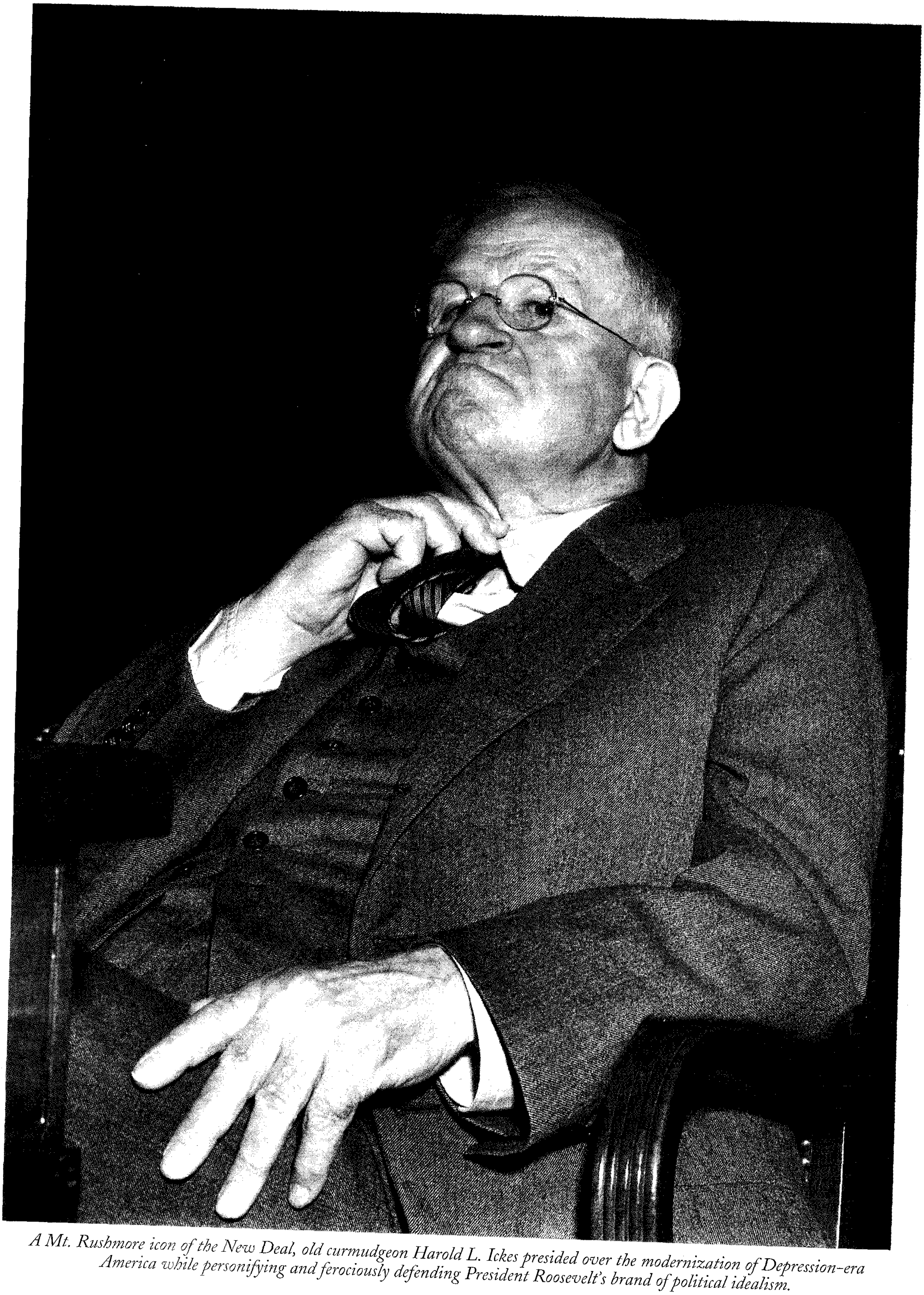
For Himmelfarb, the lack of a transcendent basis for morality is an equally serious problem. Though she is surely right about the social consequences of the loss of religious belief, she makes no argument based on truth for traditional morality. In "The De-Moralization of Society" she deplores the lapse of the belief that premarital sex is always wrong—a decline from nearly seventy per cent of the public in 1965 to just over twenty per cent in 1972. This, to be sure, helped lead to the explosion in out-of-wedlock births and its all too familiar consequences. But how can Himmelfarb deplore this change without an argument that premarital sex is absolutely, and not just consequentially, wrong? You do not provide a powerful rebuttal to secular humanism by saying that it is likely to leave some people unhappy.

The larger problem of the Kristols' moral call to arms is that they, like their fellow-conservatives, are chasing their own tails. Capitalism constantly aggravates moral decline by creating appetites and satisfying them at the expense of tradition and restraint. Lamenting the demise of Victorian virtue while celebrating the free market is like calling for a return of the horse and buggy while selling motorcars.

A certain otherworldliness, however, has been a constant in the Kristols' political lives since that Fourth International meeting in Bensonhurst in 1940. Irving, who calls himself a cheerful pessimist, would never claim that what he presents is entirely workable as a program for the reconstruction of society, or even as an agenda for the Republican Party. The very notion of being the brain trust behind the G.O.P. still seems to make the contrarian Kristols somewhat uncomfortable. "We've never been party people," says Irving, grimacing slightly at the remains of an expensive lunch. "Bea is still a Democrat, I believe."

"Not out of conviction," she hastens to add. "Just out of sheer laziness." ♦

FAMILY BUSINESS *In Bill Clinton's White House, Deputy Chief of Staff Harold M. Ickes, the son of F.D.R.'s Secretary of the Interior (right), has had to employ his own deep skills as a suave political infighter. Photograph by Max Aguilera-Hellweg.*



A Mt. Rushmore icon of the New Deal, old curmudgeon Harold L. Ickes presided over the modernization of Depression-era America while personifying and ferociously defending President Roosevelt's brand of political idealism.

FASHION STATEMENTS

FIRST LADIES GET DRESSED

The fashion-network special.

BY WENDY WASSERSTEIN

JOAN RIVERS *and her daughter, Melissa, follow Hillary Clinton and Elizabeth Dole into their closets.*

JOAN: I am standing between two turquoise Dana Buchman suits and I am thrilled! Hillary, can you give us a little preview of what you will be wearing while campaigning this week?

HILLARY: Joan, it takes a wardrobe to make a closet. I wish we could be sitting around a kitchen table and really discussing our fashion hopes and fears. But I know we are both too committed to our families to have that much fun, so let me give you a few highlights.

For the Monday-morning Yale Law School Association Alumnae Committee, I'll be wearing that boxy turquoise Dana Buchman suit with Trifari goldlike accessories. When I watch Chelsea doing her homework, I am proud that First Ladies never wear real jewelry. For the Tuesday Upper West Side Liberal Democrat Luncheon, I will be wearing this Indian bedspread with silver earrings and Fred Braun sandals that I have saved since 1968. And then, on Thursday night, for the David Geffen Birthday Party in the Lincoln Bedroom, Barbra's best friend Donna made me this Lycra off-the-shoulder dress that my best friend Mary says her husband Ted swears is Tom's wife Rita's favorite look. Joan, I am a very spiritual person, and for the Friday-afternoon Coalition of Christians, Jews, and Muslims Tea I will be wearing this nun's habit, a chador, and a mezuzah pin on my lapel. Finally, for my Saturday Walk with the President in the Rose Garden I will be wearing comfortable family-time clothes that I order from catalogues at 3 A.M. when I've finished reading what I wore wrong that week.

JOAN: Have you ever ordered from Victoria's Secret?

HILLARY: No. But my husband has.

JOAN: My daughter is standing by, in your opponent's closet. Missy, this has been so exciting!

MELISSA: Mother, I am standing between two Liz Claiborne suits and rows and rows of matching pumps. It's thrilling!

ELIZABETH: God bless you, Melissa. Tonight, I'd like to break tradition and come into the closet with you. Do you mind if I take your microphone? Melissa, every morning when I come into this closet I think to myself, I am choosing this pump for my husband because he was born in a Kansas small town and he knows what it means for every American to put on his shoes in the morning. Melissa, I hope someday you love a man the way I love my husband.

JOAN: I hope so, too.

ELIZABETH: God bless you, Joan. When I get dressed, I remember that my husband may have been poor in material things but was rich in values. And that's what I look for in my clothes—values like honesty, decency, hard work, love of family, and patriotism. For the Monday-morning Harvard Law School Association Alumnae Committee, I will be wearing this pumpkin Liz Claiborne suit with matching pumps and Monet costume jewelry. Years ago, my husband told me he would rather feed the hungry than give me jewelry, and I wept. Then, for the Tuesday Daughters of the South Garden Luncheon, I will be wearing this lovely dress that I wore to my first cotillion, in 1954. I hope this dress is a bridge to a past America. For the Thursday-night Party at Planet Hollywood, Bruce and Demi have invited a few of their friends to meet us, but we don't expect any of them to come, so I'll be wearing the same Bill Blass I wore to Charlton Heston's birthday party. For the Friday American Red Cross Volunteers Tea, I will be wearing a simple Yves Saint Laurent suit that I bought downstairs in my apartment complex in Washington. So many American working women have time to shop only when it's convenient. For the Saturday Walk with My Husband Along the Potomac, I always wear American bluejeans. My husband is a genuine war hero, and bluejeans are my badge of honor.

JOAN: I am so moved. I am weeping! Melissa, aren't these two remarkable women?

MELISSA: Yes, they are, Mother. I can't wait to see what they'll be wearing to the debate Sunday night. And we'll be there!

THE SUNDAY-NIGHT GREAT DEBATE

Joan and Melissa at separate doorways.

JOAN: I don't think I've ever seen the First Lady looking quite so versatile. Can you explain your choices tonight?

HILLARY: I have chosen Joan & David airwave pumps that Kerri Strug signed when she visited the White House, a turquoise Dana Buchman skirt for good luck, a red Liz Claiborne jacket to show that Democrats can wear middle-of-the-road Republican red, a pin made by the Sausalito teachers' association, and a Donna Karan scarf, because my husband and I are committed to women and American values. I have a velvet bow in my hair because it's fun, and it takes fun to be a First Lady.

JOAN: Well, you look wonderful. Back to you, Melissa.

MELISSA: Mother, I don't think I've ever seen Mrs. Dole looking more professional and relaxed. Can you explain your choices tonight?

ELIZABETH: All eyes should really be on my husband tonight. He is my Rock of Gibraltar. I am his support. And to support him I am wearing airwave Joan & David pumps, a turquoise Dana Buchman skirt to show that Republicans can wear waves-of-majesty Democratic purple, a red Liz Claiborne jacket to honor Nancy Reagan, a pin made by the Raleigh transport workers, a Donna Karan scarf to show my support for Israel. Finally, I am wearing this velvet hair bow because my husband and I believe in the greatness of the American individual.

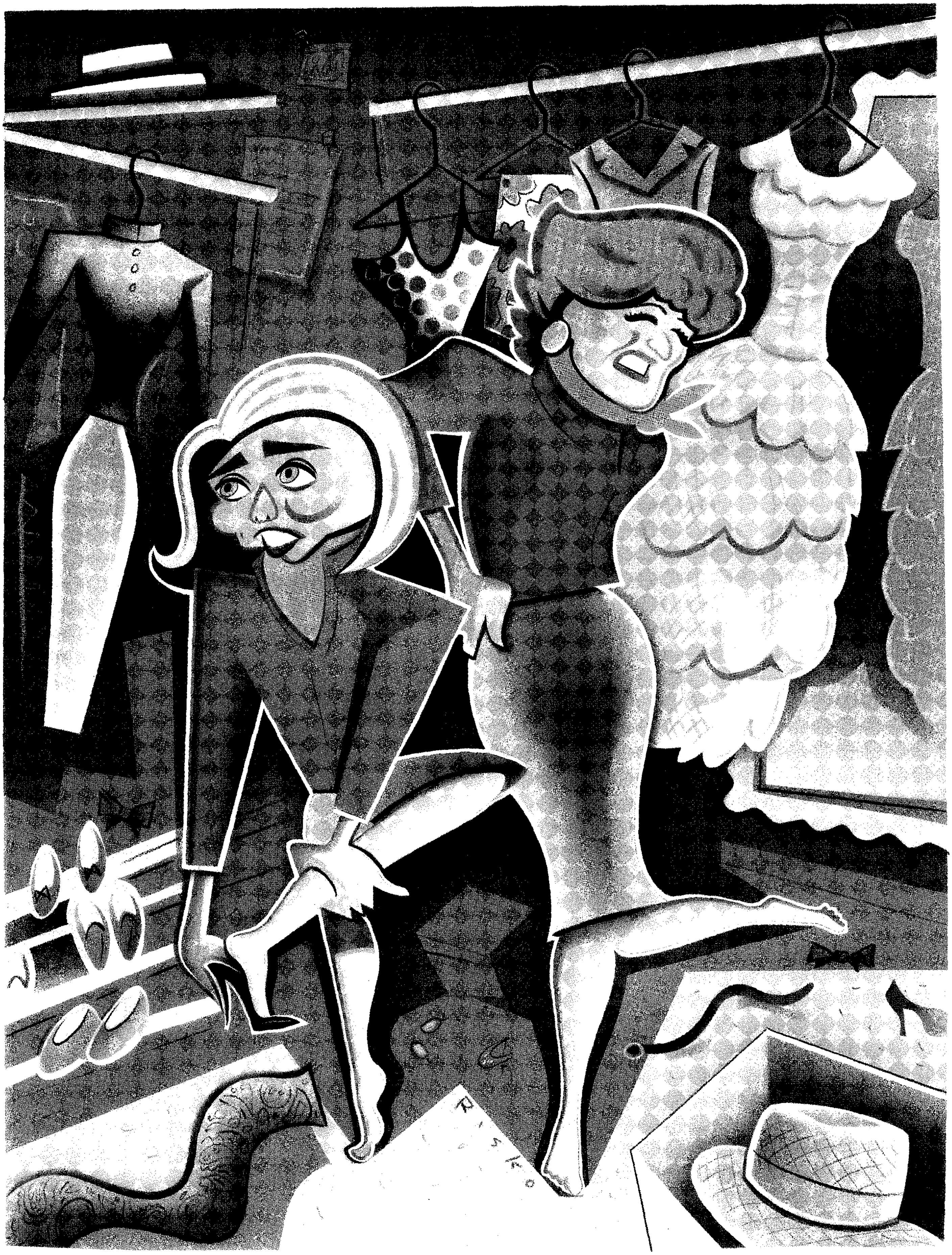
Hillary and Elizabeth enter the auditorium. They see that they are dressed exactly alike, look at their husbands, and embrace.

JOAN: I am weeping! Weeping!

MELISSA: Me, too, Mother!

JOAN: This is a great day for American women!

MELISSA: Yes, it is. Mother, can we go to the new Armani store now? ♦



Hillary Clinton and Elizabeth Dole: It takes a wardrobe to make a closet.

A CRITIC AT LARGE

A MAN WITHOUT A PLAN

Michael Oakeshott may be the most important conservative philosopher of this century. And if he's right, everything you think about politics is wrong.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

THESE days, political philosophy exists in two varieties—as a specialized subject taught in universities and as a thing that every politician just has, except maybe Bob Dole. Sometimes the academic and the popular senses of the term meet up, so that what the professors teach and what the politicians talk about resemble each other, and sometimes they don't. In the case of the British philosopher Michael Oakeshott, they haven't quite come together. Oakeshott, who was born in 1901 and died in 1990, is almost universally accepted by academics as the most important conservative political philosopher of the century, and, in an English-speaking world where conservatism remains the one political movement with real edge, fervor, and consequence, this fact alone should make him a household name. But Oakeshott's kind of conservatism is so hard to categorize that it hasn't crossed over yet, even to the more eggheaded Republicans. In fact, it has begun to have a vogue among liberals, though you have the feeling that Oakeshott is becoming the liberals' favorite conservative philosopher for the same reason that John Anderson was the liberals' favorite conservative Republican, or St. Francis the liberals' favorite Christian saint—he seems nicer than the normal run of the type.

Oakeshott was a true conservative, though, and spent most of his life as a philosophical outsider, a dissident to the prevailing Anglo-American orthodoxy. He studied at Cambridge, and made an early reputation with his book "Experience and Its Modes." Beginning in 1951, he taught at the London School of Economics and was often invited to lecture abroad. But for most non-initiates his philosophy was a rumor rather than a commonplace. He spent most of his life mocking, battling, and deprecating the liberals' penchant for imposing tidy schemes on an untidy world—what he called "rationalism"—and his challenge to their pieties remains startling. But he doesn't offer much comfort to American conservatives, either, since his kind of conservatism would make much of what passes for conservative thought in *The New Criterion* or *The American Spectator* look even shallower and more oafish than it already does. Oakeshott has more to say to both liberals and conservatives about this year's elections than any op-ed columnist, and what he has to tell us, basically, is that everything both sides think and say about politics is wrong.

Oakeshott's aim was to overthrow the blueprint theory of politics. That is the theory, so widespread that by now it is almost part of the air we breathe, that political life begins with a foundation—a social contract, a plan, a platform. In the press, the blueprint often takes the more romantic form of a "vision" (as in "his vision for America"). The statesman is willing to descend to politics—that messy, degrading affair—because it is the only way to achieve even a partial realization of the vision, the blueprint, the plan. Through the business of trimming and compromising, inevitably the vision fades, the blueprint gets tattered, or the plan is only half realized—but some of the idealism of the original may still shine through, and it is that possibility which justifies the practice of politics. In "Primary Colors," the Bill Clinton character voices the sentimental version of this belief at the novel's climax: "Two thirds of what we do is reprehensible [but] it's the price you pay to lead. You don't think Abraham Lincoln was a whore before he was a president? He had to tell his little stories and smile his shit-eating, backcountry grin. He did it all just so he'd get the opportunity, one day, to stand in front of the nation and appeal to 'the better angels of our nature.' That's when the bullshit stops."

For Oakeshott, this account is the direct opposite of the truth. There are no better angels that come along after the bullshit. It's *all* bullshit, of a kind. To single out moments of high-minded piety as something apart from the actual practice of politics simultaneously demeans the craft of politics and misrepresents its ends. There is no ideal politics, independent of the practice.

One of Oakeshott's favorite examples of the folly of blueprint thinking is the story of the invention of ladies' bloomers. When bloomers came into fashion, at the end of the last century, they were accompanied by an elaborate rhetoric insisting that they were the only rational clothing for women to wear bicycling. Bloomers uniquely combined utility, modesty, and comfort, and any rational-minded woman ought to be up on her bicycle in them.

As Oakeshott points out, bloomers were obviously not the only, or even a particularly rational, solution. Shorts would have been more comfortable, and men's pants more useful, and it would have been just as rational not to wear anything at all. Bloomers were simply the most plausible solution that could be found in 1880 to the problem of what women on bicycles should wear. What bloomers were really satisfying was a whole host of needs and demands and prejudices, most of them so deeply rooted that no one would even have thought to articulate them—for example, the idea that women shouldn't appear naked on bicycles in public, or wear men's clothes, or expose their legs. Bloomers weren't a rational solution, proceeding from a core of principles to a policy; they were simply the best improvisation anyone could come up with at the time.

For Oakeshott, all blueprints are bloomers. Solutions to practical problems which purport to extend from "core convictions" or "consistent principles" usually turn out, on even a second look, to be an improvised reflection of the implicit social consensus of the time. Even the abstract constitutional rights beloved of Americans—freedom of speech and freedom of religion—are "bloomers," retrospective caricatures of complicated histories. The Constitution itself is a pair of bloomers, covering up all kinds of embarrassments, and cut to the needs of its moment—including, as it does, the lace frill of an absurdly undemocratic Senate. Even the Bill of Rights is a just-so story, invented to reassure ourselves that there was a basis outside our own habits for doing what we wanted to do. "Why in fact do we cherish the right to speak freely?" Oakeshott asks. And he answers:

> Because we have become a people with a variety of opinions about all sorts of matters and we do not see why we should not utter them. We know that there are limits to this right, but we know also that these limits have nothing whatever to do with "truth" and "error," but only with peace and tranquillity. The proper rationale of free speech, and the limits commonly imposed upon it by liberal-democratic governments, is not the belief that every utterance is a *bona fide* participation in a search for some one "truth," but the belief that politics are not concerned with this sort of truth at all. They are concerned with the cultivation of what from time to time are accepted as the peaceable decencies of conduct among men who do not suffer from the Puritan-Jacobin illusion that in practical affairs there is an attainable condition of things called "truth" or "perfection."

In a way, Oakeshott's picking on something as trivial as bloomers is illustrative of his entire complaint against "rationalism": it always extends itself right down to your underwear. For Oakeshott, the rationalist makes Lenin- and Mao-size messes, and he makes medium-sized messes, too—Robert Moses's plan to raze SoHo and build a superhighway there, the wastelands of the public-housing projects. But the rationalist can't help messing up even the smallest decisions. His prejudice—for the master plan, the tabula rasa, starting over from first principles—is, by its nature, an absolute one. He is Thurber's hardened reformer, who can never decide which word is more beautiful—"compulsory" or "forbidden." Oakeshott writes, "All the Rationalist can do when left to himself is to replace one rationalist project in which he has failed by another in which he hopes to succeed."

Politicians without principles or vision? Oakeshott would approve.

TOM BACHTELL

Oakeshott thinks that rationalism suffers from this good-money-after-bad syndrome because the demonstrable practical mistakes of rationalism are rooted in a conceptual mistake. It's not just that the world is a corrupted place where the bullshit and the angels come at you together. It's that any hope of separating authentic ideals and underlying purposes from the way people actually do things—of putting the angels on one side and the bullshit on another—is doomed. He writes, "Rationalism in politics involves an identifiable error, a misconception with regard to the nature of human knowledge, which amounts to a corruption of the mind." The mistake is to think that anything we do has a foundation in "ideals" or plans or first principles. Politics is one of the everyday things people do, like dancing or writing poetry (or riding a bicycle in bloomers), where you can't separate the act of thinking about it from the way you actually do it. Politics cannot be an abstract, deductive activity, proceeding from axioms to actions, because no human activity really has this character.

For Oakeshott, what the practice of politics most resembles is a modest endeavor like cooking. You don't become a cook by having visions of cakes or plans of cakes or even cake platforms. The plan and the cake come together. He writes, "The cookery book is not an independently generated beginning from which cooking can spring; it is nothing more than an abstract of somebody's knowledge of how to cook: it is the stepchild, not the parent of the activity." If you don't know anything about cooking, a cookbook won't do you much good. "There is in fact no way of determining an end for activity in advance of the activity itself," Oakeshott maintains. "A cook is not a man who first has a vision of a pie and then tries to make it; he is a man skilled in cookery, and both his projects and his achievements spring from that skill." A bad cook isn't somebody who lacks a vision of cooking or a set of core beliefs about the best way to cook. A bad cook is just a cook who doesn't know how.

Politics descends to us from the world of ritual, not reason. "The intimations of government are to be found in ritual, not in religion or philosophy; in the enjoyment of orderly and peaceable behaviour, not in the search for truth or perfection," Oakeshott writes. Politics is an idiom, a knack, a way of going on. Politics is not what people produce in order to regulate their differences. It's an activity that people take up for its own sake, and which they then attach to whatever differences there may be among them. (This is, of course, the view that has been dramatized by the best political novelists—by Trollope, for instance, whose vision of politics, spelled out in the action of the Palliser novels, strikingly anticipates Oakeshott's.) In "Primary Colors" the Bill Clinton character talks clandestinely about his métier: "The stuff we do, the craft of it, has developed very slowly and logically over time. You ever think about the fact that the riffs we do started with George *Washington*? . . . All the bullshit we do is there for a reason. Fuck with it too much and it'll come back and bite your ass." There's Oakeshott's political philosophy in a nutshell.

Why all the bullshit, though? What are all those rites and rituals good for? Oakeshott thinks that politics is vital exactly because it never has offered and never can offer that vaunted opportunity to lead. It offers only an opportunity to *follow*—its job is to make a loud clamor after the fact. Oakeshott believes that societies are led from behind. Politics is "a conversation, not an argument," he said, meaning that by the time the argument gets to the political stage it is probably already over. Women were enfranchised not because their rights were suddenly discovered but because "in all or most other important respects they had already been enfranchised." Utah does not exist because Mormons were awarded rights; Mormons are uncontroversially given rights because Utah exists.

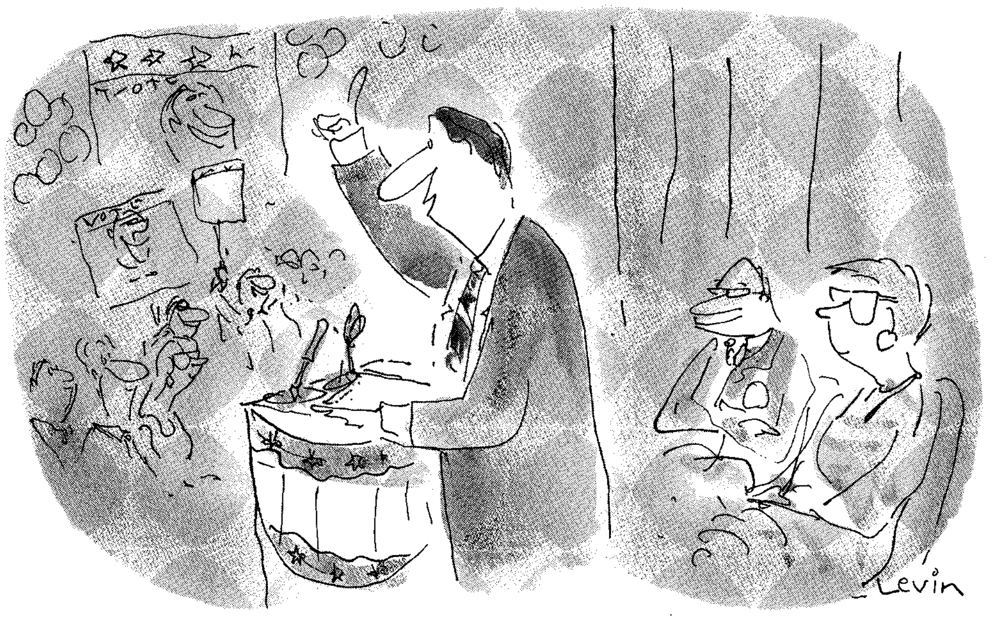
If politics is a conversation, it's a useful, even an indispensable, conversation, because ritualizing the argument gives it form, makes it part of a public idiom. Politics, even highly contentious politics, is really a kind of formalized rite of sympathy, a way of acting out in public a struggle that is already over. For Oakeshott, the politician is very much like the husband in certain South Pacific tribes who loudly groans in mock labor while his wife is inside the birthing hut: he acts out the pains, but somebody else is having the baby.

One of the great clarifying advantages of Oakeshott's view is that it immediately strikes you as true: politics *isn't* typically an argument or a search for truth or a vital confrontation of rival visions. It is much more often a conversation among people of remarkably similar temperament who make ineffectual, sympathetic noises while waiting until the last possible moment to make unavoidable changes. We are generally taught that this is what makes politics frustrating, unresponsive, disappointing, and fraudulent. Oakeshott's lesson is that this is what makes it politics.

Everything that we are normally taught to think of as a failure of politics he thinks of as a success, and vice versa. If our politics seems to be an empty charade, in which insincere performers act out make-believe confrontations while really accommodating "interest groups," this is because it's politics. To ask politics to be more, to ask it to become a blueprint for social utopia or individual salvation, is to enter the world of rationalist fantasy.

Take the two political heroes of the moment. From an Oakeshottian perspective, what are almost universally agreed to be the worst faults of Bill Clinton and of Bob Dole—the President's lack of consistent principles and a "bottom line"; Dole's inability to articulate a "vision"—are in fact the best and most admirable things about them. The sign of Clinton's vocation for politics lies in what people call his opportunism, which is simply his ability to hear the "sympathetic intimations" of his time, and blend unlikely ones together into a genuinely popular program. He understands that his job is to figure out what the people who elected him want, and to try and give it to them. When Maureen Dowd or David Broder attacks Bill Clinton because what he says changes according to the demands of the moment, the columnist is making a mundane version of the mistake philosophers make when they insist that a legitimate government must have a coherent theory at its core. To say that Bill Clinton makes up his mind only after weighing every option and looking down every path to see what its political consequences might be is to say only that he is doing the job of a democratic leader in a democratic society—that he has respect for the feelings of the society as a whole, and allows his conduct to be guided by those feelings as best he understands them. He is a good cook in a hot kitchen.

Bob Dole, in turn, is the nearly perfect unconscious Oakeshottian. Asked what his vision for America is, he says something like "Do better, I guess," or explains that the reason he wants to be President is that "every country should have one"; and when he says these things he is pretty much universally derided, usually by more "intellectual" conservatives, like Robert Bartley or Charles Krauthammer. Oakeshott would conclude instead that Dole has an intuitive philosophical grasp of his activity. The notion that a politician has to have a program, a platform, an articulate vision in order to be good at his craft is just a coarsened consequence of



"And if I'm elected I promise to go with the flow."

IS ABOUT

Dylan is about the Individual against the whole of creation
Beethoven is about one man's fist in the lightning clouds
The Pope is about abortion & the spirits of the dead . . .
Television is about people sitting in their living room looking at
their things
America is about being a big Country full of Cowboys Indians Jews
Negroes & Americans
Orientals Chicanos Factories skyscrapers Niagara Falls Steel Mills
radios homeless Conservatives, don't forget
Russia is about Czars Stalin Poetry Secret Police Communism
barefoot in the snow
But that's not really Russia it's a concept
A concept is about how to look at the earth from the moon
without ever getting there. The moon is about love & Werewolves,
also Poe.
Poe is about looking at the moon from the sun
or else the graveyard
Everything is about something if you're a thin movie producer
chain-smoking muggles
The world is about overpopulation, Imperial invasions, Biocide,
Genocide, Fratricidal Wars, Starvation, Holocaust, mass injury &
murder, high technology
Super science, atom Nuclear Neutron Hydrogen detritus, Radiation
Compassion Buddha, Alchemy
Communication is about monopoly television radio movie newspaper
spin on Earth, i.e. planetary censorship.
Universe is about Universe.
Allen Ginsberg is about confused mind writing down newspaper
headlines from Mars—
The audience is about salvation, the listeners are about sex,
Spiritual gymnastics, nostalgia for the Steam Engine & Pony
Express
Hitler Stalin Roosevelt & Churchill are about arithmetic &
Quadrilateral equations, above all chemistry physics & chaos
theory—
Who cares what it's all about?
I do! Edgar Allan Poe cares! Shelley cares! Beethoven & Dylan care.
Do you care? What are you about
or are you a human being with 10 fingers & two eyes?

—Allen Ginsberg

the triumph of rationalism. In an essay entitled "Rationalism in Politics" Oakeshott even wrote a kind of anticipatory elegy for the sad attempt of the Dole campaign to pretend that its man is not a skilled politician but a deep thinker. Rationalist politics, he writes, is the "politics of the book," and people who don't have a book to follow these days are forced to pretend that they do:

> Not to have a book is to be without the one thing necessary, and not to observe meticulously what is written in the book is to be a disreputable politician. Indeed, so necessary is it to have a book, that those who have hitherto thought it possible to get on without one, have had, rather late in the day, to set about composing one for their own use [yet] what the book contains is only what it is possible to put into a book—rules of a technique.

But just how far (the liberal rationalist interlocutor demands) are we prepared to take this kind of logic? Doesn't an aversion to abstract principles risk becoming indifference? Couldn't an apologist for slavery have argued that Southern men had a traditional need to hold other men as slaves, and that it was a mere rationalist prejudice to argue from the abstract rights of man to tell them that they shouldn't?

The Oakeshottian response would be not that moral judgments aren't vital to political life but that their hold on us is independent of any foundation in "principles" or "character." Oakeshott sees clearly that politics without any set of beliefs at all—what he calls "pure empirical politics"—would be just as bad, and as impossible to practice, as the "politics of the book." He writes that pure empirical politics is "the politics of the wall-scribbler and the vote-catcher." But the alternative to empirical politics isn't the ideological politics of abstract ideas. The alternative is a politics in which ideas serve a function like that of hypotheses in science. This means that you can make judgments about their utility, value, effect, rightness, and wrongness without worrying about whether or not they correspond to a preëxisting abstract principle. Your actions test your ideas, they don't follow them. When something's wrong, it's wrong because it's wrong, not because it's inconsistent or shifty. In fact, it's the distinction, and even the triumph, of democratic politics to make the usual moral faults of inconsistency and shiftiness into something like virtues. The judgment of a politician's morality ought to be made, in Orwell's lovely phrase, on the basis of how clean a smell he leaves behind. If our idea of a political hero is to be that of an original thinker who had a vision for his people, translated it into a detailed and practical blueprint, and then courageously stuck to his stated principles through thick and thin, the best example we will find in the twentieth century is Adolf Hitler.

Because of Oakeshott's liking for tradition, many readers have tried to group him with the less perceptive followers of Burke and their belief that all wisdom is traditional wisdom. But what distinguishes Oakeshott from organic folk conservatives is that he has not a trace of sentiment or nostalgia for an old, authentic order. To return to the woman on the bicycle: where a traditional conservative would think that the disclosure of the arbitrary, artificial, made-up nature of bloomer-wearing showed the necessity of getting women out of bloomers (and probably off bicycles, too) and back into traditional garb, Oakeshott is all for women wearing whatever they want to wear; he thinks it's silly to argue that bloomers are a particularly principled thing to wear on a bicycle. Tradition doesn't represent the best we've done; it's all we've got. This means that a "conservative" is not someone who defends tradition but someone who appreciates what tradition has produced. The conservative disposition centers "upon a propensity to use and to enjoy what is available rather than to wish for or to look for something else; to delight in what is present rather than what was or what may be," he writes. His conservatism can be summed up in Jimmy Durante's satisfied "Them is the conditions that pervails."

This understanding puts Oakeshott at odds with both major tendencies of conservative thought in America. One amounts to a failed "politics of faith." For Oakeshott, a Hilton Kramer or a Roger Kimball would be simply a rabid disappointed priest of that politics of faith, prevented by an enshrined fantasy of the past from relishing the world as it is, and so from being truly conservative. In the absence of a demonstration of such love, this kind of conservatism is sterile and unreal. Oakeshott explicitly condemns the dogmatic free-market school of Friedrich von Hayek, say, in which he sees only the same kind of doctrinal formula that characterizes its liberal opposite number: "A plan to resist all planning may be better than its opposite, but it belongs to the same style of politics." The insistent cry of "market solution" and the simple command "Privatize!" have for the right the incantatory one-size-fits-all magic that "planned economy" and "nationalize" used to have for the left.

Among Americans on the right, perhaps only the great, underappreciated historian (and self-proclaimed "reactionary") John Lukacs—with his startling Nabokovian evocations of Philadelphia and Budapest springing up among sweeping historical generalizations—understands that a conservative temperament not rooted in a rich sense of particular places and particular pleasures is a stupid conservatism, a mirror image of rationalist utopianism but with the utopia situated in the past rather than the future. For an Oakeshottian, a conservatism without the savor of happiness, without a texture of particular appreciations, is as thin a gruel as the rationalism it opposes.

A true conservative ought above all to relish the incorrigible plurality of things. It should be possible for someone to be politically conservative, culturally radical, and sexually liberal without being guilty of any kind of inconsistency. We can, if we want, vote for Margaret Thatcher, write free verse, practice deconstructive criticism, and rock our baby to sleep in a Thonet rocker. Each activity draws on its own idiom of judgment, and it is a sign of a life lived properly that many of these modes are experienced alongside others. The conservative who insists on Wyeth posters because he loves the free market is as much a caricature as the liberal who had to sit on a Breuer chair in order to be on the right side of the civil-rights question. (Oakeshott's encouragement of unpredictability has made him an inspiration for thinkers as different as the gay conservative Andrew Sullivan and the literary critic David Bromwich.)

Actually, Oakeshott's best commentator, the philosopher Paul Franco, has made the case that, correctly understood, he is a liberal. But the process of assimilating Oakeshott to liberalism—the kind with a capital "L"—takes some work.

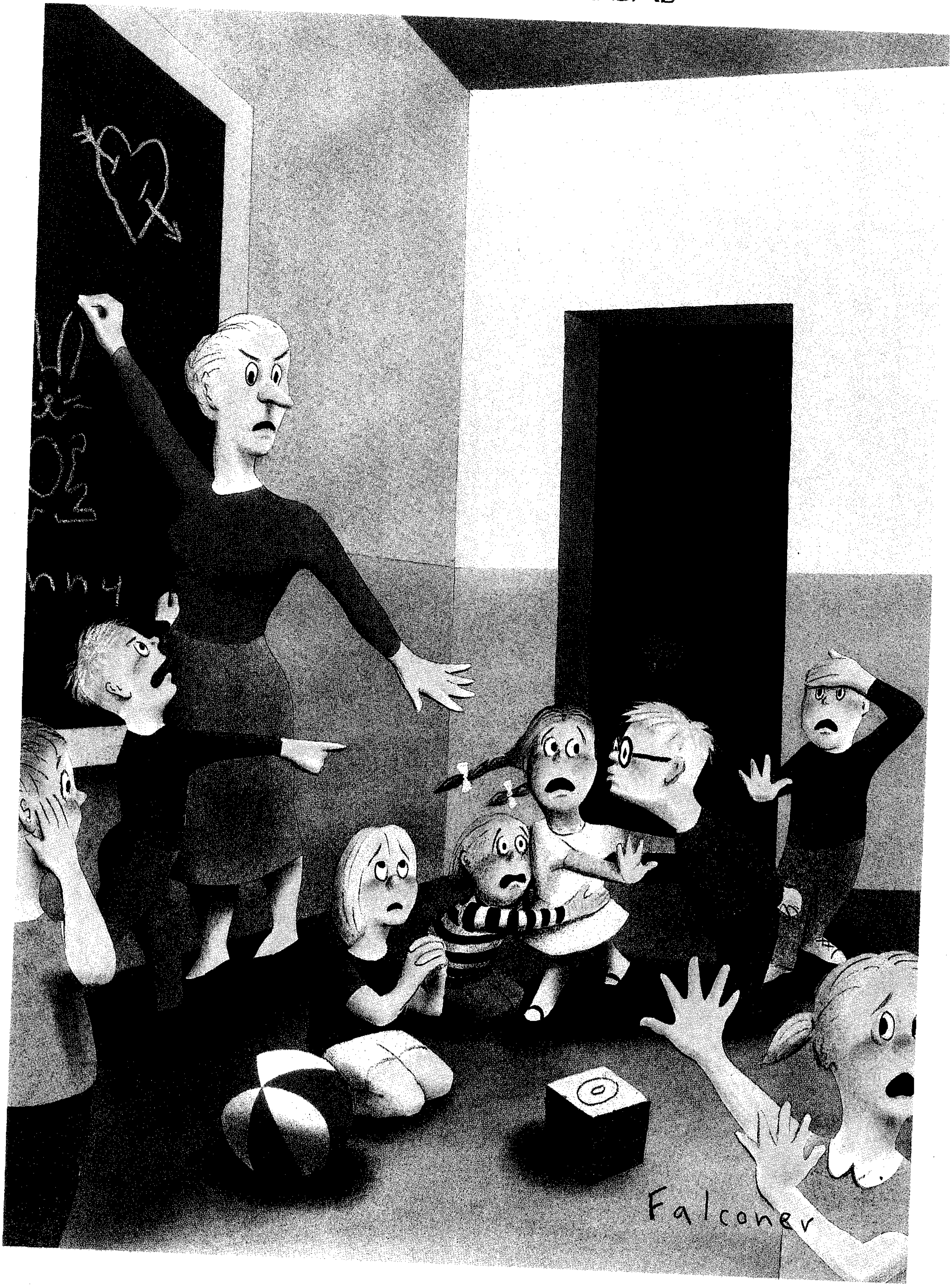
A LIBERAL might begin by pointing out that Oakeshott's account of politics is better than his account of power. One of the crucial things about a conversation is, after all, who gets to speak. Oakeshott takes it for granted that people are in the conversation because they want to be, and people aren't because they don't—because they have another kind of temperament. But it is not rationalist folly to think that the more people you bring into the political conversation the better the conversation will be.

A liberal Oakeshottian might also qualify his skepticism about the "politics of the book" with a greater optimism about the possibilities of using politics to build, by government plan, institutions in which people can find pleasure, and augment their conservative sense of mutual obligation and a common life. The greatest achievements of American liberalism—from Central Park and the National Gallery to the great baseball stadiums—are rationalist in origin but, in the Oakeshottian sense, conservative in effect. They are made from plans and decrees—nobody wanted Central Park but a small élite and some rationalist planners—but they provide common ground and something to love and conserve. "If it ain't broke, don't fix it" *is* a good slogan. But so is "If you build it, they will come." There may even be something a touch donnish about Oakeshott's pet metaphor of the cook and the cookbook. In Calvin Trillin's political novel "Runestruck" a little New England restaurant happens to serve some of the best Chinese food outside Hong Kong; it turns out that in its kitchen sits a black cook with a good Chinese cookbook. Oakeshott is right to teach us that you can't get your politics, or your cooking, out of a book. But it often helps to have a recipe.

TOWARD the end of his life, Oakeshott developed a small cult following, and an Oakeshott society was formed at Cambridge. One veteran of that society, in the eighties, recalls that when the professor made his entrance he was a model of Oakeshottian rectitude. At the end of dinner, with everyone in a fruit-and-port-and-Stilton mode, a brilliant undergraduate put to him one of those tiger-pit questions—"But wasn't it Hegel who said . . . ?" or some such—and waited, in the manner beloved of brilliant undergraduates, for the great man to jump in and impale himself on the poisoned stakes. Oakeshott looked off, his eyes settling upon the fruit bowl. "Don't those plums look delicious?" he replied, holding one up to contemplate. Oakeshott gave to the old British preference for the specifics of experience over the abstractions of argument an almost ethical, life-encompassing dimension, and the dimension of philosophical value that he gave to this practical preference ended by making him a wise guide to the world as it is. He teaches us that the right response to an argument about fruit is always to go look for a plum, and love it if you can. ♦

SKETCHBOOK BY IAN FALCONER

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL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PROFILE

AN AMERICAN POLITICAL FABLE

How San Francisco's Mayor Willie Brown became one consummate example of democracy in action.

BY MARSHALL FRADY

ALMOST all the classic mayors—New York's Fiorello LaGuardia; Chicago's Richard Daley, Sr.; Jerusalem's Teddy Kollek; West Berlin's Willy Brandt—have tended to seem virtually caricature personifications of their cities. On that count alone, San Francisco's Mayor Willie Brown would already have a claim to a place in their company. A dapper and jaunty cricket of a man, Brown has long had about him a sportive, Cyrano-esque panache not unlike the raffish flair of the Bay City itself. One Sunday morning last August—after a night of dancing "at the Essex, a new joint in town," during which, he said, "I'm afraid I drank too much"—he resumed his daily peregrinations about the city by dropping in on a street festival, an affair that had not been on his schedule but that he had heard about on the radio while shaving. This particular morning was one of those cool, pale-gold, champagne days in San Francisco, and Brown, attired in a faint-checked light-taupe suit and a snappy straw hat, forged through the street-fair throng of his constituents—Japanese, Hispanics, Polynesians, Chinese, Thai, Vietnamese, and whites—as cries broke out around him: "Hey, it's Willie! . . . It's the Mayor! . . . Willie, you doin' a hell of a job! . . . You've made us happy again!"

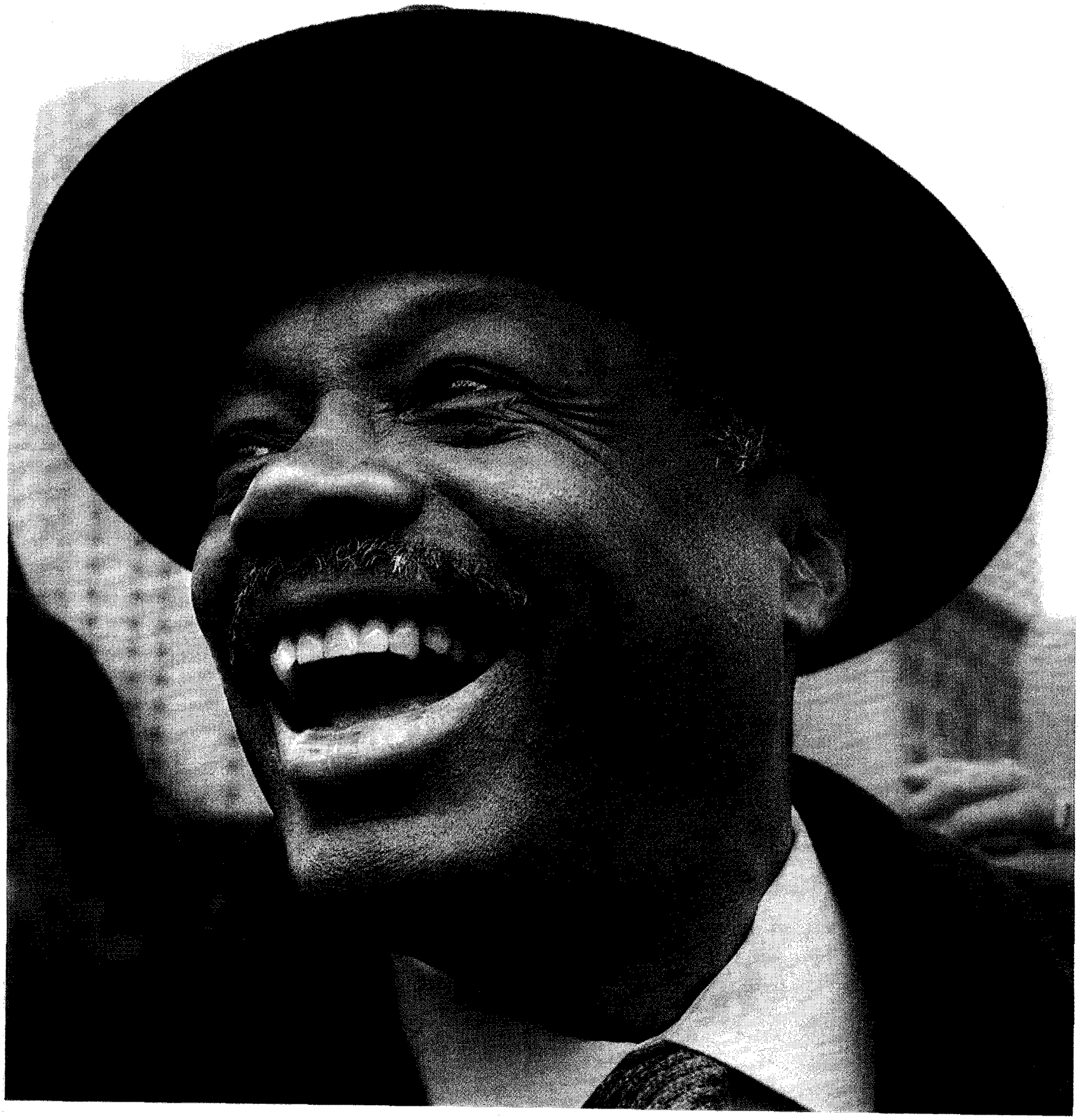
Brown was soon dragooned onto a platform to partake of a Tahitian dance being executed by straw-clad youths to a battering of drums. It shortly became clear that Brown—who before taking office, last winter, had served for almost fifteen years as the state's political grand vizier, exorcising insular sorceries in Sacramento as Speaker of the California Assembly, and had then been forced from those chambers by a term-limits law—had not resigned himself in his more openly public role as mayor to placing an undue store on dignity. He stood, still wearing his straw hat, as one girl, her breasts in the two halves of a coconut shell, prepared him for his performance by bending down and rolling up his trousers to about wading height, exposing an inch or two of slat-thin shanks just above dark-brown socks and suède shoes. "Now your knees and hips have to go nice and slow," she said, and, placing her hands over his pants pockets to steer him into his first rollings, sang, "There you go!" What followed from Brown was a somewhat arthritic approximation of the strenuous erotic churnings of the dancers around him: his feet were fixed flat on the stage, but he waggled his legs with great spirit, to an immense roar of cheers from the crowd gathered in the plaza.

Since Brown had operated so long as the fabled Speaker-prestidigitator of the Assembly, and had come to be widely reckoned as perhaps the most consequential black elected official in the country—and California's most powerful political presence after the governor—his passage into the office of Mayor of San Francisco was initially regarded as a rather improbable political mutation. But in that unintended transfer he appears to have entered, surprisingly, into a kind of second springtime—and, after an interval of some uncharacteristically drab and prosaic years, San Francisco appears to have entered it with him. Clarence Johnson, the San Francisco *Chronicle's* city-hall bureau chief, said recently, "The response from the public has been more like what a rock star gets than a mayor. Never, never saw it before. For whatever reason, he seems to be walking around with a pocketful of birdseed and people are just eating out of his hand." What mostly accounts for this reaction, Johnson added, is that "San Francisco is a city that prides itself on style—and he brings a lot of style."

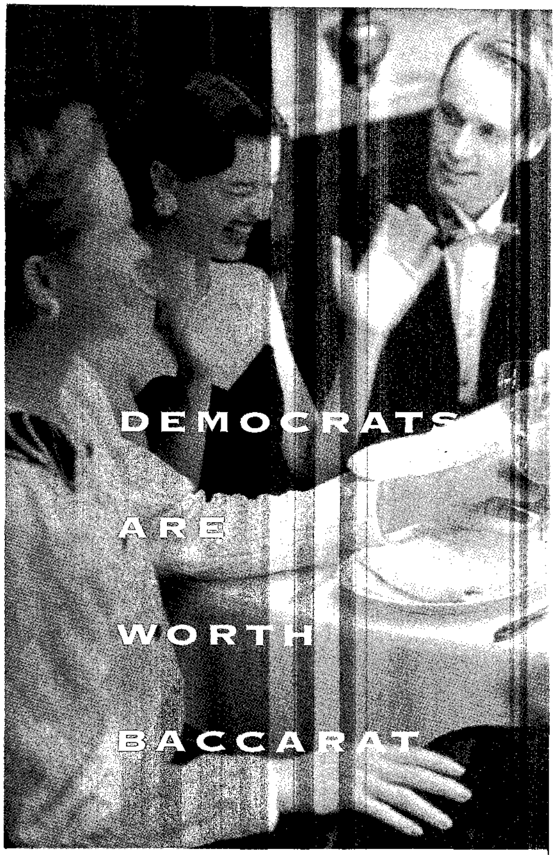
Indeed, Brown's birth, sixty-two years ago, as an illegitimate black child in the musty East Texas town of Mineola, may have cost, in the fee paid the midwife, only about seven dollars, but he would seldom ever come that cheap again. Through three decades as a volubly assertive member of the California legislature and many years as a flourishing lawyer for corporate clients, he became a San Francisco boulevardier of semilegendary swank, arraying himself in sleek three-thousand-dollar Brioni and Kiton suits and four-hundred-dollar Borsalino beaver fedoras, and collecting a fleet of, at times, nine cars, ranging from Jaguars to Porsches and Ferraris (which he drove only infrequently). He regularly set out after sundown, usually in the company—even before parting from his wife—of some luminous young lady, for extensive jaunts of dancing through San Francisco's glowing night-club world. It seemed only the natural climax of those decades of personal flourish, then, that his inauguration as San Francisco's mayor was celebrated with an evening of De Millean spectacle: fireworks shimmering over a party on Pier 45 that was open to the city's whole population; seventy-five thousand to a hundred thousand people attending; and more than a hundred restaurants supplying food, all of it subsidized by three hundred thousand dollars in donations. He had also impressed some of the restaurants into supplying ten thousand meals for the homeless and indigent all over town. "I'm into happiness," he proclaimed.

"Since then, he's been magical in his ability to unite the city," Johnson says. "There's been this unbelievable camaraderie between camps that have been at odds with each other over the years—they're now sitting down and endorsing the same kinds of proposals and concepts. That's new to this town." So far, this amity seems to have spanned the city's social spectrum: its young professionals, its substantial gay community, its downtown business interests, its neighborhood activists, and its array of ethnic minorities. "People embrace him in a way that makes them want to make things work, makes them want to believe," Johnson says. "Which

CHRISTINA KOCI HERNANDEZ/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER



Not the least interesting element in Brown's upbeat character is the compressed cold fury he has carried from his beginnings.



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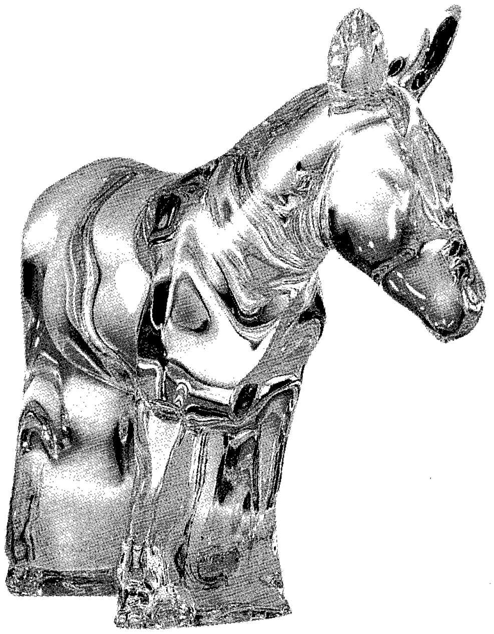

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kind of overshadows, maybe, his ability to actually get things done."

In truth, after not quite a year there seems little more to measure in Brown's mayorship than simply its effervescence. San Francisco is still faced with the same obdurate maze of troubles that beset many other of the country's cities: a deteriorating infrastructure of services like public transit; decaying public housing; homelessness; a pathology of drugs and crime; an overburdened school system; and a health-care system critically strained—especially, in San Francisco's case—by a mounting weight of AIDS patients.

Even before Brown assumed office, there were in the city the first stirrings of a resurgence out of the long undertow of recession in California, and the returning economic haleness has, at least, begun to alleviate somewhat a number of its other woes. But Brown's vital part in that revival now has become to assure it, and to hasten it along. A vast urban-restoration enterprise, known as the Mission Bay project, to transform sixty-five neglected acres into a waterfront complex of three thousand new housing units, parks and plazas, and stores and entertainment centers, had been stalled under three past city-hall administrations. In February, Brown deployed a team of aides to negotiate with the developer, and late last month it was announced that the project was finally under way. What propelled it into motion, says one aide on that negotiating team, David Prowler, was that "the Mayor set the idea that people *better* do things."

On the whole, Brown has brought a brisk decisiveness into city hall after years of torpor. Prowler, who also served in the past administration, recalls that at a staff meeting early in Brown's tenure "he said, 'I want the Sunnydale Boys and Girls Club to get a grant, and I want the check for it this *night*.' " As the city's bureaucracy operated in the past, says Prowler, "even if the decision could have been made that night, we'd never get the check." But the grant shortly went out to the Sunnydale club. The same vigorous conciseness he applies to dealing with his staff. At one staff discussion, on whether to demolish the city's somewhat derelict Transbay bus terminal, Brown, in what Prowler declares should have been a twenty-minute session, assessed all the ramifications—environmental, transit, land-use, fiscal, and political—in five minutes, "like an alligator clamping down" on the whole tangle of complications.

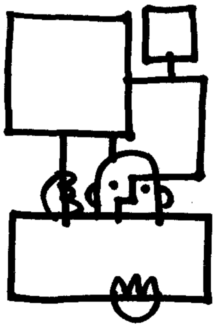
In fact, Brown has proceeded as more or less a solo operator, even effectively disencumbering himself of his chief of staff by dispatching him "temporarily" to contend with the city's wheezing transit system. One recent morning, Brown came spanking into his office, natty in a black blazer and gray slacks with a black Borsalino on his head, and set about tending to the commonplace business of mayoring. Perched at the end of a conference table, he conferred with the city manager about a new telephone system for city offices ("So I can safely announce that by March 1st, the system will be operational?" "Yessir"), new "solid-waste recycling" costs, and an appointment to the environment commission ("*I* will announce who that is." "Yessir").

Whatever renaissance Brown might facilitate in San Francisco could have no incidental relevance for the rest of the nation's beleaguered cities. Brown himself is hardly unmindful of this. Over a long Saturday-morning brunch in a dining room at the Ritz-Carlton, he declared, "We can be a pilot project for every issue you can think of in urban America, and every technique that can be employed to address that issue. Because we have them all."

At the same time, he noted, San Francisco is graced with two special differences. The first is its apparent exemption from the racial fissures that are a fundamental distress of other cities. "The rest of this country lives separate and apart, but in San Francisco you can observe around the streets people of every color living together—not just on the job sites, not just in the schools, it happens in housing, literally every aspect of life here," Brown said. "And, to the extent that we demonstrate how comfortable and rewarding economically it is to do so, it will be recognized and can happen elsewhere."

He didn't neglect to add that the second special grace attending San Francisco's potential for reinvigoration is Willie Brown himself. "Now, if you were doing cities, San Francisco would be at least the fourth most interesting city in this nation—headed by what is without a doubt the most visible and outspoken mayor," he said. "Who also has more experience in politics and a better track record of making things happen." And in that situation, he suggested, there lurk certain possibilities for the advent of a new sort of national political star. "If you add the element of a mother who was a maid in that segregated place in the South," he said, "and if her son's personality has got any substance at all, and he also turns out not to be dull, turns out upbeat and sometimes funny and can do Letterman—then you've got the making of an interesting character."

Not the least interesting element, though, in that "upbeat" character is the compression of cold fury he has carried, submerged within his dash and audacity, all these years from his beginnings. And Brown's long and obsessive climb as a black man from the sullen meagreness of those origins constitutes, finally, its own Gatsby-like parable of the politician in this commoner's democracy. Like many others who have reached spectacular realizations of their compulsions in the wide public theatre, Brown seems, even in the unexpected exhilaration and promise of his mayorship now, to have retained intimations of a private aloneness. An old friend from his first days in San Francisco, John Burton, who later served with him in the Assembly and then went to Washington for four terms in the House, now says, "Is he lonesome? At the end of the day, yeah. Despite all the bullshit, he does not forget for one minute from whence he came. And he knows there are people who, if he wasn't the Speaker, if he wasn't the Mayor, would be spittin' on the nigger."



MINEOLA was a glum little railroad-junction town of sandy streets, set among scruffily wooded hills, swampy lowland, scattered oil rigs, and cotton gins, about eighty miles east of Dallas, but in the part of East Texas that has always been more Southern than Western. There, as the journalist James Richardson relates in "Willie Brown," a new biography, Lewis Brown, Willie's father, had worked for a time as a bellman in a railside hotel for travelling salesmen, providing them with whiskey and a girl for three dollars. By the time he began keeping company with the young woman who was to be Willie's mother, he was a waiter in a brick roadhouse restaurant frequented by Mineola's more affluent white citizens. But, when Willie was four, Lewis Brown took leave of Mineola forever, striking out for Los Angeles, where over the years he worked in a stove foundry and as a Pullman porter. He passed his last days in a nursing home, discreetly supported by Willie, who was by then a potentate of the California legislature.

Brown's mother, Minnie Collins, wound up bearing five children and being married twice, but never to Lewis Brown, the father of her middle three, the youngest of whom was Willie. She was a small, trim woman, fond of turbans, and was later described as "a party girl"; in fact, she was eagerly preparing to set out for a dance at a local hall one spring night when Willie intruded into that excitement by being born. But "almost instantly" after his birth, Brown says, his mother, too, left Mineola, to work as a live-in maid in a series of white households in Dallas.

As a result, Brown was reared by his maternal grandmother, Anna Lee Collins, in a large, rickety clapboard house, without phone or running water. A diminutive but fierce-willed woman, who wore ankle-length dresses sewn from flour sacks, she supported the entire Collins clan from a combination dance hall, saloon, and casino that was called the Shack—a plain plank structure with a shed on the side from which Willie's two uncles sold moonshine that they produced in stills outside town. "You've got to understand, this is a woman who was a bootlegger," Brown says. "Who ran a honky-tonk. This was a woman who never went to church in her life. Oh, no! My grandmother was an out-and-out *outlaw* type."

She did compel all her grandchildren to attend church every Sunday. But they were also enlisted to assist with the family enterprise. Beyond that, by the time Willie was about eleven he was picking berries and beans on the farms around Mineola in the summer.

He had grown into a somewhat spindly youth, but already had an open and gladly self-assured face, and there was a quick, spry industry about him, too. Making his way through the bedraggled black schools of Mineola's segregated system, he proved an uncommonly assiduous student, who had, it turned out, a special facility for math. He also displayed a predilection for spiffy attire, scrupulously ironing his pants himself. "I

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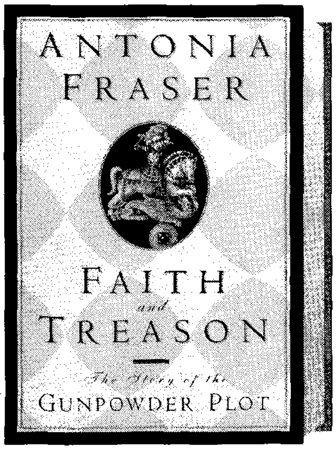

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would go through the Sears catalogue and pick out what you ought to wear," Brown recalls. "Like what shoes. I spotted these little burgundy half boots with gold chains on their sides—oh, God, they were great boots! I ordered a pair on layaway." By the time he could take possession of them, his feet had outgrown them, "but I wore 'em anyway."

All the while, Brown was not spared the pervasive debasements of that small town's racial caste system. He eventually took a job shining shoes in a downtown barbershop, with much snapping flourish—"rag-popping," he calls it. "That was how you got the tips." But as often as not his white customers would flip a quarter into the spittoon beside the shine stand for him to retrieve. "They'd bet you couldn't get it out," he says. By that early point in his life, however, Brown had arrived at the elemental determination that it would be best to conceal his outrage. Asked if he did not take offense at such a racial humiliation, he snaps, "Well, *of course* you did," and then gives a light laugh. "But what are you gonna do about it? Quit the job? Then you'd have no bluejeans, no bicycle. Wouldn't have the boots from Sears."

From these years, it was Brown's Uncle Itsie who became, he has said, "the man I've patterned my life after more than any other." Capaciously proportioned and with a dainty little half goatee, Rembert (Itsie) Collins had gone to San Francisco at the outset of the Second World War to work in a defense-industry shipyard, and before long he was running a downtown gambling parlor. On Itsie's occasional returns to Mineola, Willie would behold him as a near-mythic figure materializing out of the West in silk suits and hundred-dollar hats, diamond rings and diamond stick-pins, and lounging behind the wheel of yet another glimmering new sedan.

Willie himself was already evidencing, in Mineola, a reckless bravado that led his grandmother to conclude "that it was just a matter of time before my physical survival would be severely threatened," Brown says. "So my grandmother began trying to figure out how to get me someplace where the least damage would be done." For his part, he says, "I couldn't *wait* to get out of Mineola." After his graduation from Mineola Colored High, he was, at the suggestion of Uncle Itsie, dispatched to stay with him in San Francisco. In early August of

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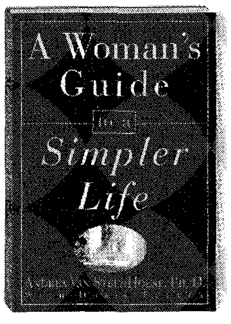

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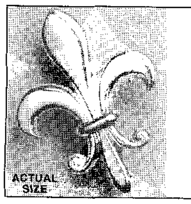

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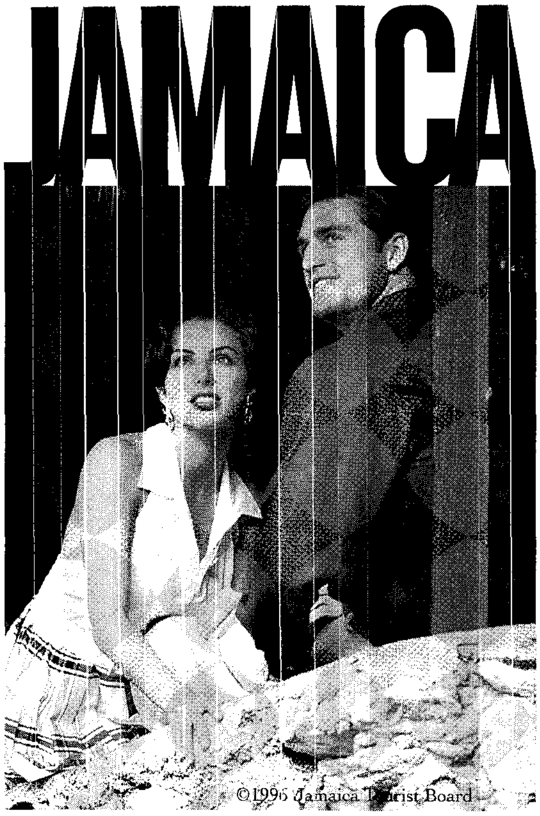
1951, he was put aboard a train in Dallas with a cardboard suitcase and a shoebox stuffed with fried chicken.

When Brown arrived in San Francisco, he had somehow divested himself of almost all traces of a Southern small-town black accent. Before long, he entered San Francisco State College, supporting himself by working as a janitor at the church he was, at his grandmother's instruction, now attending. While he was at San Francisco State, he became captivated by a freshman dance student named Blanche Vitero, a small sprite of a girl whose mother was black and whose father was a Filipino fisherman in Oakland. "What really attracted me to him, he would talk about how he was going to do great things," Blanche says now. "I'd never heard anybody talk like that." But he almost never mentioned Mineola, she says. Not until they were married, some three years later, did the death of his grandmother prompt him "to talk about her a little bit."

FROM San Francisco State, Brown went on to Hastings College of the Law, near City Hall, graduated from there in 1958, and shortly passed his bar exam. After being rebuffed by the white law firms he approached, he was obliged to start up a practice more or less on his own. About the only clientele available to him, his later law partner John Dearman, who is now a Superior Court judge, has said, "was pimps, prostitutes, and drug dealers." As Brown told Robert Scheer, in the Los Angeles *Times* magazine, he won his first case defending a prostitute by insisting that the police produce her customer: "You can't engage in an act of prostitution by yourself." After that, Brown has recounted, "I made cash money every day representing whores—I became the whores' lawyer." Dearman now recalls that the pimps reckoned that "with a young lawyer they could pay him a couple hundred bucks, promise a lot more, and never pay it." But they found Brown to be, even at his age, awesomely unscammable. Indeed, Dearman says, "One of the pimps told me, 'You know, I always thought I was a superpimp. But Willie pimps *me.*' "

Eminently unembarrassed by the legal trade he'd had to resort to, Brown in the meantime had pitched himself into a number of community involvements, joining the N.A.A.C.P., the Urban League, and the Young Democrats. He



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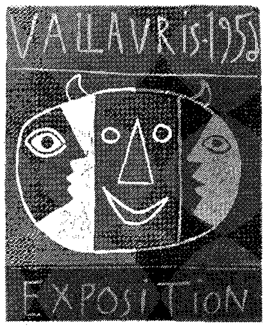

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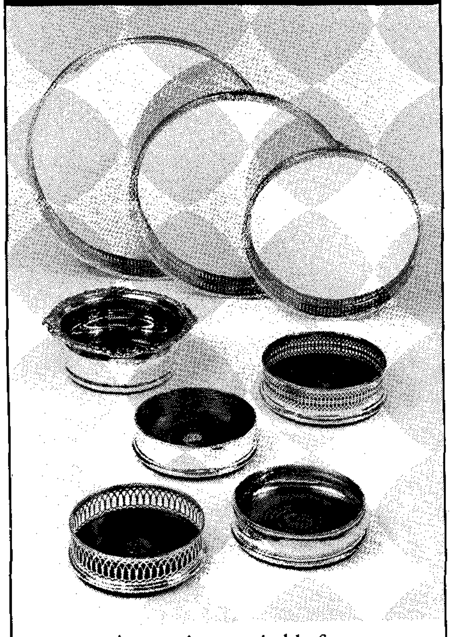

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soon became a conspicuous presence in San Francisco's yeasty civic culture, and inevitably wended his way into the zest of its politics. He made an initial run in 1962 to represent, in the State Assembly, the city's Eighteenth District, a cosmopolitan montage of black, Asian, Latino, but mostly white constituents. His opponent, the seventy-five-year-old incumbent, dismissed him with the remark "I have a little nigger running against me. I'm going to teach him a lesson." Brown came within nine hundred and sixteen votes of retiring him. In a second campaign, two years later, he was elected by a margin of almost four thousand votes. In this way, he was delivered into the California Assembly. And the thirty-one years he spent there proved to be a political performance that Brown himself now terms, not altogether inaptly, "classic politics in American democracy."

BROWN rapidly acquired a nimbleness in negotiating the interior physics of power in California's legislature, where the interplay of intrigues was already as ornate as in some Florentine court. Consigned by the Speaker, Jesse (Big Daddy) Unruh, to the chairmanship of what was considered perhaps the most meaningless committee in the capitol—it had the mainly clerical chore of administering the registration of lobbyists—Brown quickly adapted it to threaten lobbyists with strangling regulations on how much they could disburse to legislators and how much businesses could deduct for lobbying expenses. "Unruh went nuts," Brown cheerfully related to Richardson. "Lobbyists were going crazy. . . . He was at risk of having his playpen fucked with, and he started trying to figure out some way to deal with that." After a series of intramural shufflings by Unruh, Brown wound up converting his chairmanship of that first, lowly committee into the chairmanship of one that ruled over all legislation regulating business in the state, and brought with it a dizzying potential for campaign donations from corporate interests and their lobbyists. Not long afterward, Unruh moseyed over to Brown in the Assembly chamber to rumble, "It's a good thing you're not white. . . . Because if you were, you'd own the place."

Meanwhile, Brown, with the same careful calibrations, had been brokering his way through the larger social turbulences of the sixties outside the Assembly chamber. While he served as an attorney for civil-rights activists in demonstrations around San Francisco, he mostly kept himself at a certain remove from the hot moil of the confrontations themselves. He did feel obliged occasionally to assume provocatively militant postures, for which he came to be regarded as one of the more exotically liberal political figures of those times. But, to the degree he was pursuing his own progressive private revenge for the system's disdains of him as a black man, he was always to operate more as a political artist, finally, than as a partisan of ideological passions. He would later tell Robert Scheer, "I have always been mainstream. All of the left organizations embraced me, but I was never really a member of [that] mentality. I wanted to own *this country*."

In Sacramento, Brown eventually ascended to the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, a post in which he presided over every bill involving any expenditure of public monies and largely determined the shape and substance of the state's budget. He applied himself to this office with a ferocious diligence, his staff preparing written appraisals of each of around two hundred bills considered every week. As a result, says John Burton, his Assembly colleague then, "he would know a bill better than its author. And he would let the author know he did. He started offending people."

Through those years, Brown did manage to produce a respectable portion of legislation, mostly concerned with the lot of minorities, the poor, and the elderly. But he did also not hesitate to berate fellow-legislators openly, announcing one to be an "idiot" and terming another a "five-hundred-pound bowl of Jell-O." He seemed to some an incorrigible imp of the perverse. Pressing for legislation to decriminalize certain sexual acts, he announced, while stipulating that he wasn't necessarily referring to homosexual behavior, "The biggest pitch I'm making is to remind my colleagues that some of them do these things on a nightly basis and that I want to legalize their actions."

Many white legislators saw Brown as a kind of undersized but overegoed Adam Clayton Powell in their midst. He briefly affected a Nehru jacket and love beads for his appearances on the floor of the Assembly, and at a San Francisco

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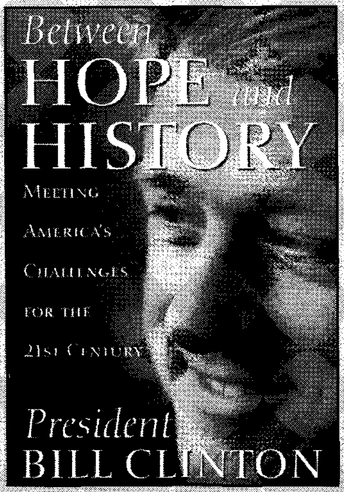
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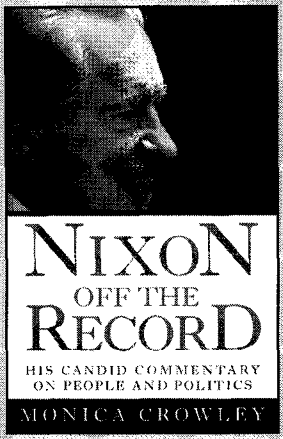
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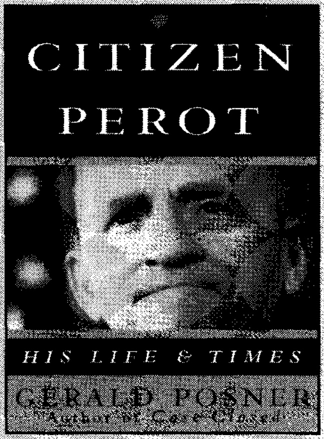
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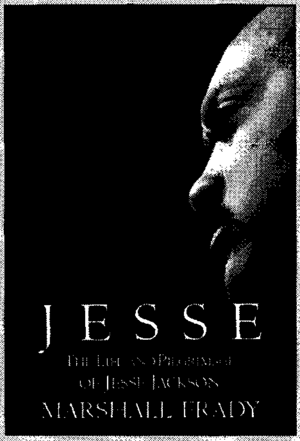
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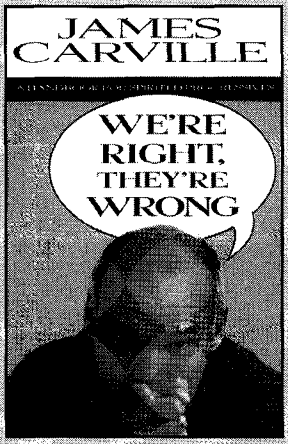
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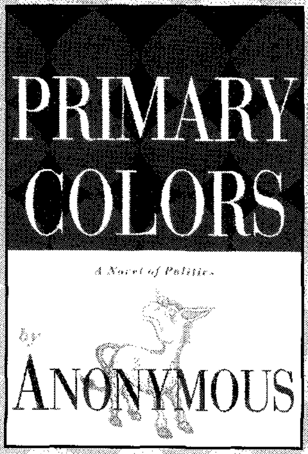
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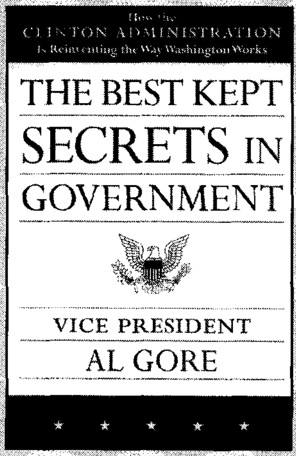
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fashion show for his favorite men's store, Wilkes Bashford, he modelled a brown-and-beige plaid Brioni, a suède jacket, and a long sheepskin coat. "I was spending probably forty-five to fifty thousand dollars a year on clothes," he reports. In addition, though he and Blanche now had two daughters and a son, they had come to lead lives decidedly detached from each other, and he began showing up in places with a succession of photogenic young women. That a number of them were white did not improve the attitude toward him among some legislators.

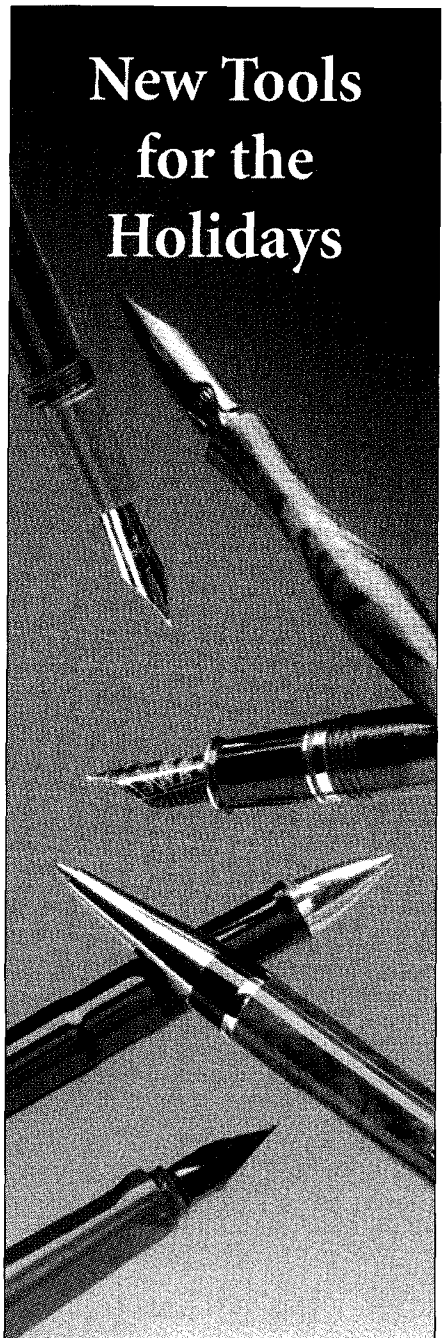
Brown's arrival in Sacramento had roughly corresponded with the beginning, in 1966, of the Reagan age in California. After Brown became chairman of Ways and Means, in 1971, he relates, "Reagan would hold these briefing meetings with department heads and the legislative leadership—all these conservative right-wing Republicans. I was the only black in those sessions, and, being very new, was always seated at the end of the table. And it didn't appear to me that anybody in the room was listening to anything I was saying, and Reagan was telling one terrible joke after another. Then I noticed that they were all eating from this big jelly-bean jar, and so one day I asked that the jelly-bean jar be shipped down to me. And, being very elaborate about it, I put my hand in there, and went *around* and *around* in it, until I finally found the one black jelly bean—which means I literally touched every jelly bean in that jar with my hand. I now had the attention of everybody in the room. I pulled that one jelly bean out, and pushed the jar back to the center of the table. Total quiet. Everybody's eyes are focussed on that jar. Waiting to see which one of those white guys would be the first to eat the next jelly bean after me. From that day on, whenever we had the meetings, there were no more jelly beans on the table. But I was listened to henceforth and forevermore."

Despite his increasing moxie in the legislature, Brown found—in the little racial slights he persistently encountered—that in all his years in California he had not altogether escaped Mineola. Nevertheless, Brown contends, "I operate on the theory that if I ever succumb and address them I will ruin the joy of succeeding in spite of them. White people will go to great lengths to suggest it's a crutch that we are using. So I keep it *way back*."

Even so, Blanche recounts that when the two of them once appeared at the registration counter of a Los Angeles hotel where Brown had made a reservation, "the white desk clerk claimed that he didn't have any reservation." She goes on to say, "His manner was very demeaning. Willie didn't say anything—he was going to turn away and just seem cool about it. But all of a sudden this look of rage came over his face, and he turned back and almost jumped over the counter and hit the man. Security guys came. I had never seen him that angry in my life."

IN 1974, Brown made a first run for the Speakership, but lost, having alienated too many Assembly members by his imperious manner. His defeat left him blasted. Blanche says that "he would never cry in front of anybody," but that in instances such as his '74 failure "he just becomes very withdrawn, he doesn't talk—except to say, 'You don't know what this feels like.' "

As if to console himself with a private recompense, Brown then devoted himself to magnifying the fortunes of his law practice back in San Francisco. He had added to his somewhat gamy original group of clients a handsome repertoire of corporations and developers, including Joseph E. Seagram & Sons and Neiman Marcus, while from this amplifying income he ventured into investments in oil and gas and real estate. In fact, soon he took on, in the view of many, something of the aspect of a riverboat sharper, devising arrangements among such interests as insurance companies, lawyers, doctors, and manufacturers for mutually accommodating pacts on civil-liability laws. For the symbiosis between his political office and his private law practice, he was investigated over time by the state bar of California, by the Fair Political Practices Commission, and even by the F.B.I., but no charges were ever brought against him. (The F.P.P.C., however, did issue a warning letter to him regarding financial disclosure.) Despite all the presumptions prompted by his multidextrous transactions, John Dearman, his former law partner, offers as guarantee of Brown's final probity a reminder of his early history: "Willie *is* from the South. And Willie does *not* like jails. He told me once, 'I'm no idiot, man. I know what happens when people go to jail. And I don't plan on going there.' "



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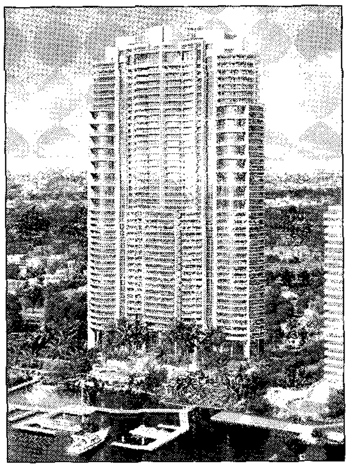

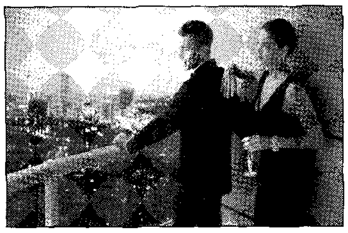

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In 1980, Brown made another, more elaborate move on the Speakership. The Assembly was composed of eighty members, so a majority of forty-one votes would insure the Speakership. By now, Brown had become a wizard in playing the margins, and he began striking mutually convenient concords with Republican strays, even those regarded as crustacean conservatives. As Richardson tells in his biography, Brown, before openly moving into the 1980 contest for Speaker, quietly engineered an impasse among the other Democratic contenders for the post. At the same time, he formed a discreet coalition with Republican members by promising to accord them, under the latitudes available to California's Speaker, committee chairmanships and vice-chairmanships if they aided in delivering the gavel into his hands.

The Republicans who entered into this understanding with Brown calculated, from past experience, that as Speaker he would be far more amenable to their programs than the vigorously liberal Democrat who was then the front-runner for the job, while he would also present more widely the sort of politically lurid figure—black, gaudy, arrogant—that would set off alarms across the state, to their benefit. And Brown now reflects, "I think they were very sincere in their belief that I was such a party boy that I would never focus long enough to run a good operation, and it'd be easy for them. There are still those who automatically assume that I'm all show, all style, and that they don't have to be concerned about their *heads*. I don't want to disabuse them of that assumption. It's a perfect hide-behind position." When the election came, Brown won with fifty-one votes, twenty-eight of them Republican, and only twenty-three from Democrats—making him the first black Speaker in the state's history. Afterward, Brown observed, not without a measure of delicious drollness, "Now the little black kid can count."

Soon after assuming the Speakership, Brown jubilantly announced, "I expect to keep this job forever." To start with, he acted to remove a number of Republicans from the Assembly chamber—by taking advantage of a mandated reapportionment the next year to redesign district lines in a way that would multiply Democratic members while decreasing Republican ones. In the subsequent election, Democrats wound up with a forty-eight-seat majority. Brown shortly after flushed

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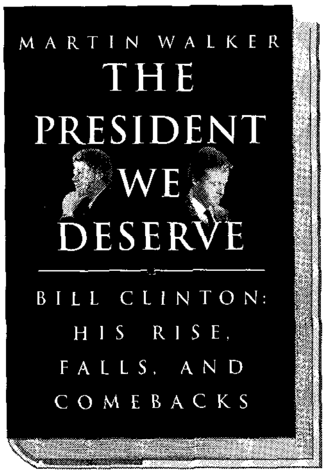

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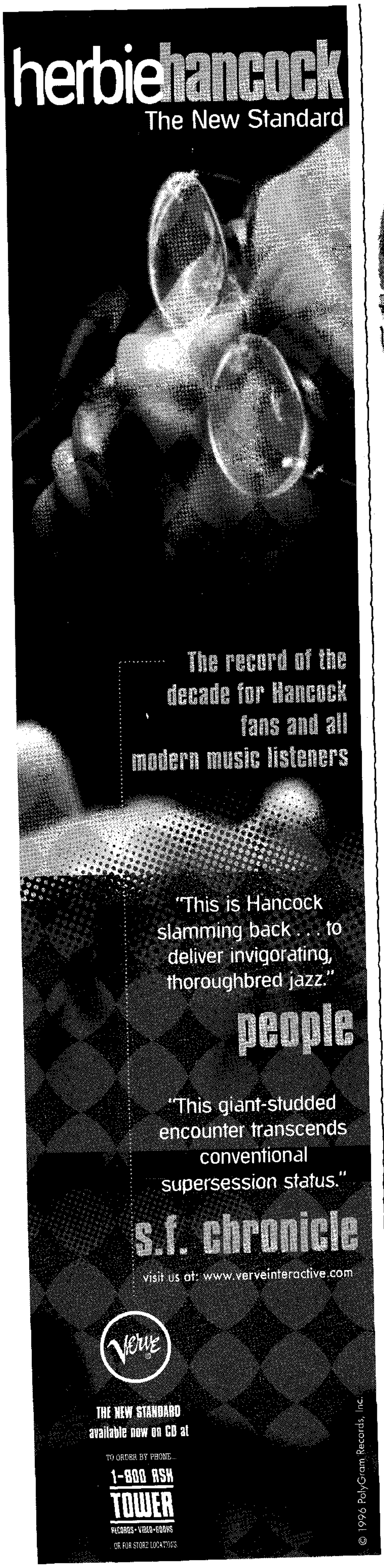

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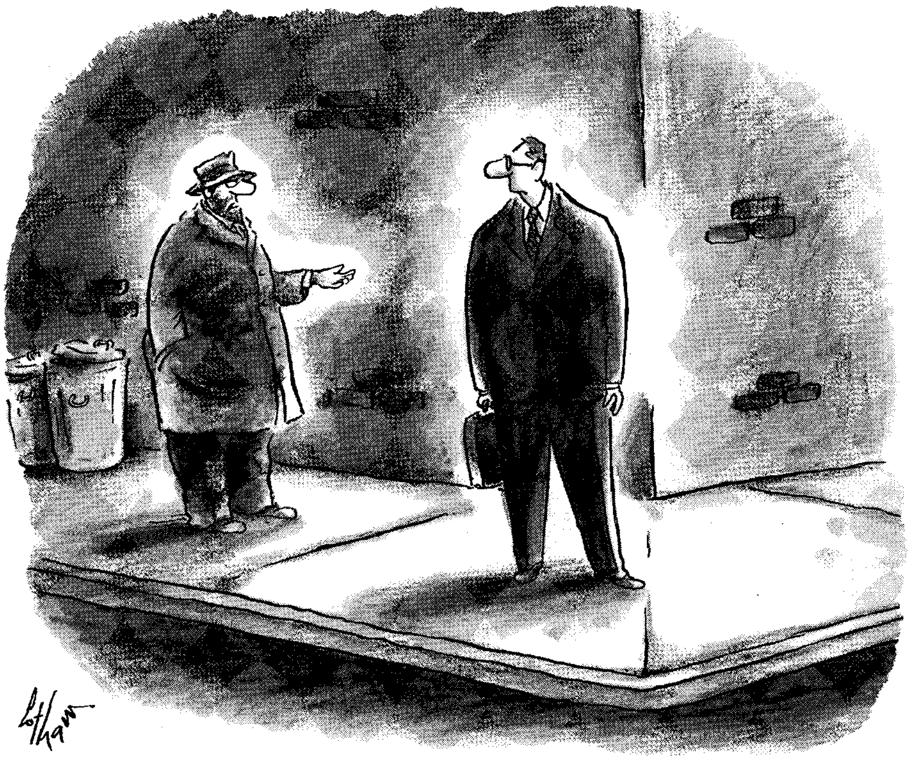

"Could you spare some change for a guy fresh off welfare?"

all Republicans from the committee chairmanships they had gained through their initial complicity with him.

This stratagem completed, Brown announced, "The Speaker in California is the closest thing you will ever know to the Ayatollah." The powers he now had gave him a substantial hand in supervising the course of California's multibillion-dollar annual economy, one of the largest in the world. In fact, he choreographed all legislation in his chamber. He ruled over the hiring and firing of every legislative staff member, including every secretary. He decided the allotment of office spaces, along with approving every item of equipment in them. He sometimes accompanied a staff aide to examine a member's office with a tape measure, and then would expand or contract its walls, depending on his humor about that member at the moment. "Interior decorating has long been one of Speaker Brown's less appreciated skills," one capitol functionary said.

Brown endured for almost fifteen years, through what came to seem to his antagonists an almost supernatural wiliness. In it all, there was more than a slight suggestion that he was finally exacting compensation for the price he had paid in masking his racial angers for so long, and doing so by mastering the system of power, with an open relish, far more cannily than any whites ever had. He promoted the fortunes of those he assessed to be the most innocuous of his rivals, while he fortified his Speaker's position through formidable feats of fund-raising for his party—funds from public-employee unions, teachers' unions, health-care associations, even bankers, which he then apportioned out to selected candidates for voter-registration campaigns in their districts.

He was also developing into an increasingly familiar national figure, as a Democrat with, for all his flash and prance, no small import as a political maestro in California. In 1988, he served as national chairman of Jesse Jackson's Presidential campaign. Then, during the 1992 Democratic Presidential primaries, Brown was asked to introduce Bill Clinton at a San Francisco fund-raiser, and, when he did so, Clinton, who was then being belabored with characterizations from his Arkansas past as Slick Willie, proclaimed his awe for "the *real* Slick Willie." Brown now fondly recalls, "Oh, he *bowed.* Went down on his knees."

In the meantime, he and Blanche had at last parted, though without the formality yet of a divorce. Blanche concedes that

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she had never been the sort of public being that Brown consumingly was. "His mind was always on bigger things," she says. "The little things that I needed? 'I can't listen to this.' At home, he'd want to be alone in a very quiet place. I'd say, 'Why aren't you like you are when you're out there? Entertain *me*.' He'd say, 'No, I have to do that all the time.' But then the minute we would go out and step into a room full of people, it was, like, *whooom!* A whole complete change." She soon discovered an ambition "to be something other than his shadow." Finally, what Blanche now terms "the strain of his relationships with other women" became insupportable for her. At one point, she retaliated by entering into a liaison of her own, which, when Brown learned of it, utterly clobbered him. Blanche says, "I did not think that I could have that kind of effect on him. He did let me know that he was hurt, but he still did not let me see how much." Eventually, Brown moved into the first of a series of apartments, while Blanche remained in the family home, on a hilltop above Haight-Ashbury.

IN Sacramento, attempts to dislodge Brown persisted. Among them was an initiative to deplete the authority of his office, which Brown, in a reference to the measure's co-author, decried, by saying, "No one heard from Gann about the power of the Speakership when whites held the post. Not until 'Double-O Soul' became Speaker." Finally, in 1985, Pat Nolan, a Republican assemblyman, got in touch with the F.B.I. and suggested that it conduct an investigation of the capitol's shadow commerce of legislation for money, with a sting operation directed, Brown claims, at him and his attendants. Subsequently, fourteen persons—law-enforcement officers, lobbyists, legislative staffers, senators, and Assembly members—were convicted and in most cases sentenced to prison, including, as it turned out, Nolan himself. But no Democratic Assembly members were among them. Brown, for all the world like Br'er Rabbit endlessly outwitting the ambushes of Br'er Fox, still likes to rejoice that neither he nor "anyone associated with Willie Brown was ever touched."

But in 1990 a larger political meteorology closed in on him. In the popular disaffection then gathering in California with politicians in general, a proposition to impose varying term limits on all elected state officials was sweepingly ap-

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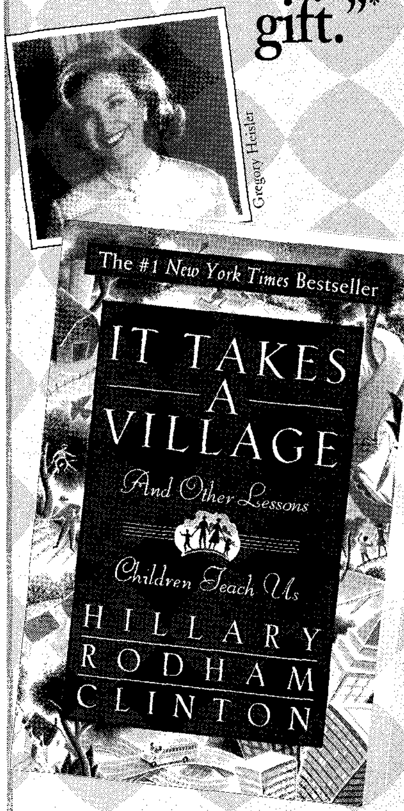
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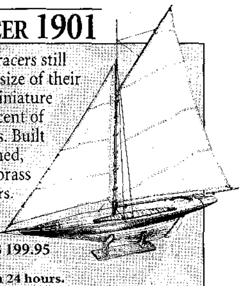

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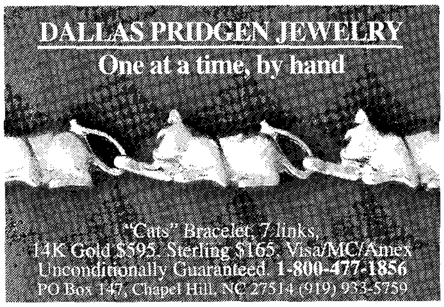

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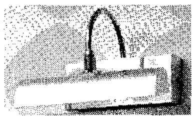

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proved by voters. In fact, by wide agreement, Brown himself was at least part of the inspiration for launching the initiative. In any case, all Assembly members would now have to depart from that chamber by 1996, including the Speaker.

Yet Brown clung on, even when, in the 1994 elections, Republicans returned to the Assembly with a forty-one-seat majority, with the near-certainty of electing one of their own as Speaker for the first time in a quarter of a century. Brown informed his fellow-Democrats, "I don't believe in terrorism. But I'm very good at it." His plot was to retain the Speakership until he could find an amenable Republican to hold it for him until the next election, when the Democrats might recover their majority. After appropriating a Republican defector, he managed to maneuver himself into being reëlected Speaker by a one-vote margin. He remained in the office for six months—long enough for him, feverishly playing now on steadily closer margins, to begin installing a succession of his own selected, deferential Republicans as Speaker, and so keeping effective control of the chamber himself. In all, he managed to conjure for himself a yearlong afterlife. "Isn't that incredible?" he remarked at one point. "And it's not affirmative action . . . at all. . . . The old white boys got taken fair and square."

IT was probably fortunate that, after Sacramento, Brown had San Francisco to repair to: given that city's élan and Brown's own buccaneer flourish, it's likely that there was no other major city in the country which he could have become mayor of. Yet he was visited with misgivings. He had declared as late as 1994, "Street lights, dog-doo, and parking meters are not my cup of tea." Beyond that, he would carry into a campaign for mayor certain other liabilities from his long rule as Speaker. "I have done the job, and it has been costly, personally," he commented later. "Some people will question whether you still have a soul."

Nevertheless, Brown became progressively beguiled by the possibility of being mayor, and not least for its redemptive potential. It offered, he said to Richardson, "an opportunity to vindicate every doubt that's ever been associated with my ability, whether on the ethical side, or whether on the substantive side." Even so, after he announced his candidacy, the actual exercise of campaigning still seemed an implausible metamorphosis for him. "I had

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not had to face anything so vile as an actual election fight in thirty-one years," Brown says. "I found that people here were personally offended if they were not personally asked for their vote. I literally had to go door to door, person to person."

Still, Brown pressed on, and on December 12, 1995, he was elected San Francisco's first black mayor, by a margin of fifty-seven to forty-three per cent of the vote. But over the following weeks he found himself having to grapple with an entirely different order of concerns from those in Sacramento. Now citizens stopped him on the sidewalk with plaints about "red-light jumpers" at a particular intersection. A homeless man on Union Square accosted him with a heated protest that nearby drinking fountains weren't working. What has proved a particular travail has been a daily static of complaints about the haphazard bus service of the municipal-transport system, called Muni. When he confronted Muni's management, Brown claims, he was notified that only about seventy-five per cent of the buses were running, and that the maintenance schedule extended from nine to five (figures that Muni disputes). In any event, the man who once presided over the grand expanses of the annual budget of all California now sputtered to the city's bus-system supervisors, "How can you work on maintenance from nine to five every day of the week when that's when the buses are rolling? You got some kind of rolling garage?"

Despite the apparent contraction of Brown's circumstances, he doughtily professes not to feel himself displaced onto a diminished political stage in San Francisco. "To make things happen in the legislature was simply to move bills," Brown says. "The only thing that has to be done is contact the majority of every committee, and I appointed them all. And the end effect the legislation has is never measurable. That's a walk in the park by comparison with trying to get Muni to work, or to solve the homeless problem. The variables are not controllable, cannot be influenced." At the same time, "what effect a program for Muni has is measurable *instantly*. 'Cause either the bus moves on time or it doesn't." But those differences between his Speakership and his mayoralty do not, he asserts, amount to a diminution of power. "The instant rewards for the higher risk in just how you ought to proceed in fixing Muni, or being able to generate a new tenant for the port—that all represents a measurable satisfaction that you can *never* get in the legislature. And it *clearly* demonstrates a discharge of power. Whereas the discharge of power at the state level reveals itself only in your being able to maintain your job."

Even so, Brown is already moving to minimize the dispersion of his powers in San Francisco by concentrating more authority, Speaker-like, in the mayor's office. He has proposed an amendment to the city charter that would remove several hundred municipal-job supervisors from their protected civil-service classifications, in which "you're virtually hog-tied in trying to get merit applied to their maintaining their positions," and would "place all those people as employees of the mayor, where they would have to answer to me, or my designee."

That power consolidation is not the only way that, as he puts it, Sacramento "equipped me to do this job, *believe* me." A piquant demonstration of that unfolded in an extended session one recent morning with four housing activists. A principal feature of Brown's campaign had been his spirited promotion of a comprehensive manifesto on tenants' rights. But to assure the passage this November of a bond measure, known as Proposition A, that would provide a hundred million dollars for new median-income rental and ownership housing in the city, he devised an accommodation with city landlords that would allow them to pass along to tenants the tax increase under the bond, without having to go through the otherwise required annual application for a rent increase. He also deferred until after the November 5th election a vote by the city's Board of Supervisors on a reform, demanded by tenants'-rights groups, that would rectify current "owner move-in" regulations, whereby a landlord can evict a tenant in order to occupy the unit himself—or to have his relatives occupy it—and thus free it, after a year's residence, from statutory limitations on its conversion to more profitable housing. The Board of Supervisors itself, on which Brown has bestowed the same careful solicitude he accorded to his committees in Sacramento, was profoundly reluctant, Brown said, to become involved

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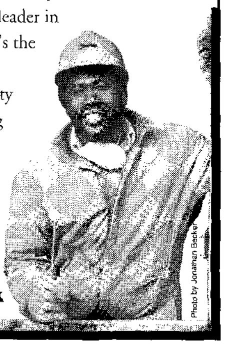

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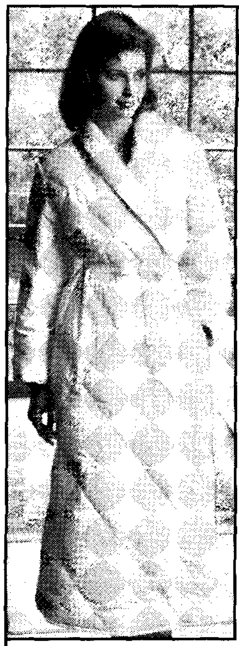

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in that combustible tenant-landlord conflict until after the elections. It was, in all, a precariously delicate arrangement, and the owner move-in delay had provoked such unhappiness among some tenant activists that, the day before the meeting, Brown had found himself in the unnervingly unaccustomed situation of being immobilized in his car outside his office by a tide of demonstrators. Right before going into a conference room for his confrontation with the four housing activists, Brown said, "These guys want owner move-in done *now*. And they're threatening to mess up the bond measure if I don't."

What followed was an urgent skirmish by Brown, despite the traditional Balkanized fractiousness of interests in San Francisco's politics, to hold together the tenuous and intricate scaffolding of the momentary accord among tenant activists, landlords, and the supervisors for his bond measure. And in that skirmish the activists' delegation received a brisk, impromptu, deep-immersion course in Brownian politics as translated now into the mayorship. Seating himself at the head of the conference table before the four activists—with a bust of himself when he was Speaker mounted high behind his right shoulder—Brown began explaining, at first in the most gravely quiet and measured tone, that on owner move-ins "I *alone* made the judgment that the vote would not take place until it was at a comfort level for the persons who would have to cast those votes." He urged the activists consequently not to visit any tribulation on the board members. As for himself, he apprised them, "You can do anything you want to with me. I don't give a shit, because I can always repair it. Maybe not with you. But I can get to your constituency just as effectively as you can. I'm pretty good at that. And I will, of course, *do* that if I have to. But don't ruin the chance of my being able to deliver the vote on Prop A on November 5th. That's all I ask of you."

One of the activists, Randy Shaw, a thirtyish man with a heavy hummock of caramel hair and a stubborn bulkiness of jaw, protested that, given Brown's assurances of a vote on owner move-ins, "we said, 'O.K., we'll agree to your pass-through' " on increased rents for the bond. "What is now happening is that we've gotten nothing in exchange. . . ."

"Randy," Brown said, his voice again dropping to a soft precision, "I play the

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game for delivery purposes. That's what I do, and I do it smartly, and I do it cleverly. That's been thirty-two years of a consistent delivery system." He suddenly shouted, "Un*matched!* By any of *your* friends or your relatives or your enemies." He explained that if he should compel board members to a vote "that I got to break their goddam necks in order to get, I know"—and his voice became a murmur—"it ain't the day the vote oughta be taken, Randy."

But a little later Shaw plaintively insisted that one supervisor "has told us she'll vote for this whenever it comes up."

Brown responded, again in almost a sigh, "Randy, *come to the real world.* It's been a long time, I'm sure, since you've had anybody of *my ilk* stand before you and say, 'Let's get the results. Let's cut out the posturing.' "

But Shaw persisted: "There's been a dramatic increase of move-in evictions, landlords wanting to get in under the wire. A lot of seniors have lost their homes. And, the longer you delay, the more human suffering has occurred. Now, you can say you know the big picture, you're on top of it. . . . But we don't know how the votes after the election—"

"I'm tellin' you," Brown fairly bawled, "I can produce six votes on that board *any day of the week.* For *anything.* . . . But I have to do it when *I* think it's *wise* to do it!" He had begun whacking the edge of his hand on the table. "I have to do it when I can do it a *second* time. This is not a gas station in the desert! This is not Dick Morris dealing with a two-hundred-dollar hooker! These are long-term *relationships.* These are mistresses that you have to *service.*"

Seated by Brown's right arm was an elderly man named Joe Lacey, a hulking, weathered figure, who soon interposed. "This man is sitting here and he's saying . . . he doesn't think that a vote is the smart thing to do before the election," he said. "What he's saying is that *after* the election owner move-in is gonna be passed."

Calvin Welch, a heavyset man with graying hair pulled back in a ponytail, turned to Brown and said, "But can I have your word, Mr. Mayor, that if there is a landlord mailing against A that we can show, that we drop the pass-through legislation?"

"Back up for a second," Brown said, suspecting that the activists already had some evidence to that effect. In a reference to a leader of the landlords' asso-

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ciation, he said, "You can't hold Russ Flynn responsible for some idiot's conduct." Brown then dispensed to the group another elementary precept of Brownian politics: "We've got to be trustworthy of those whom we fight with. . . . Russ Flynn ought to be told *today.* Never should anybody be allowed to inadvertently get screwed. He ought to know that he's got to actively say to his operatives, 'Don't put me in a position where I'm appearing to have welched on my deal.' The only way he's got to know that that's being observed is he's got to be told. . . . And, if we see any evidence of any money, pass-through doesn't take place."

Shaw then declared, "The idea these supervisors are all scared that the electorate will punish them for voting for tenants is a myth," and he added, "There is no capability of retaliating against them because there are no other candidates" seriously challenging them. Brown quickly stood and leaned far over the table toward Shaw. "Have you ever"—he paused, and continued in an almost painfully strained husking—"spent any *time* with these pantywaist politicians"—and Brown dipped his body downward as he uttered each phrase—"whose perception of the world is limited to their guaranteed vote? You know how I stayed as Speaker? Because I understood the *smallness of them.* And I *lived* with the smallness of them. I *fed* the smallness of them!"

Shaw said, "Well, what's wrong is putting their interests ahead of the poor and vulnerable people of this society—"

"You're not!" Brown cried, with an imploring squeeze to his voice, and imparted his principal lesson of the session from his own career. "You're being a *bit smarter* to achieve the goal of representation of that constituency—*Randy!"*

Lacey heaved himself ponderously to his feet to announce, "I'm gonna go see my wife, Willie Brown. You're funny and you've got a lot of charisma, but I've gotta go see my wife." Then he said, "I'm going to back Proposition A again, with all of my group. Right now, the way you've explained it to me, it's not possible to get this vote from these guys that we're pushing to get. . . . *But,*" he boomed, "I'm gonna be lookin' at you right down the line for a long time. I trust in you, and I backed you—"

"And I delivered on everything!"

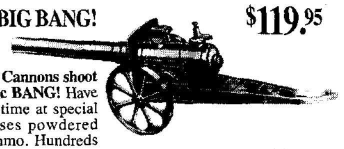
"Up to now. Up to now."

Brown chortled. "You're high-maintenance. Every day!"

BEYOND the gratifications afforded to Brown as a black man flourishing so fearsomely in society's processes of power, he seems to have an aficionado's glee simply in the sport for its own sake. But in exercising that enthusiasm he also, while Speaker, managed the not negligible feat—during a season of mostly conservative Republican governors and a general Reaganite mentality in California—of consistently stalling Republican assaults on fundamental Democratic programs like welfare for single mothers and their children, relief for the aged, and affirmative action. Now, as mayor, Brown proffers rather pedestrian propoundments on what can make any city work: "very strong school system; a very solid and stable business base, small and large, in the cutting-edge growth businesses; an adequate supply of affordable housing; quality transportation; a component of art and entertainment that's a major piece of the economy." He has also advertised an ambition for a city where citizens can wander all its avenues without fear. But, he says, "my vision of San Francisco is beyond that. This is the most diverse city, ethnically, culturally, in the world. Which moves it into *real* greatness."

By the late summer, Brown had still managed only glancing moves, for the most part, against the complex of plights that San Francisco shares with other cities. But a key figure in the city's inner company of custodial Medicis, an attorney named William Coblentz, attests that, at the least, "he *is* moving this tanker we've got here. That takes time, you know. A tanker's a big thing to move. But, if anybody can do it, it's Willie."

For the time being, Brown has found that "you don't even have to be delivering if people have just the perception you're really trying—they'll stay with you." On arriving at a downtown restaurant one morning, he was momentarily detained by the doorman, who complained about the scarcity of cabs operating in the city. Brown said later, "If I never do another thing for that doorman out there, if I can get a hundred new cab permits, he doesn't give a shit whether I *ever* fix Muni. His judgment of me is based upon my responding to his needs—and not on an *ongoing* basis but on a onetime basis. In Sacramento,



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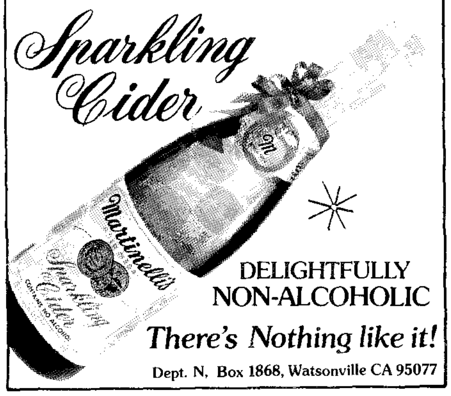

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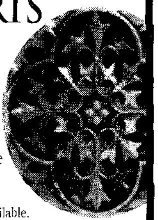

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you had to renew your vows every day."

Surprisingly, Brown has turned out to be—also like classic mayors, whatever the varying sizes of their cities—a consummate, exuberant *village* mayor, endlessly whisking about San Francisco. On one Saturday this summer, he went to an early-morning Muni "Bus Roadeo," on Pier 80, then to an artists'-guild exhibit on a downtown terraced piazza, then to a dedication ceremony for a daisy-freckled playground named for a Samoan youth slain in a drive-by shooting, and then to a martial-arts festival in Union Square. When Brown later dropped by a night club's Latino-jazz festival, a waitress asked, "How many other places you going?"

"How many places are there?" Brown replied merrily.

But Brown professes to have no real urges for any other places beyond San Francisco: "I'm rooted to the mayorship now. And that won't alter until it's clear that this is the end of the rainbow." According to Blanche, though, he will probably never feel himself to have arrived at the end of that private rainbow of possibilities which originally drew him out of Mineola almost forty-five years ago: "He's never satisfied, of course. He's never going to get to that point where it's perfect."

While that may have impelled him in the past, Brown now insists, "This is it! This is it!" Indeed, in his ceaseless and ebullient circlings among the ethnic multivariousness of his city's citizenry, there begins to emerge an ironic possibility: these many years since Mineola, and, long after it appeared in Sacramento that he had surely arrived with a vengeance, it may actually be only now, as mayor of San Francisco, that he has come into his truest, most natural moment—has finally found his political home, at least.

As it happened, it was Blanche who held the Bible for Brown's swearing in as mayor. Curiously, through all the years of Brown's compulsive political prospecting, the two have still not got around to a divorce, or even a legal separation. Their three children have long been grown, but Brown continues to respond in dutiful husbandly fashion when called by Blanche to attend to an overflowing sink, to a stalled car. When she fell ill several years ago, he immediately went to the hospital and began supervising arrangements for her care.

One morning last August, Blanche sat tidily perched, in a long floral-print skirt, on a couch in the spacious front

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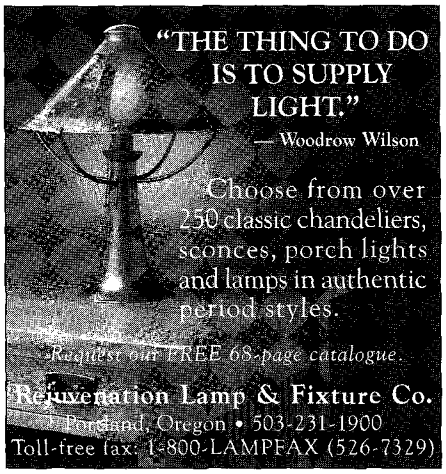

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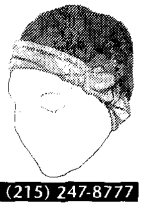

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room of her home, on the hill above Haight-Ashbury—a small woman with close-cropped silver-stippled hair, gold hoop earrings, a bright, open face, and a ready, quick-welling laugh. The rooms around her, in which African-Caribbean artifacts were placed about, were large and hushed. "I don't know why we are still in the same spot that we are," she remarked. "But he's comfortable with it, and so am I. I'm still his family and he's still my husband. He takes care of me when I need to be taken care of."

She, in turn, still appears at most of his fund-raisers, and, she says, he always devises some circumlocutionary way to introduce her there—"something like 'the mother of my children.' " Asked if the occasional introduction of his current girlfriend as well at these events nettled her at all, she says, "Not now. There were times right after we broke up when I didn't go to any functions because it was difficult for me to see him sitting at another table, with another woman. But, as time has gone on, it's fine. I look at all the different companions he has, and some of them are—are nice to me. And then some of them"—she gives a lightly belling laugh—"*aren't.*" But, she says, he always gets around, sooner or later, to introducing them to her, and even telling her about a new one on the phone. Or sometimes, before he can, "they introduce themselves to me, and it's like 'Who are *you*?' I can't keep up with all of them."

John Dearman says, "Want to know the truth? I think he still loves her." And it is Dearman's fond conjecture that they will eventually reconverge. When this speculation was passed on to Brown, he simply grinned and gave a long, low, chugging chortle, and later Blanche herself responded with a bright laugh. "My God, the man's *sixty-two!*"

IN the end, these many years after fleeing Mineola, Brown may have found that the price of prospering so sensationally in that other world in California is to have been left with a certain loneliness in it. On Saturdays, he occupies himself with taking his clothes to the laundry and "all those weekend chores." Often, he will pass virtually an entire Sunday in a multiplex cinema, going from one movie to another. "I go in when it opens, to the ten-o'clock movie, and see every movie that's there," he admits. "Even the bad ones. All day." John Burton, who has attended some of Brown's birthday parties, recalls

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that "at the last one I asked somebody sitting next to me, 'How many people would be here if he wasn't mayor?' " Burton also recalls that around Christmas in 1982, when Brown was Speaker, "he called me up and invited me to a New Year's Eve party, and I didn't want to go, but he called me about three times, so I figured, Well, I guess he really wants me there—I think I might be the only guy he still sees, like, going back, you know." Burton continues, "The party was in the back room of a restaurant called the Imperial Palace, and there were some guys I didn't know, Jennifer O'Neill, the actress." Burton then remembered the Christmases, back in the early sixties, when he and Brown and several other friends would gather with their families for holiday convocations at a lake in the north, and now, at this party, in 1982, Burton says, "I see him just looking around. And he knows the difference." As Burton puts it, "his public service has cost him a lot of—of him."

Brown now, at the end of coursing about the city each day, returns to his seventeenth-floor apartment, on Cathedral Hill. On first entering its emptiness, Brown says, "I find myself returning telephone calls." The apartment is surprisingly small and simple, resembling a middling-expensive hotel suite: the living room, in pale tones of tan and beige, holds a couch covered in a sand-white fabric, and on a dull-peach marble-tiled floor are a few Oriental rugs in geometric black-and-brown patterns. Along with a large modern painting, consisting of streaks looking like an overview of a freeway interchange, and a few pieces of sleekly abstract sculpture, there are, resting near one wall, the small carved figures of an elderly black country couple, the bearded man seated in a wooden chair, in red long johns, with his feet in a washtub.

Blanche believes that Brown "probably rather enjoys going back to that apartment," and adds, "There's no one there, and he can sit in front of his TV, and play his jazz, his blues. I think it's a relief to him not to have anybody else around." But at times Brown will stand up and go over to the glass windows of his living room, which overlook San Francisco's downtown, including City Hall—a majestic cityscape, reaching on to the Bay Bridge and the glittering sheen of the open bay itself. "It's unbelievable, the rush you get from it," he says. "It's great to look out there and know that you are mayor of *everything*—as far as you can see." ♦

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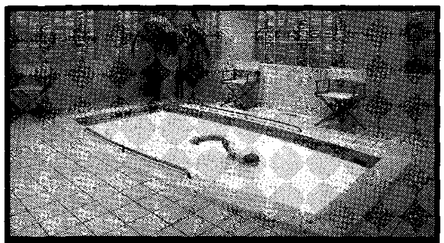

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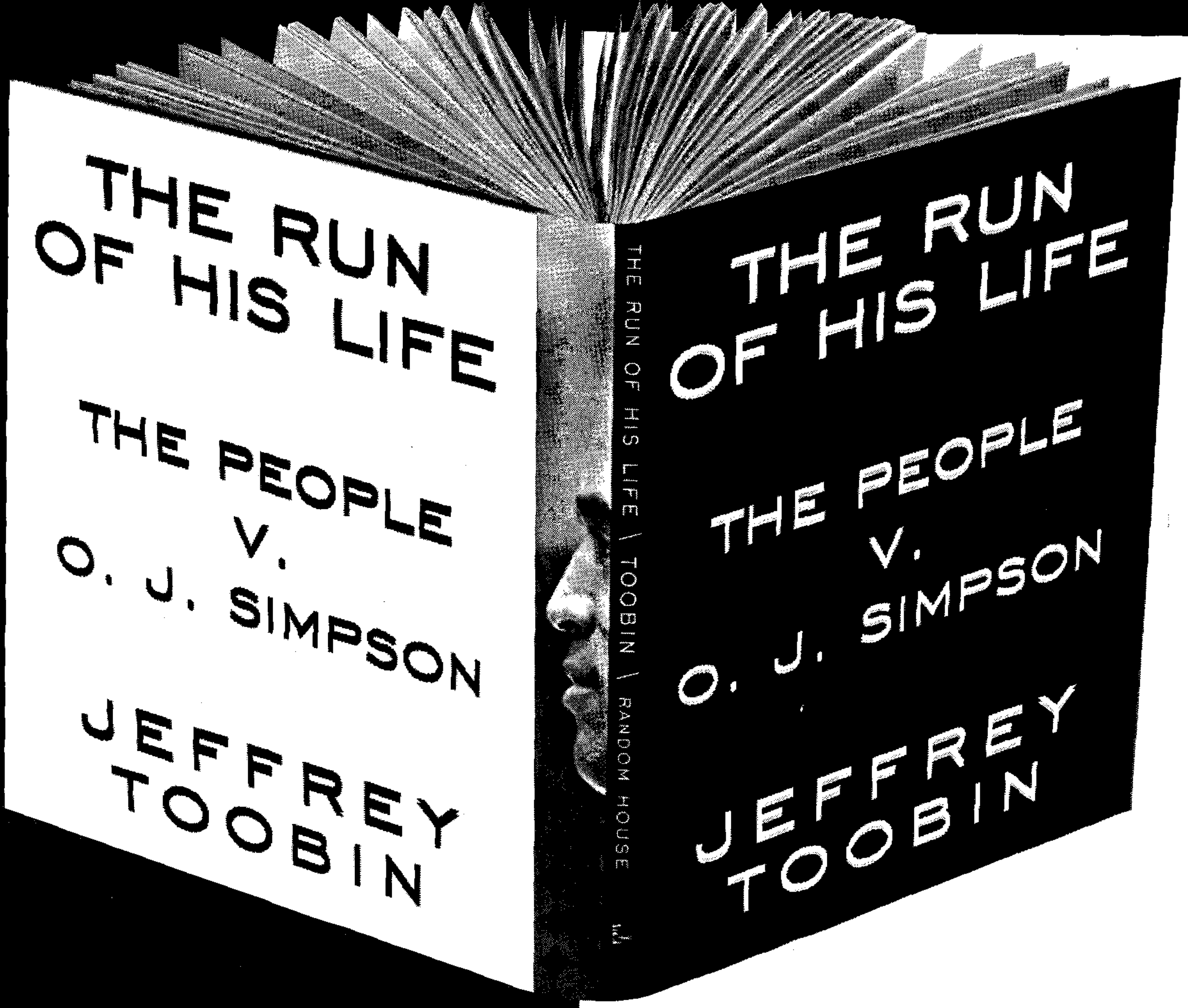
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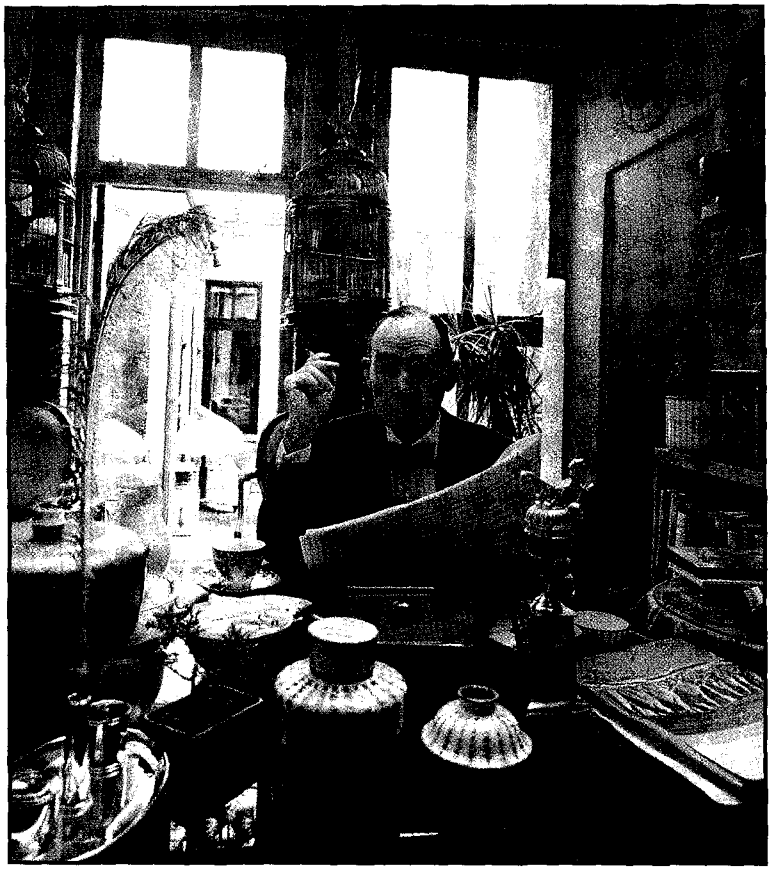
SOCIAL HISTORY

THE RUINS OF GEORGETOWN

For years, state policy was planned around its dinner tables—so why did it end?

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

IN the decades after the Second World War, Georgetown, the oldest part of the nation's capital, was the capital of the Cold War—a compact community whose members were at the epicenter of the foreign-policy establishment as well as of Washington society. The most famous story about Georgetown, and "the Georgetown set," illustrates its intimacy. The incident, now legendary, is often told as if what happened at about two in the morning on January 21, 1961, had been carefully planned. But that is not how Susan Mary Alsop tells it.



Joseph Alsop at home in 1969. His career framed the natural life of the Georgetown set from its start to its real finish.

FRED J. MAROON

The day after the election of John F. Kennedy, the columnist Joseph Alsop had sent him a personal letter. To say today that Alsop was a columnist does not begin to explain his presence in Washington, for he was influential not only in reporting and analyzing events but in creating them. Far from being an ink-stained wretch from the "Front Page," he was to the manner born and had become a social arbiter of the town; he had also befriended Kennedy when the young Massachusetts senator was living in a town house on N Street. "Dear Mr. President," Alsop's letter began, and it went on to say that he wanted to be the first to address Kennedy as "Mr. President." Then Alsop explained that Kennedy's new role would transform their previous relationship. "I do feel that I've lost a friend while gaining a President," he wrote. Susan Mary Alsop, the columnist's widow, says, "Jack was upset by it. Joe meant it to be helpful."

After the swearing in and the flurry of Inaugural Balls, Mrs. Alsop recounts, Kennedy retired for the first time to the White House. Jacqueline Kennedy, exhausted, immediately went to sleep. "He wandered about the White House nervously," Mrs. Alsop goes on. "The place had a foreboding, gloomy feel, and he didn't know where the light switches were. He wanted a drink. He didn't know how to order one, or where they kept the drinks. He stumbled about and had the bright idea of Joe. He just thought he'd walk over." The Secret Service trailed him, and persuaded him to get into the Presidential limousine. He knocked on the door at 2720 Dumbarton Avenue, and waited in falling snow for it to open. Alsop poured champagne and heated up some terrapin soup. (Other accounts state that Kennedy went straight to Alsop's after an Inaugural Ball.) Kennedy didn't return to the White House until after three in the morning.

Mrs. Alsop believes that Joe's letter may have been the catalyst for the visit. "Maybe that's why he burst in on Joe," she says. Whether planned or not, Kennedy's appearance on Alsop's doorstep revealed not only the columnist's extraordinary influence but the essence of Georgetown itself: Kennedy's home town was no longer Brookline, Massachusetts, where he had lived only during his boyhood. Nor was it any of the other places where his father had bought houses—Bronxville, Palm Beach, Hyannis Port. Kennedy's true home town, if he had one, was Georgetown, and his late-night call on Alsop was no less than a homing instinct. The torch had indeed been passed. Camelot was Georgetown, and Camelot was only a garden party away.

THE Georgetown set, as it had become known by the nineteen-fifties, had its beginnings in the New Deal, when government began to grow exponentially. Georgetown was originally patented, in 1703, as the Rock of Dunbarton by Ninian Beall, a Scottish soldier who had fought against Cromwell and then, in exile, rose to become commander-in-chief of the Provincial Forces of Maryland. By 1751, the Rock had grown into a tobacco port, and it was then incorporated as George, in honor of George II. After the Revolution, in a deal struck between Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson in 1790, the federal city was established at George Town and came to be called Washington. Yet Georgetown has retained a separate identity ever since, with a relatively small population, distinct geographical bound-

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aries, and rows of Federal-style town houses, some quite small and others, despite modest façades, mansions with elaborate grounds. Its peak was the New Frontier, when many of the decisions in the councils of state were made among neighbors. And its fall was the Vietnam War: the shattering of the foreign-policy establishment and the shattering of Washington society were one and the same thing.

Polly Fritchey, who is married to the former journalist Clayton Fritchey, and was previously married to Frank Wisner, the Central Intelligence Agency's chief of covert action, says of the era after the Second World War, "Most of us lived in Georgetown. Frank and I were close to Avis and Chip, and Kay and Phil." Avis was married to Charles (Chip) Bohlen, a State Department expert on the Soviet Union, who became the United States Ambassador there in 1953 and, nine years later, Ambassador to France. Kay and Phil were the Grahams, the owners of the Washington *Post*. "There were Tracy and Janet Barnes, Dick Bissell. I was fond of Desmond FitzGerald." Barnes, Bissell, and FitzGerald were senior C.I.A. officials. "We did go to dinner at Mrs. Longworth's, the formal dinners on S Street." Alice Roosevelt Longworth was the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt and the wife of Nicholas Longworth, who was the Speaker of the House from 1925 to 1931. "The Sunday-night suppers were started by the Bohlens, the Joyces, and ourselves." The reference is to Robert and Jane Joyce; Bob was a State Department official. "And there were Joe and Tish and Stew": the Alsops; Stewart was Joe's brother and column-writing partner. "Very informal. Each brought a pot of stew. No protocol. As Joe took over more and more, we expanded. There were the Harrimans"—W. Averell Harriman—"the McCloys"—John J. McCloy was head of the World Bank and later High Commissioner of Germany—"and the Achesons"—Dean Acheson was Truman's Secretary of State. "We didn't see Drew Pearson. Nobody trusted him." Pearson wrote the "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column from 1932 to 1969, when it was taken over by his assistant, Jack Anderson. "Everybody saw Lippmann"—the grand columnist Walter Lippmann—"but this sort of thing wasn't particularly him. And Scotty and Sally didn't particularly like to go out." Scotty was James Reston, the bureau chief and columnist for the *Times*. Later, the columnist Joe Kraft, who was a speechwriter for J.F.K. in the 1960 campaign, and his wife, Polly, an artist, became regulars.

Ward Just, who was a reporter for the Washington *Post* and a chronicler of the interior life of Washington in his early short stories and novels, says, "There isn't any doubt that during the nineteen-fifties, and maybe up to 1968, Georgetown was the center of things in Washington. I lived on Thirty-fourth Street. There were people like me all over the place. It was still fairly cheap to live there. As Balzac said, the harlots high and low were in that city."

Joe Alsop was the imposing host of Georgetown, and his soirées featured ten or twelve guests around his dining-room table. There would be the important and sage, the middle-rank and up-and-coming, the young and brilliant. Alsop would peer through his round tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses at the assemblage and demand talk around his own Topic A. Ward Just, who "departed that wonderful city for good and all in 1973," recalls dinners where domestic politics were never mentioned but Soviet throw weights were a matter of heated dispute. When officials from the C.I.A. spoke, their words carried extra meaning: What were they *not* saying that could be inferred from their remarks? The women around the table would smile knowingly, their eyes would brighten, and they would rarely speak.

"There was never a dinner just to have a dinner," Susan Mary Alsop says. "It was a friend passing through, often an English friend. One dinner that comes to mind was just before the Cuban missile crisis." J.F.K. was there, and Chip Bohlen was about to leave for Paris as Ambassador. "Joe thought it'd be a good idea to have the French Ambassador. The Phil Grahams. Joe persuaded Isaiah Berlin, who was in Cambridge, to come down." Alsop had become close to the political philosopher while serving as an attaché at the British Embassy during the Second World War. "Joe went in for general conversation. He would say to someone, 'What do you think of this?'—some ghastly thing. Everyone would stop, and then everyone would enter in. That night, the President made general conversation. Joe and Isaiah didn't notice that the President asked, twice, 'What in his-

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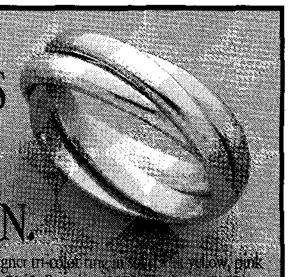

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tory did the Russians do when another country pushed their backs against the wall?' It was days before the crisis."

The very name Georgetown, according to Ward Just, was "used as a code phrase, 'Georgetown thinks,' " and he explains, "You meant all these people—diplomats, journalists, making policy on an ad-hoc basis around the dinner tables, like courtiers to Louis XIV."

"Salonisma, that's what Susan Mary used to call it," says Marie Ridder, of the family that owns the Knight-Ridder communications company, who lived in Georgetown on and off for decades and has now moved across the Potomac, to McLean, Virginia. "When I think of a Georgetown lunch," Mrs. Ridder goes on, recalling one afternoon during the Second World War, "I think of Sunday lunch at the Achesons'. Mr. Acheson went around the table and asked people their opinion of the Second Front. I was sixteen. General Marshall was on one side. 'Now, girls,' Mr. Acheson said, 'don't be shy. Whatever you say will be just as good as what anybody else says.' "

AT the start, Washington struck observers as being more like a rustic village, a county seat, than like the nation's center; Georgetown was the only long-settled area. As the buildings and monuments of Washington rose, visitors were reminded of ruins. Henry Adams, in the "Education," recalled his boyhood impression of a city of "white Greek temples in the abandoned gravel-pits of a deserted Syrian city." The image might have represented just as well the fates of the Presidencies of his New England grandfather and great-grandfather in this Southern swamp.

In 1877, Adams left the confines of Harvard for Washington, where he would write his masterwork, "History of the United States During the Administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison." In his large house at 1607 H Street, across Lafayette Park from the White House, he and his wife, Clover, established the headquarters of a long-lasting social set. When Henry James famously referred to Washington as "the city of conversation," what he meant was Adams and his friends.

Three years after the Adamses set up housekeeping, a novel about the Washington social scene, entitled "Democracy," by an author who was anonymous, was published, to much speculation about who had written it. Few guessed that it was Adams. In the book, he described the travails of Mrs.

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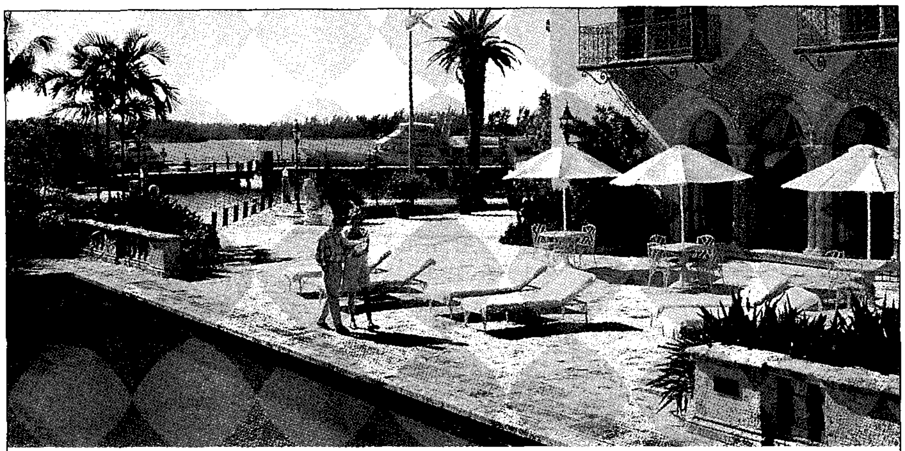
A more modern-day Lightfoot Lee—the social star and terror of Theodore Roosevelt's Washington—was his first daughter, Alice. Alice (or Princess Alice, as she was known) was endowed with a standing above all others, and she augmented it by marrying Speaker Longworth. Alice was loyal to "Father," with an emphatic capital "F." She felt that she had the liberty to say anything, and did. She hated President Wilson—she once stood outside the White House to cast a hex on him—and she regarded her cousins Eleanor and Franklin as interlopers from the moment they turned up in town, in 1913, when Franklin was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy and they became regulars at Henry Adams's. By the time of their advent in the White House, she considered them usurpers; she entertained at parties by giving wicked imitations of Eleanor. Soon another Roosevelt cousin showed up in her drawing room: Joseph Alsop V. He was the son of Theodore Roosevelt's niece Corinne Robinson and of Joseph Alsop IV, who was a member of an old Yankee family—a gentleman farmer and an insurance-company president. Joe Alsop's career framed the natural life of the Georgetown set from its start to its real finish.

ALMOST everyone who rises to power in Washington comes from somewhere else. Even the most entrenched were once newcomers—from Henry Adams to Alice Roosevelt Longworth, from Joseph Alsop to Benjamin Bradlee. The Georgetown set largely shared the background of what Alsop called "the Wasp Ascendancy," but even then there were glaring exceptions, not the least being Katharine Graham. Her father, Eugene Meyer, was Jewish, was raised in California, and lived in New York. He settled in Washington in the mid-twenties, and was eventually appointed by President Herbert Hoover to head the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Federal Reserve. In 1933, he bought the bankrupt *Post* at auction from the McLean family, feckless local aristocrats. By the time the Georgetown set had assembled, in the late forties and early fifties, Katharine Graham was Old Washington, her family a standard of tradition. Yet even this tale of new money alchemized into



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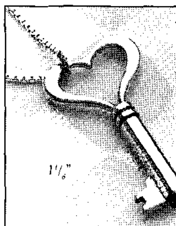

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old money is misleading. The Georgetown set was not shaped by the hydraulics of wealth.

As Robert W. Merry, in his recent biography "Taking On the World: Joseph and Stewart Alsop—Guardians of the American Century," recounts, Joe Alsop quickly became a central figure in the set's formation. Soon after his arrival in Washington, in 1935, as a twenty-five-year-old reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, Joe was invited by his mother's cousins Eleanor and Franklin to the White House to celebrate New Year's Eve. Cousin Alice invited him often. And Joe was sent invitations by the other grandes dames of local society.

At first, Alsop met the ancients—fellow-guests like the son of General George McClellan—who were known as the "cave dwellers," as if they had been there before anyone else arrived. Alsop, though, soon discovered—and vastly preferred—the energetic younger people who had been drawn to Washington as F.D.R.'s Brain Trust to create the modern American government. Many of them had settled in Georgetown, renting cheap houses in a section that respectable Washington thought of as a "Negro slum." The regulars of the new set included the President's assistants, the ebullient Tommy Corcoran and the ascetic Ben Cohen; the new chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, William O. Douglas, and his assistant, Abe Fortas; and a rangy congressman from Texas, Lyndon Baines Johnson. Alsop was now invited to the social occasions held by the mentor of the New Deal boys, Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter.

As the Second World War approached, the bedrock of Alsop's world view—his internationalism, the essence of belief of what became the Georgetown set—was being hammered into him by events. In 1940, just before the fall of France to the Nazis, he published a book, "American White Paper," about the difficulties that the Roosevelt Administration had in forging an internationalist foreign policy in the face of isolationist public opinion. F.D.R. quietly helped provide him with sources.

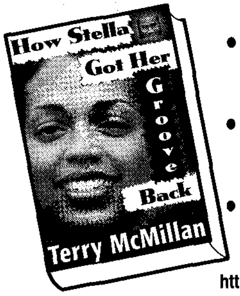
Alsop had begun writing his nationally syndicated column in 1937, and intervention in the war became his crusade. He joined a newly formed organization, the Century Group (which, according to legend, was founded at the Century Club, in New York), with the intention of arousing the public to action. Among other members whom Alsop became friendly with was Dean Acheson, a Washington lawyer and the son of an Episcopal bishop, who was born in Middletown, Connecticut.

Alsop had a splendid war: first, he was a prisoner of war in Hong Kong; then, after a prisoner exchange, he got F.D.R.'s closest aide, Harry Hopkins (who lived on N Street before he moved into a room in the White House), to have him assigned to the lend-lease mission in China, and there he became the confidant of the circle around Chiang Kai-shek. Stewart Alsop had a lovely war, too, participating in the secret Operation Jedburgh mission of the Office of Strategic Services. He parachuted into France and wound up leaving London with a young English bride, Tish Hankey. There was no greater glamour than that attached to the O.S.S., which after the war was transformed into the C.I.A.

In December of 1945, Joe and Stew began writing a syndicated column together, "Matter of Fact," and also longer political pieces, for the *Saturday Evening Post*, which was then the great mass magazine of Middle America. On the subject of the Cold War, Stew and Joe were of a single mind. They beat an incessant tocsin for toughness toward the Soviets. Their points of reference were the interventionist points that had been salient in the debate before the American entry into the war: preparedness and non-appeasement.

THE first inrush into Georgetown had been during the New Deal, and the second had come during the war. Then, after the war, the national-security structure that had been built up was expanded greatly to fight the Cold War, for which Georgetown became home base. The Washington branch of the establishment—the Georgetown set—was hardly an oligarchy or an aristocracy. Its social coherence did not derive from old-school ties, though there had been old schools. It did not come from inherited wealth, though for many there were trust funds. Its crucible was the Second World War. "The wartime associations just carried on," says William Bundy, who served as Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs during the Kennedy Administration. "There was a level of trust, from having shared in a highly successful national enterprise—the opposite of what you have now."

Those who led the newly created C.I.A. had all had good wars, and most had been bored with a return to civilian



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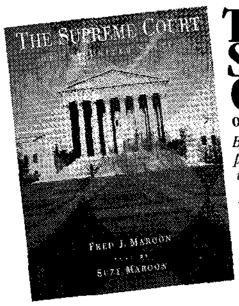

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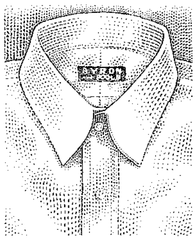

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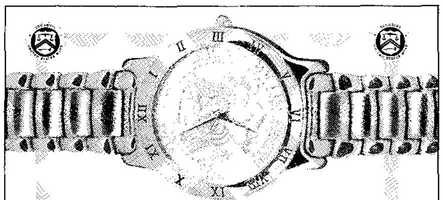

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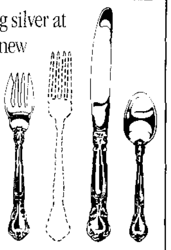

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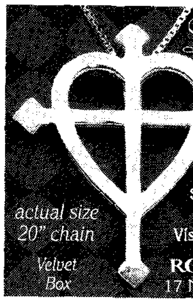

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life and the humdrum of corporate law. Once they had settled in Georgetown, they lent the place an air of bravado. Tracy Barnes, who had worked with Frank Wisner at Carter Ledyard, on Wall Street, in the nineteen-thirties, "missed the war," according to his wife, Janet, as Evan Thomas reports in his engrossing 1995 chronicle "The Very Best Men—Four Who Dared: The Early Years of the CIA." "When Frank was asked, he was bored with being in New York," his former wife, Polly Fritchey, says. "It all came out of the O.S.S. and what to do with intelligence. . . . We in the C.I.A. were very, very close. We were close to Allen"—Allen Dulles, the director of the C.I.A. "He'd come to Sunday-night suppers. . . . We all had connections to the British and worked with them in intelligence during the war. We all kept up with the old friends."

Alsop soon became the set's Cold War panjandrum. In 1949, he built a house according to his own design, using cinder block and sprayed-on stucco, and decorated the interior with Japanese prints and screens, Ming vases, and eighteenth-century French antiques. He adapted the old formalities to his own ends, hiring a Filipino couple to serve as butler and maid and as cooks, and holding regular dinner parties. It was at one Alsop party—held on June 24, 1950—that word came that the Republic of Korea had been invaded by the North.

The early postwar years may have been the dawn of the American century, but Korea was a grim, seemingly interminable war, which undermined the confidence formed in the Second World War. Senator Joseph McCarthy rose to prominence on reports of American forces' being overwhelmed by Chinese hordes at the Yalu River and on investigations of Communist infiltration into the United States government. The conviction of Alger Hiss, a former State Department official, on perjury charges relating to accusations of espionage activities on behalf of the Soviet Union provided McCarthy with a model for what he wished to do to the members of the Georgetown set, a number of whom—most notably Acheson—refused to denounce Hiss.

From the start, both Alsops were champions against McCarthyism, which Joe called the "native fascist party." Twice, Joe was summoned before congressional subcommittees. The *Herald Tribune* started to buckle: it held up a column by Alsop, and even assailed him in an edito-

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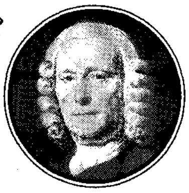

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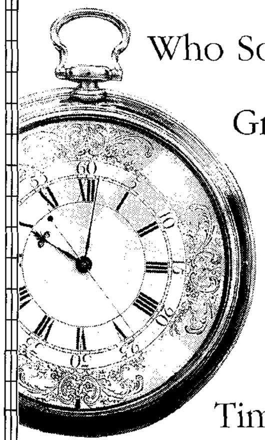

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rial. But Alsop's opposition to McCarthy, which remained steadfast throughout, helped to precipitate McCarthy's downfall.

Georgetown was a place of public power and of deep secrets—personal and state. The division between journalism and officialdom was far more blurred than it is now, even though the revolving door between the two worlds now spins faster. And Georgetown was a neighborhood where public personages managed to lead private lives that remained, by today's standards, astonishingly private. Alsop had perhaps the most striking double life—renowned columnist and informal adviser to Presidents by day and evening, and homosexual adventurer by night—which was an extreme but not altogether atypical example. (Alsop's homosexuality made him especially vulnerable to McCarthy's attempt to smear him, and thus made his courage all the greater.) Consider Philip Graham, who struggled with manic depression, or the private life of J.F.K. It was not just the more discreet and deferential culture of the time that made it possible for Georgetown to keep its secrets; what made possible the self-containment of this political society was, above all, the atmosphere of war and the élite consensus it bred.

McCarthyism was a thoroughgoing threat to Georgetown, not only as an effort to bring liberal anti-Communism into disrepute but also as an effort to crush the social life that was inextricable from the politics. Before 1941, the people whom Acheson called "primitives" had been isolationists; now they had assumed the garb of anti-Communist crusaders. As far as the Georgetowners were concerned, this was the old battle with the Republican right in a new key, and the siege bound the set more tightly together than ever. "The McCarthy period was the worst period of my life," Mrs. Fritchey says. "Frank and my friends were attacked, careers were ruined."

For the Georgetown set, the fifties were terrifying years, and its members desperately wanted to escape from what they collectively felt was a low, dishonest decade. Their means appeared in the shape of John F. Kennedy.

A MONTH after Kennedy's post-midnight visit to Alsop's Georgetown home, Alsop married Susan Mary; she was a descendant of John Jay, who was one of the Founding Fathers, and she was the widow of William Patten, who was an

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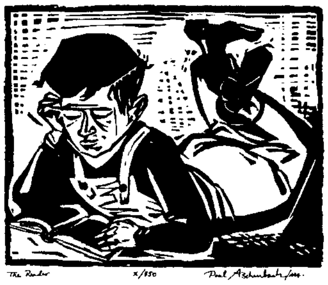

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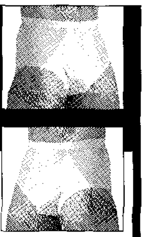

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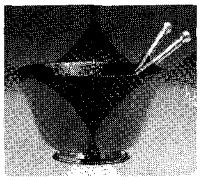

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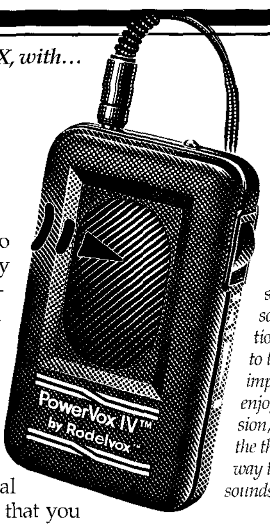
American diplomat and an integral member of the set. In Susan Mary, Alsop had a companion and an elegant hostess. Their dinners sparkled. Alsop, who had long been a Kennedy confidant, was probably closer to Jackie than to Jack. "Joe, unlike the Kennedys, could talk to her about eighteenth-century French furniture, architecture—you know, style," Susan Mary Alsop says.

As for J.F.K., Joe "liked him a lot, used to go to that ramshackle house on N Street," Mrs. Alsop says. "Joe always said there was a half-eaten sandwich on the mantelpiece." His greatest gift to Kennedy was his invention of the so-called "missile gap" with the Soviet Union, which Kennedy used to enormous effect in the 1960 campaign: it allowed him to attack Nixon for softness and lack of preparedness. Kennedy, to Alsop, was not only a source of social charm but someone who could uphold an Alsopian standard of Cold War militance. J.F.K.'s assassination plunged Alsop into profound mourning.

Alsop knew Lyndon Johnson, of course—he had known him since he was a New Deal congressman, and had even joined with Phil Graham in lobbying Kennedy at the 1960 Convention to name Johnson his running mate—and Stew Alsop also knew him. But it was not the same. Averell Harriman confided to Susan Mary Alsop a sentiment that she says "summed it up for many of us": "When Kennedy was alive was the last time I felt young." By then, American advisers had been sent to Vietnam.

In time, the Vietnam War became the nemesis of the Cold Warriors of the Georgetown set, and the confidence that had been ingrained in them by the Second World War and had been only muted by the fifties became the sign of their hubris. Joe Alsop, the Asia expert, led the charge. During the Eisenhower Administration, Alsop had translated the Munich analogy into the domino theory, which laid out with iron logic how one country after another would fall to Communism if there was appeasement in Vietnam. By 1965, Alsop was goading L.B.J. to escalate the war. He was among the first to use the terms "hawk" and "dove" to describe the division of public opinion; the words applied to what proved to be irrevocable splits within Georgetown.

In 1966, the Washington *Post's* correspondent in Vietnam, Ward Just, who had been wounded by a grenade, was back in town. "Joe arranged that I be invited



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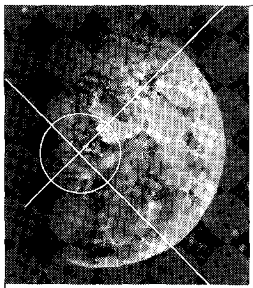

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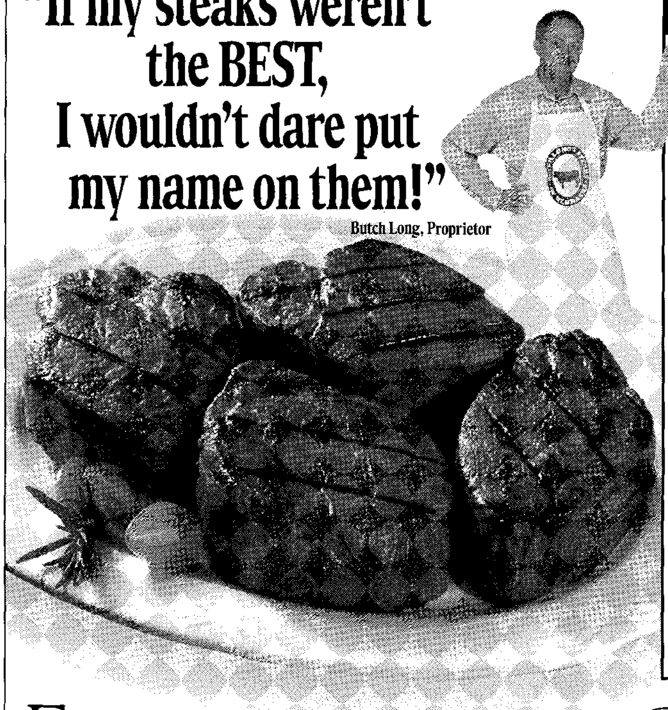

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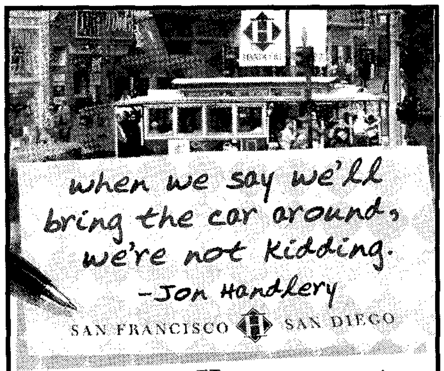

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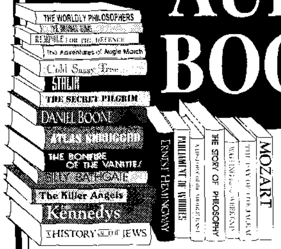
to a dinner party at the Secretary of Defense's house," Just says. Robert S. McNamara had become a great favorite in Georgetown. (Nearly thirty years later, the party launching his memoir, "In Retrospect," in which he called the war "wrong, terribly wrong," was given by Katharine Graham.) "The idea was I would talk to him a little bit about the way I saw the war. I was fading fast. I wasn't seeing any progress, God knows. I walk in, and there's McNamara and his nice wife, Joe Alsop, Bobby Kennedy and Ethel, two or three Defense people, a senator. . . . The talk was all quite general. At dessert, everybody talked about Vietnam. Afterward, at that time in Washington, in places of that sort, the men and the women separated, the British way of doing things. We gents all went into a study, where the talk about Vietnam continued. What is odd about it: I do not believe I uttered a single sentence that whole evening. . . . It was evident it was staged so I would get on the team. They were pulling documents, captured enemy documents, out of their wallets—the latest stats and figures. They were not interested in anyone who had actually spent time there. They were like tourists."

Not long after this period, Alsop began shouting at people at dinner parties, not in the boisterous fashion of the past but in an anger that sometimes frightened people. He even accused those who disagreed with him of being Russian spies. Coming from someone who had had nasty experiences with Russian spies himself (in 1957, the K.G.B. had tried to blackmail him into becoming an agent by photographing him in bed with a young man in a Moscow hotel) and with McCarthyism, this was a particularly tragic derangement. "I had to listen to Joe's tirades," Mrs. Fritchey says. "He was just cross with everyone because they wouldn't do what he said."

Late in 1967, with the war going badly and dissension growing at home, Alsop invited Harry McPherson, President Johnson's Special Counsel, to lunch at his home. McPherson recalls, "He would speak angrily of the 'doves' and of people within the Administration who were raising questions about what we were doing and the chances for success and the shortcomings of the South Vietnamese, and, when I stood up for people who had those doubts, Alsop really lectured me. Instead of my being able to vent my concerns in full, I simply found myself listening to this guy, who became almost apoplectic. . . .



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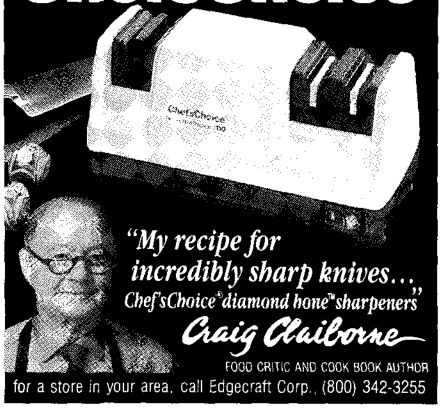

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The last hour, I said almost nothing, and Alsop poured out his contempt for all the people I thought were raising some damned good questions." When McPherson left in his White House limousine, he says, "Alsop was standing outside the front door . . . shaking his finger at me."

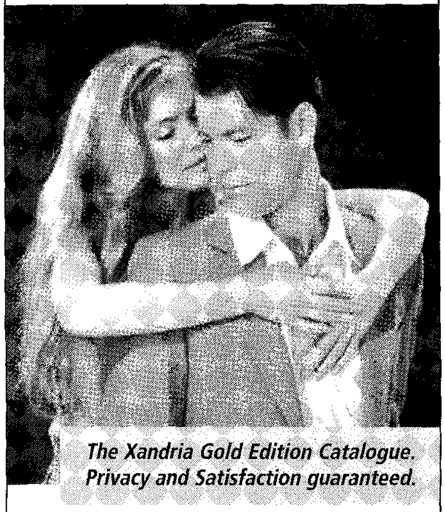
By now, Alsop was widely seen as having become a self-parody. In 1970, Art Buchwald—who was a former columnist for the *International Herald Tribune* and a pal of Ben Bradlee's, and had moved to Georgetown in 1962 to become the Washington *Post's* resident humorist—wrote a play, "Sheep on the Runway," that ridiculed a columnist named Joe Mayflower, who creates a splendid little war in a remote land so he can write about it. Alsop threatened to sue, but his friends convinced him that he would only make matters worse.

In time, members of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations who had belonged to the Georgetown set, like McGeorge Bundy and William Bundy, left town. So did Walter Lippmann, who had been as much a pillar as Alsop. Lippmann was neither an outsider by nature nor combative, like Alsop, but in his opposition to the war he became increasingly isolated in Washington, and disillusioned. In 1967, he moved to New York.

The Georgetown set had borne many burdens in the Cold War and had paid a high price. Frank Wisner retired from the C.I.A. in 1962, suffering from manic depression; he killed himself four years later. Phil Graham committed suicide in 1963. Richard Bissell became a scapegoat for the failed Bay of Pigs invasion, early in the New Frontier, and was forced out of the C.I.A. Tracy Barnes was fired in 1966. Desmond FitzGerald, a quiet skeptic of the war in Vietnam, died suddenly on a tennis court in 1967. In 1970, Stewart Alsop wrote that "the old Wasp élite . . . is dying and it may be dead."

THE only person anyone in the Georgetown set knew who was really friendly with Richard Nixon was, perhaps not surprisingly, Alice Longworth. By the late sixties, most of its members had serious qualms about the war, and Averell Harriman funded and was a supporter of the protests of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, which brought out millions of demonstrators across the country. But, true to form, Joe Alsop's favorite guest of honor at his dinners during the Nixon years was Henry Kissinger, his hope for Vietnam.

Nixon was suspicious of these invita-



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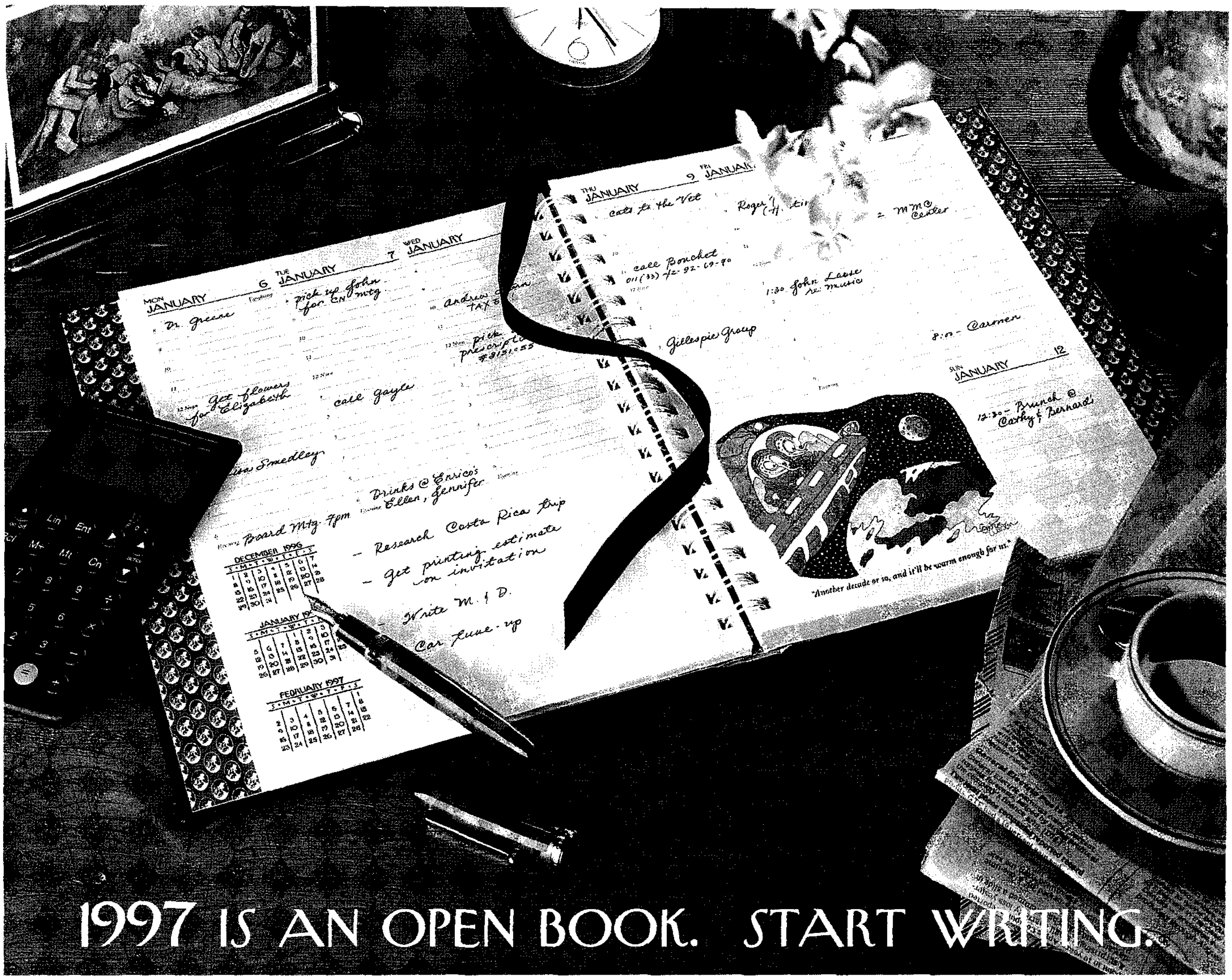
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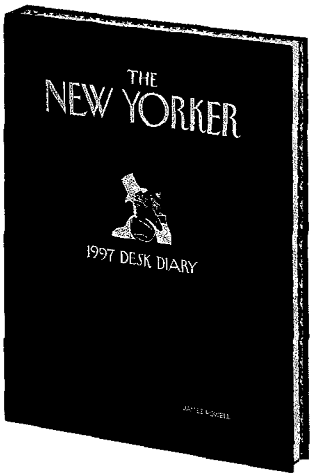
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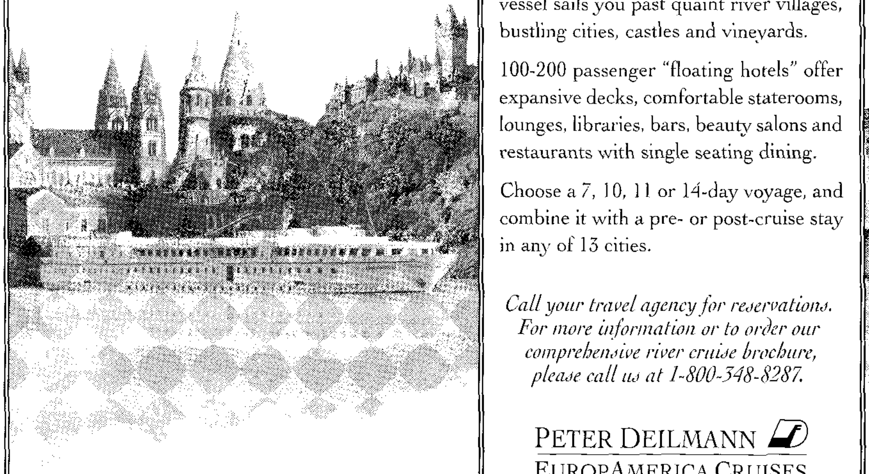
tions to Kissinger to join the epicenter of the despised establishment that had rejected him. But the President grasped how the last hawk could be used. H. R. Haldeman, the White House chief of staff, recorded in his diary for July 10, 1971, a conversation with "P" (the President) about Kissinger: "He has to quit seeing anyone from the *Times* or *Post* on any basis, including the columnists, except for Joe Alsop." According to Susan Mary Alsop, she and Joe found themselves at the Nixon White House once a year, for the annual birthday party that Nixon held for Mrs. Longworth. But under Nixon "the center"—Washington, the Georgetown set, even Alsop's personal life—could not hold. In 1973, Susan Mary, unable to bear Joe's insults and denigrations any longer, left him (though she remained the hostess for his dinners). By then, Nixon himself was being consumed by the Watergate scandal.

The year 1974 began with Chip Bohlen's death, on New Year's Day. In May, after a lingering bout with cancer, Stew died. "I really hate this city," Joe wrote in a letter to Isaiah Berlin.

Joe's last column, published in December of 1974, was an encomium to the past, a tribute to his friends and neighbors, who were in truth the community that had run the country's foreign policy. "The great Americans of the postwar period were the leaders I followed," he wrote. "Theirs were the ideas I shared (and still share). But all that is over now, for the postwar period is clearly at an end; and we have to find new bearings." He then retreated into a private, apolitical aestheticism. After writing a wonderful memoir, "I've Seen the Best of It," which simply stopped when it reached Vietnam, Alsop died, of cancer, in 1989.

Robert Merry's excellent "Taking On the World" wisely steers clear of pop psychology, but he does not manage to fully explain Alsop's cult of toughness. Joe Alsop was a fat, myopic, coddled boy, a closeted homosexual, who transformed himself into a Rough Rider. His perspective was that of an old-fashioned Rooseveltian, but his bully enthusiasms frequently had a serrated edge of hysteria, which was not shared by others of his political outlook or, in the case of his brother, genetic heritage. Another recent volume—"Joe Alsop's Cold War," by Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.—raises a larger question, which could be answered only at the Cold War's end. "Fortunately," he writes of the Alsop broth-



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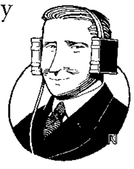

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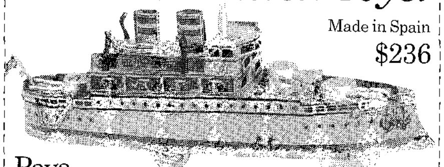

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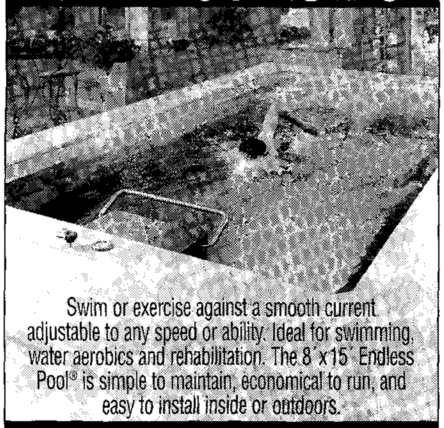
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ers, "their gloomier forebodings turned out to be not so much incorrect as inconsequential."

AFTER Watergate, the Washington whirl spun even faster than before, clustered around the *Post's* great editor, Ben Bradlee. But the Georgetown set was broken up. Bradlee, like many of its members, was to the manner born—he was a Crowninshield, an old New Englander, named for Madison's Secretary of the Navy—and he created himself as a cussing sailor and a roguish flouter of tradition. He was a bit in awe of his friend J.F.K., also from Massachusetts, for merging traits of Harp and Brahmin. Bradlee's period of precedence in Washington—from the mid-sixties through the eighties—was a time of Republican political dominance. The set that congregated around him and his wife, the journalist Sally Quinn—especially in their grand days, in the eighties, of holding court in a mansion that had belonged to Robert Todd Lincoln—was more a media pecking order than a new Georgetown set. With Bradlee's retirement as editor, five years ago, the last important power of the Second World War generation departed from the scene.

The succession of Presidents after Nixon served as markers of the slow decline of Georgetown in the sense of anyone's caring "what Georgetown thinks." When Jimmy Carter first arrived in town, the Fritcheys gave him a party with the usual suspects, and, according to Mrs. Fritchey, "he never responded." Mrs. Graham, of course, in her castle on R Street, reigned and reigned, like good Queen Victoria, but it was not until Ronald Reagan was elected that she became personally close to an occupant of the White House: like no other First Lady, Nancy Reagan, who was Mrs. Graham's contemporary, was eager for her friendship. Feeling somewhat vulnerable and insecure, Mrs. Reagan sought the approval of Georgetown. "She had her social secretary, Muffy Brandon, call up, asking several of us to have small ladies' luncheons for Mrs. Reagan," Susan Mary Alsop says. "We all did it. It wasn't cozy. She was shrewd as a fox. She wasn't going to be a friend of mine in a million years. I'm not interested in clothes and Hollywood gossip." But Mrs. Graham and Meg Greenfield, Mrs. Graham's close friend and the editor of the *Post's* editorial page, developed and maintained a real friendship with Mrs. Reagan. "She

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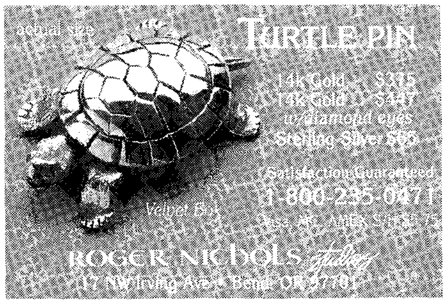
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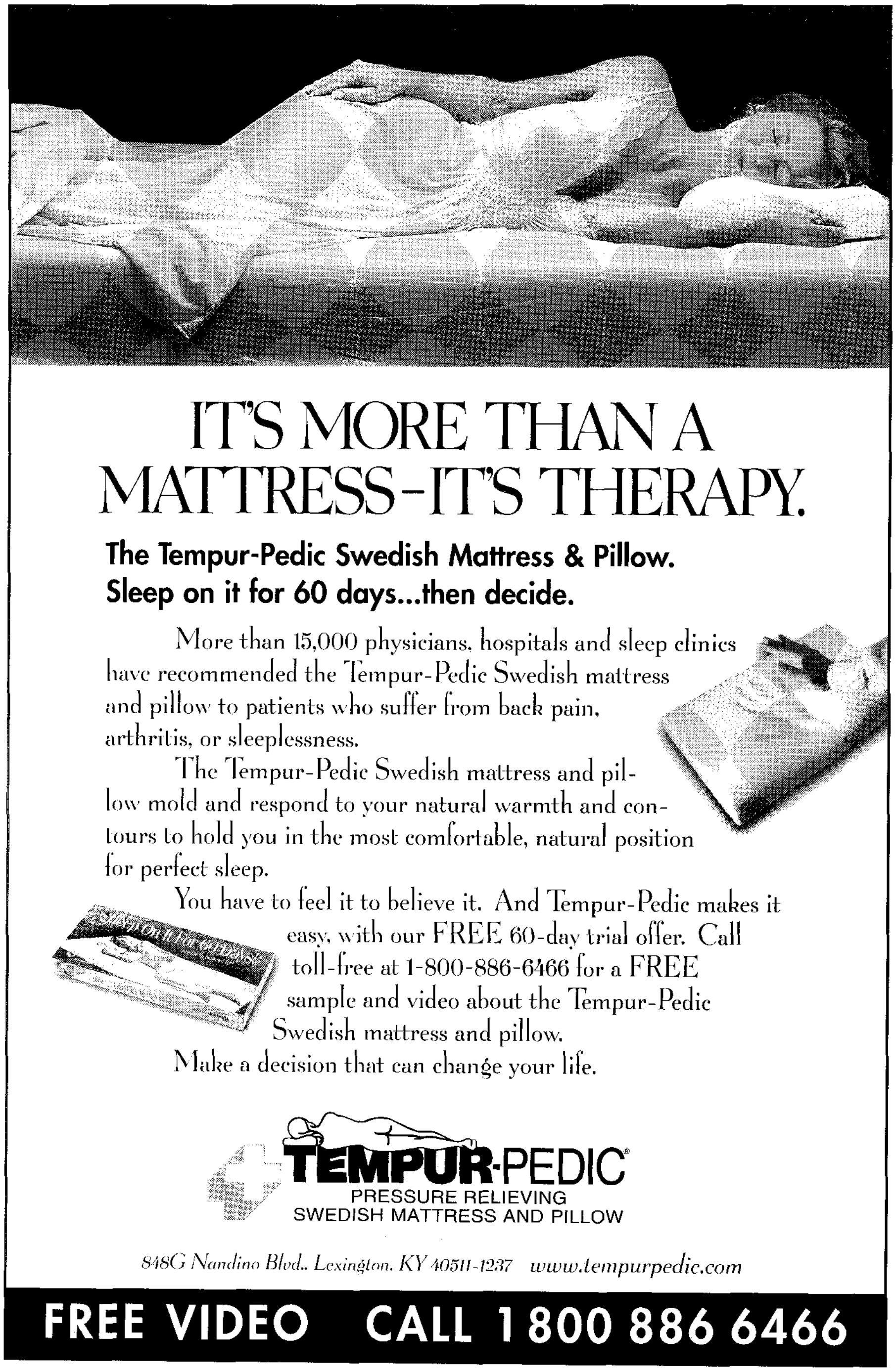
had the foresight to make friends of people who could possibly be her enemies," Gahl Burt, who served as Mrs. Reagan's social secretary after Muffy Brandon, said of her employer.

The Bushes, however, had no interest in Georgetown. "They stuck with a close little group of people," Mrs. Fritchey says. "We had them here one Sunday night for dinner. They looked as if they were having a bad time." But, through its social stagnation, the long Republican era fostered the complacent notion, even in Georgetown, that everything was just as it had been. Almost all the Republicans lived across the Potomac, and the few officials who came to Georgetown parties—George Shultz, Colin Powell—were anything but ideologues, and lent precisely the impression that the old days were prolonged, if enervated.

The women, many of them widows by now, kept up the social forms, but without the substance of power. Evangeline Bruce, the widow of David K. E. Bruce, who had been Ambassador to Britain (they met when he worked for the O.S.S. in wartime London, and he hired her as his assistant), was, even in her seventies, a woman of exceptional beauty, with a deep sensibility to literature and art. She held occasional Sunday brunches and small dinners. Her affairs took place under the nimbus of her husband—a diplomat, confidant to Presidents, and benefactor of the arts—who was aptly described by his biographer, Nelson D. Lankford, in the title of his book, "The Last American Aristocrat." Ronald Steel, the biographer of Walter Lippmann, was a frequent guest. "Evangeline said that we can't have a salon in Washington," he said. "A salon is about exchanging ideas, but Washington is about power. . . . By the time I was invited to some of these places, it seemed like one of the things you do but you shouldn't have illusions about. It was interesting, amusing, but not about power. All it was was pleasant." (Evangeline Bruce died late last year, and testimonials to her life were delivered at a memorial at the residence of the British Ambassador which was organized by Susan Mary Alsop and Katharine Graham.)

The only new force on the scene was Pamela Digby Churchill Hayward Harriman. In 1971, at a dinner party at Katharine Graham's, she saw Averell Harriman, with whom she had had an affair in wartime London, thirty years earlier. They soon married. Many of the remaining members



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of the Georgetown set regarded her as an adventuress. "Joe never liked her," Mrs. Alsop says. "I never liked her. I never trusted her. I liked her when she was down on her luck." But the aged Harriman beamed as his energetic wife set about making herself the *maîtresse* of the out-of-power Democrats. She used his money to do what nobody else deigned to do. She created a social center for the lower orders—chairmen of subcommittees of the House and obscure governors of distant states. One of those she befriended was Bill Clinton. And she was particularly instrumental in promoting the career of the rising diplomat and political player Richard Holbrooke. When Clinton was elected, he appointed her Ambassador to France. She might have finally prevailed as social arbiter in Washington, but she chose Paris.

THROUGH Bill Clinton's first two years in office, the main idea that some in Georgetown had about his Presidency was that without their wisdom he was lost—and that if they were appreciated as counsellors the legendary Georgetown would be restored. Clinton's early difficulties only proved that they were the true Washington and he was the naïve interloper, another Carter, even though he had invited almost all of them to small dinners at the White House. The most antipathetic tended to be those only a bit older than the Clintons—people in their fifties, too young to be part of the original Georgetown set but resting at the top of the media-dominated status hierarchy that froze during the Republican interregnum of the eighties. Most of their elders tended to be supportive.

But the Clinton Administration is of yet another generation. It is meritocratic to its core, composed of the middle class risen through the professions, and not emanating from the "Wasp Ascendancy." The bad war, not the good one, was their formative experience. Most important, the majority of the key players have since 1980 engaged in the effort to finesse and overcome the Republican era and are united by that enterprise. Whether this group constitutes the rudiments of a new establishment will take years to determine.

If it does, it will do so against the grain of the post-Alsop, and even the post-Bradlee, Washington press corps. Alsop operated on the postwar consensus in which assumptions were implicitly shared, including the idea that, whatever people's perspectives were on this or that event or issue, almost all those involved were basically on the same side. Bradlee was willing to challenge Nixon on the Pentagon Papers and on Watergate, but in doing so he always retained a firm sense of proportion between the significant and the trivial, between the true scandal, involving "a cancer on the Presidency," and a snark hunt. He had to take a sure measure because he assumed enormous risks. But the Washington media society of today is far more cloistered and rigid than the one of the past, even as it claims a greater worldliness and celebrity. The death of privacy and a ubiquitous wariness of unguarded talk in front of members of the press have further dampened the city of conversation. Skepticism has curdled into cynicism without substance; "attitude" substitutes for purpose; an antipolitical reflex parades as understanding; and commentators self-importantly preen on talk shows, though they're not important—the opposite of the Alsops, Lippmann, and Reston.

Washington has also been systematically riven by a well-funded conservative counter-establishment, which has come into being since the demise of Nixon with the aim of casting a deliberate shadow over what its members perceived as an overbearing "liberal establishment"—even as the Georgetown set crumbled. This élite has its institutes, think tanks, magazines, and columnists (from George Will, who arrived in Washington as a Republican Senate staffer, to William Safire, who came to write speeches for Nixon, and on down), and its regular social functions. The counter-establishment even has its own pantomime parody of the aristocratic hostess—Arianna Stassinopoulos Huf-

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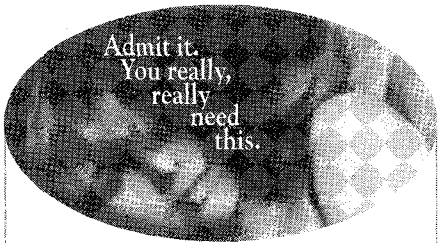

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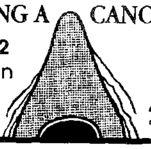

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fington, the New Age cultist, author of antifeminist and feminist works, and wife of the oil heir and failed United States Senate candidate Michael Huffington. The conservative crowd is intent on creating an alternative universe, with its own stars, solar systems, and constellations.

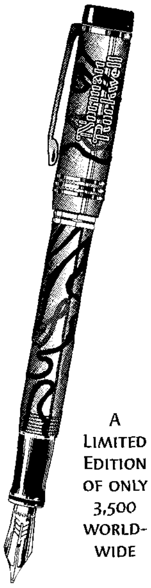
Bob Dole and his wife, Elizabeth, were among the most visible people in Washington, and yet also among the most isolated, even from these conservatives. For decades, Dole's life consisted of his apartment in the Watergate complex (where the couple only occasionally met) and the Senate. His identity lay almost completely within the confines of that institution, and his outside social life consisted of a few friends, such as Robert Strauss, a consummate Washington player, who, like the Doles, has a condominium in the Sea View complex in Bal Harbour, Florida—a complex whose lobby is decorated with pictures of Washington monuments.

The new, high-energy conservative social scene was supposed to have been organized around the Sun King of Newt Gingrich, but his collapse exposed the pretense of social authority before it was ever established. Now the new rightists' fervor is seen as mere factionalism, and has caused moderate Republicans to keep a distance from them. "I'm really fearful of the thirty-somethings," Gahl Burt says. "They're unbecoming and intolerant. I look at those older people—they're dignified, they have great perspective on world events, they're educated. I don't see who takes over from that."

"That's a kind of people that almost utterly doesn't exist anymore," Harry McPherson, L.B.J.'s Special Counsel, who is today a Washington attorney, reflects about the Georgetown set. "That class, that type, has vanished." He sees the set's members as being a part of their time, the long twilight struggle that has ended. "It's fragmented not only in terms of the people here but in terms of the enemy. That was a function of a long struggle against a giant enemy. How to address it—how to fight it and win it—was a matter of consuming interest, causing one to spend one's life on a daily basis. And it's over."

Once again, Washington presents a vista of ruins, but ruins constantly under construction.

"We're all so old or dead," Susan Mary Alsop says. "There's almost no one left. Just the Fritcheys and Kay and me, if you like. You see, they've all died. You see, they're gone. So on, and so on." ♦



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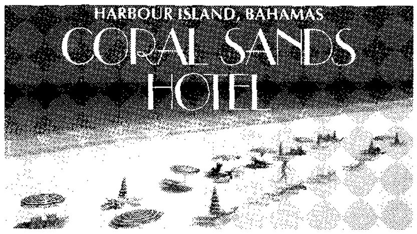

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CAMPAIGN '96: THE BOOKS

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Veuve Clicquot and Desenex
by Warren Phelps, with Tom DeFrank

Phelps was the night-duty concierge at Washington's Hotel Jefferson, where Clinton's *éminence noire* Dick Morris carried on his long affair with the prostitute Sherry Rowlands. In this rather padded book, he tells of Morris's distinctive late-night room-service requests. Apart from this newsbreak, Phelps's life has been generally uneventful. Readers are not likely to be enthralled by the lengthy chapters on his unhappy childhood in Wilkes-Barre or on the food allergies he experienced during his hotel-school training in Lausanne.

The Muck Starts Here
by Alex Castellanos, Greg Stevens, and Chris Mottola

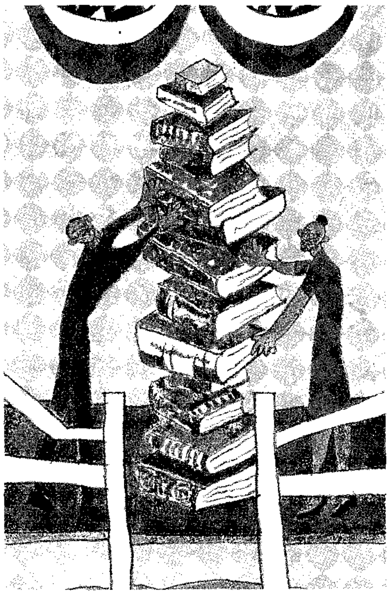
In September '96, the Dole campaign replaced its senior media advisers with a trio of attack-ad specialists. With instructions "from the top" to "do something—*anything*," they went to work on their infamous series of thirty-second spots designed to portray the Clinton White House as "a combination of 'All the King's Men' and 'Trainspotting.' " The signature ad showed a Clinton look-alike in the Oval Office snorting white powder next to a Trumanesque plaque inscribed with the title phrase. *First serial: Vanity Fair. Film rights to Miramax.*

Nibble Was Her Name: More Gore Family Tragedies
by Al Gore, with Leon Wieseltier

The title refers to Gore's childhood pet hamster, who he says died at the tender age of two. "The vet told us she might have lived to three," he writes, "or even more, possibly, if she'd stayed off her wheel." The scene of Nibble's burial in the backyard tobacco field plucks at the heartstrings. Even more poignant are the facts of Gore's own life, which has apparently not been easy: one winter, his St. Albans schoolmates dared him to lick a frozen stained-glass window, causing him to lose the skin off the tip of his tongue; and during basic training an Army drill instructor once called him a "pussy." The concluding chapter argues that Americans must "go the extra mile" of keeping plastic and aluminum separate at the recycling bin. *First serial: The New Republic.*

The October Surprise Has Been Moved Up to September
by Avi David

The author, who claims to be a former agent of Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service, says he was present at an August '96 meeting at the Ramadan Inn in Damascus between Massoud Rashid, one of Saddam Hussein's few surviving sons-in-law, and a high-ranking American official, identified only as "Hickes" and portrayed as spending most of his time "complaining about the hotel bills of someone named Morris." The purpose of the meeting was to start a military confrontation—"nothing too big"—between the United States and Iraq on the day the general-election campaign kicked off, in order for President Clinton to look tough and so that Saddam could "kill some more Kurds," a favorite Hussein pastime, while also "scaring the *hummus* out of his remaining sons-in-law." *First serial: American Spectator.*



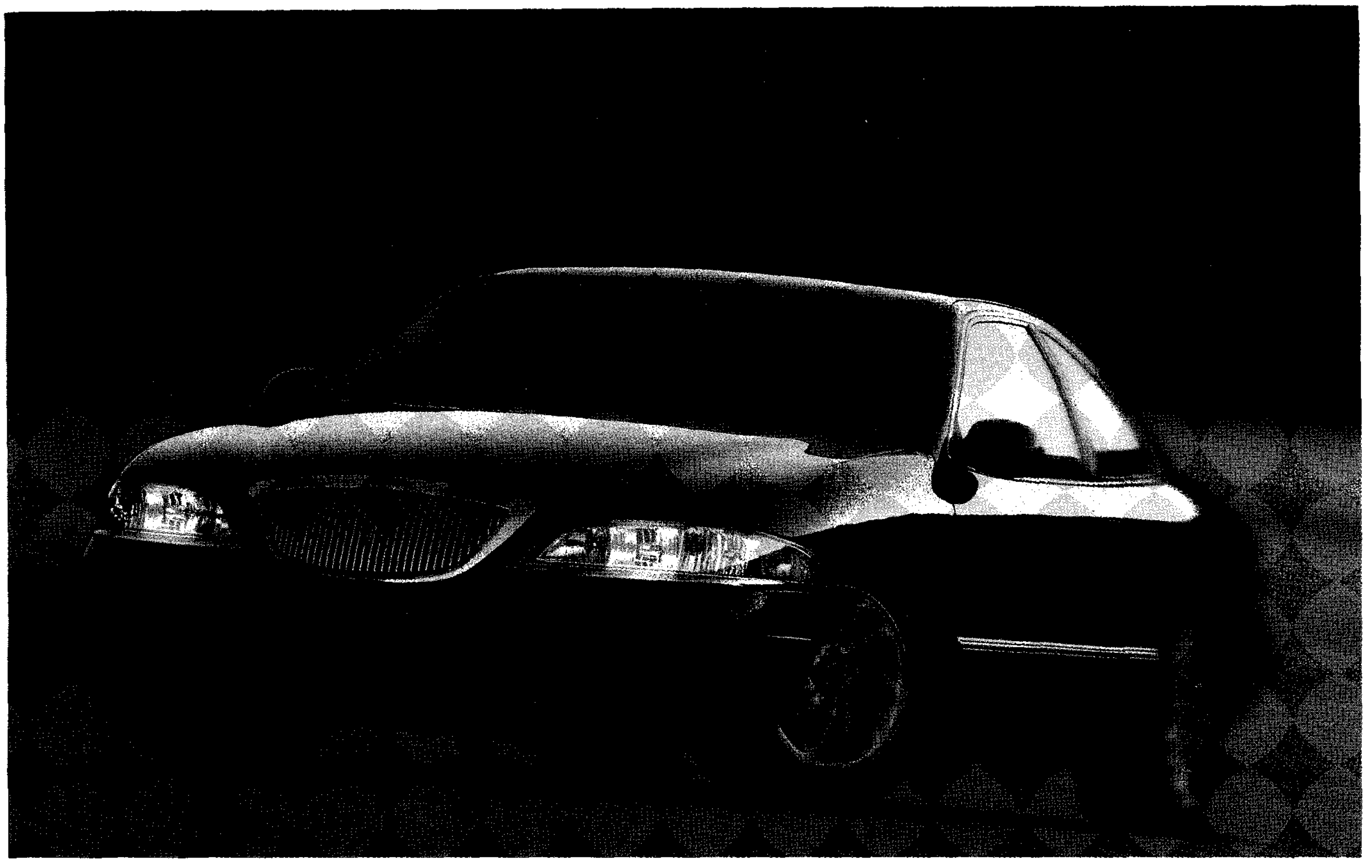
ANN TANKSLEY

Primarily Dollars
by Anonymous

The "Anonymous" byline may be somewhat overworked if this, the fourteenth "Anonymous" novel about Campaign '96, is any indication. This time, the narrator is Moe D. Cline, a bearded, Toulouse-Lautrec-size political reporter for *Newspeak* magazine, edited by the ethically ambiguous Reynard Barker. When Cline learns that the President is the Antichrist, Barker tells him to save it for the novel he's writing. Cline gets so rich off the book's proceeds that his jealous fellow-reporters make him sit at the back of the campaign plane and then pour Pepto-Bismol over his laptop while he's on the phone to his broker.

Haley's Comment
by Haley Barbour, with Lisa McCormack

In this unusually candid memoir, the former chairman of the Republican Party writes of his frustration with candidate Dole and admits that it was he who personally loosened the railing at the Dole rally in Chico, California, causing the candidate to fall four feet, in the hope that "it would put him out of the race and jump Jack Kemp to the head of the ticket." He also takes credit, if that's the right word, for the twenty-five-thousand-pound-television-tower collapse which narrowly missed Dole during his speech in Miami, the mysterious repeated outbreaks of dengue fever aboard the campaign plane, and the exploding pen that Dole had been gripping in his right hand moments before he lent it to the late mayor of Knoxville. ♦



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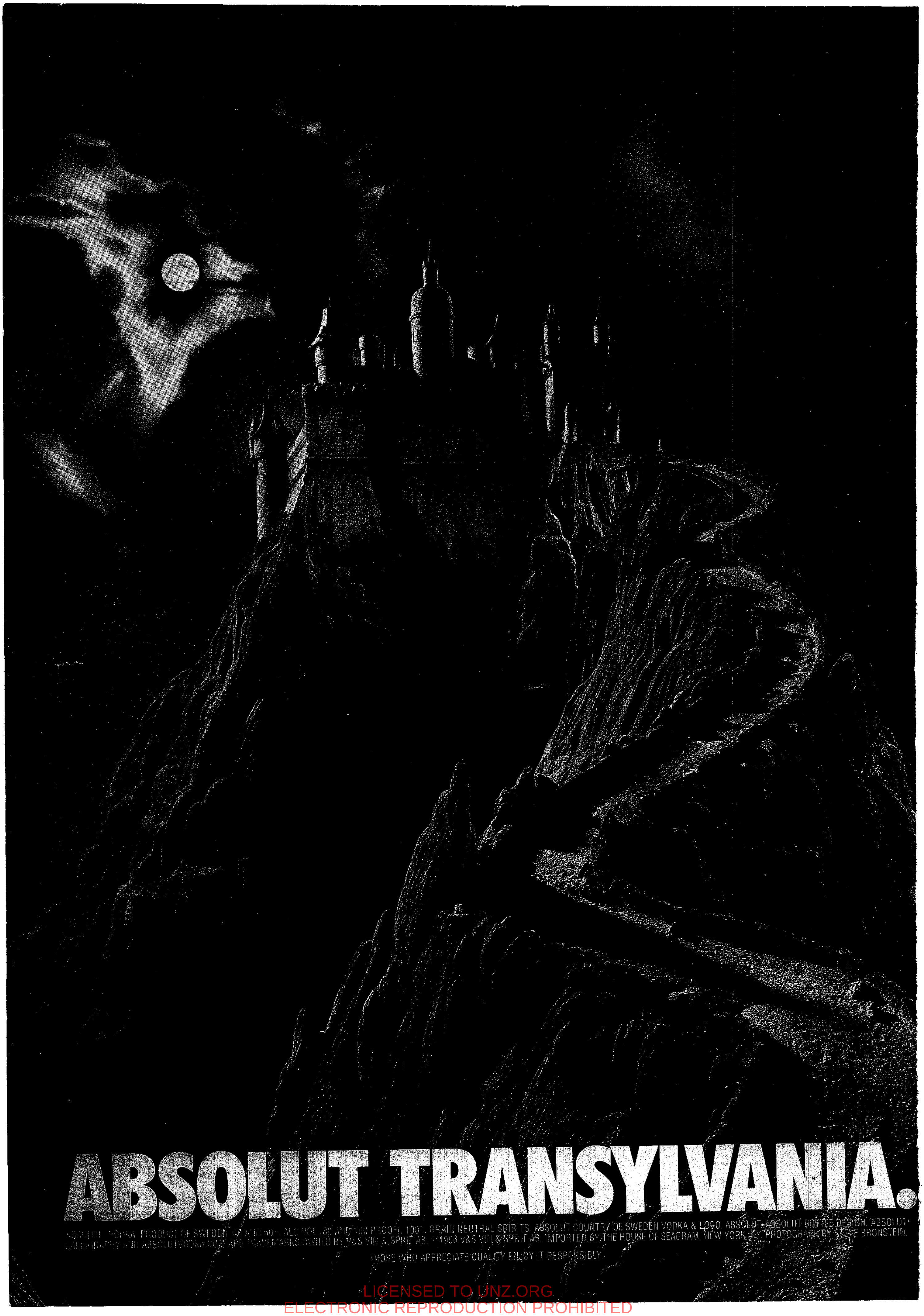
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